

THE ARTS: CARL ORFF'S LEGACY, CAMUS'S UNFINISHED NOVEL

The Atlantic Monthly

AUGUST 1995

THE STRUCTURE OF SUCCESS IN AMERICA

THE UNTOLD STORY OF HOW
EDUCATIONAL TESTING
BECAME AMBITION'S
GATEWAY—AND A
NATIONAL OBSESSION

BY
NICHOLAS
LEMANN



\$2.95 Can. \$3.50



#BXBBDG***** 3-DIGIT 757
#LABA0R00099 8#690976 48
AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY DEC 95
ROY HAMMER LIB
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mercedes-Benz E-Class Special Edition
is for those who value innovation,
engineering, durability and safety.
And stuff they don't have to pay for.

For years, everyone from passionate drivers to passionate magazine editors have heaped high praise on the Mercedes-Benz E-Class. (In fact, this year, the IntelliChoice® automobile survey named the



The
Mercedes-Benz
E420
Special Edition

E 320 the best import car value over \$13,000*.) ¶ So now we're heaping thousands of dollars worth of stuff on a new E-Class Special Edition to make it an even greater value. And it'll only cost a little more than the regular E-Class. ¶ All told, nearly \$2,900 worth of extras on the E 320 and E 300 Diesel you don't have to pay for. (Not to mention great savings on the E 420, too.) ¶ Just what people who seek exceptional value today could really appreciate. ¶ In short, the stuff dream cars are made of. ¶ For more information on the E-Class Special Edition, call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

*1995 The Complete Car Cost Guide, IntelliChoice, Inc., Campbell, CA. PROHIBITED
©1995 Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Montvale, N.J., Member of the Daimler-Benz Group.



The E-Class Special Edition

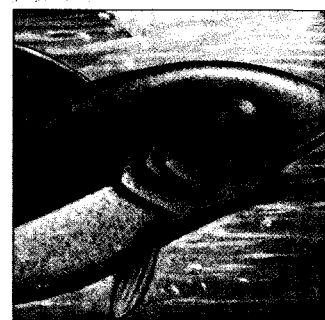
◀ The E-Class Special Edition will include styling and interior design touches, wheels, an integrated telephone, high performance, solid disc brakes and air vents. CD, air bags. And more.



Page 98



Page 22



Page 64

REPORTS

16 Notes & Comment: What If?

Thinking about the might-have-beens of history.

by Cullen Murphy

22 Foreign Affairs: Paris Is Finished

For the world's most visited city, the Mitterrand years were a grand age of architectural renewal.

by David Lawday

28 Foreign Policy: Our Interests in Europe

They are primarily economic, not military, the authors say, and we should be tilting in Europe's direction, not Asia's.

by Alan Tonelson and Robin Gaster

32 Personal File: Making "Movies" in New York

What are those people really up to?

by Ian Frazier

HUMOR, FICTION, & POETRY

70 The Composer

A poem
by Greg Delanty

76 Salvage

A short story
by Joshua Davidson

41 The Structure of Success in America

How does one combine the idea of meritocracy with the idea of equal opportunity? Is there a rational means of sorting people according to their talents? One man certainly thought so. This first part of a two-part article describes the origins of the Educational Testing Service—an institution created by an energetic dreamer named Henry Chauncey.

by Nicholas Lemann

64 The Trouble With Dams

The past half century has been the great era of dam building in America. Hundreds of rivers have been harnessed by thousands of dams for purposes of irrigation, flood control, and electricity. Now we are beginning to understand the environmental and economic costs.

by Robert S. Devine



80 Moving the Hive

A poem
by Frank Huyler

89 Thorns

A drawing
by Guy Billout

BOOKS

98 Camus the African

The First Man, by
Albert Camus

by Steven G. Kellman

101 The Road to a Third Party

Golden Rule, by
Thomas Ferguson
by Jack Beatty

104 Brief Reviews

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

ARTS & LEISURE

36 Travel: A Nice Place to Visit

In which the author honors a

vow to live in Santa Barbara, with results that surprise even him.

by Robert Plunket

90 Music: Cosmic Chants

Evaluating the legacy of Carl Orff, in his centennial year.

by Matthew Gurewitsch

94 Sport: Gale-Force Kayaking

Among the swells in a sliver of fiberglass with the storm-sea skier Steve Sinclair.

by Andrew Todhunter

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

4 745 Boylston Street/ Contributors

8 Letters

14 The August Almanac

75 At Last Count

The Call-Waiting
Connection

by Michael J. Weiss

107 The Puzzler

by Emily Cox and
Henry Rathvon

108 Word Court

by Barbara Wallraff

Cover art by

Ross MacDonald



ABSOLUT APPEAL.

ABSOLUT™ CITRON™ CITRUS-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1995 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY.

THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



745 BOYLSTON STREET

“GERBIL tube *noun, slang*, a usually glass- or plastic-enclosed pedestrian air walk or overpass connecting two or more buildings for the sake of security.”

“quux *interjection, slang*, used [in computer jargon] as an expression of mild disgust.”

“wallet biopsy *noun, slang*, a speedy but close examination of a patient’s financial status and health-insurance coverage before admittance to a hospital.”

For almost a decade the lexicographer Anne H. Soukhanov has written the Word Watch column that now appears on the back page of *The Atlantic Monthly* every fourth issue—a column that in chronicling the emergence of new words and terms (like the ones above) offers a window on a rapidly changing world. From the beginning Soukhanov has done more than simply offer definitions: she hunts down citations, conducts research into the phenomena giving rise to new words, and on occasion delivers herself of opinions sly and tart. Now she has taken hundreds of these words and collected them into *Word Watch: The Stories Behind the Words of Our Lives*. The book was published earlier this summer by Henry Holt.

Soukhanov’s first job in lexicography—at the G. & C. Merri-

am Company, the publishers of *Webster’s Third New International Dictionary*—came about accidentally; Soukhanov had merely answered an advertisement in a Springfield, Massachusetts, newspaper for “an editorial assistant at a local publishing house.” Merriam at the time was presided over by the formidable Henry Bosley Woolf and Philip Gove. “I was trained,”

Soukhanov says, “by two of the greatest names in American lexicography.” Soukhanov eventually moved on to Houghton Mifflin, where, after editing many reference books, she was named executive editor of *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition*. This best-selling work, published in 1992, is widely regarded as one of the most significant lexicographical achievements of the postwar era. Soukhanov now lives and works in the house where she was born, in Bedford, Virginia. Asked recently what

she thinks are the most important trends in English today, she said, “There are two. American English in its everyday form is turning into something equivalent to Vulgar Latin. And the slang vocabulary of American English, thanks to the Internet, is expanding all around the world.” To which she might have added, “Quux.” —THE EDITORS



CONTRIBUTORS

Jack Beatty (“The Road to a Third Party”) is a senior editor of *The Atlantic*. He is the author of *The Rascal King: The Life and Times of James Michael Curley* (1992).

Joshua Davidson (“Salvage”) is an associate editor at Robert Bentley, Inc., a publishing firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His story in this issue received an Ian St. James Award in England last year.

Greg Delanty (“The Compositor”) teaches English literature at St. Michael’s College, in Vermont. His next collection of poems, *American Wake*, will be published this year.

Robert S. Devine (“The Trouble With Dams”) is a freelance writer whose articles have appeared in *Sierra*, *Audubon*, and *Wilderness*. He is writing a book about dams.

Ian Frazier (“Making ‘Movies’ in New York”) is a writer of humor and nonfiction. His most recent book, *Family*, was published last fall.

Robin Gaster (“Our Interests in Europe”) is the president of North Atlantic Research, of Washington, D.C., a consulting firm specializing in the transatlantic telecommunications industry.

Matthew Gurewitsch (“Cosmic Chants”) is a cultural essayist and lecturer in New York City.

Frank Huyler (“Moving the Hive”) is currently a resident physician in emergency medicine at the University of New Mexico Hospitals, in Albuquerque.

Steven G. Kellman (“Camus the African”) is the Ashbel Smith Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Texas at San Antonio, and a film critic for *The Texas Observer*.

David Lawday (“Paris Is Finished”) is the German correspondent for *The Economist*. He is at work on a book about France.

Nicholas Lemann (“The Structure of Success in America”) is a national correspondent for *The Atlantic* and the author of *The Promised Land: The Great Black Mi-*

gration and How It Changed America (1991). He is at work on a book about meritocracy in the United States.

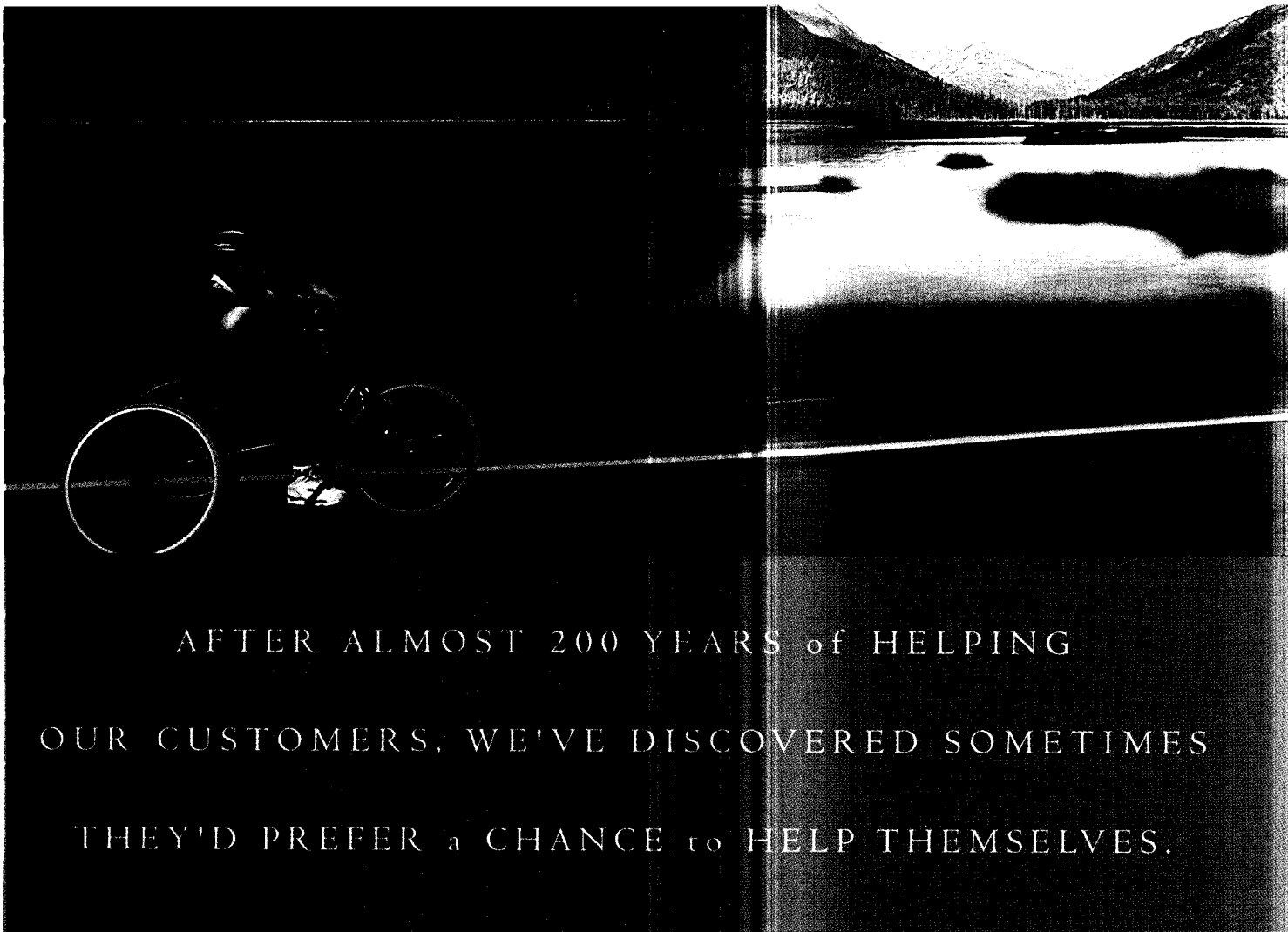
Ross MacDonald (cover art) is an illustrator whose work has appeared in many publications in the United States, Europe, and Japan. He has received the *Communication Arts Illustration Annual’s* Gold Award of Excellence and the Society of Publication Designers’ Silver Award.

Robert Plunket (“A Nice Place to Visit”) is the author of two novels, *My Search for Warren Harding* (1983) and *Love Junkie* (1993).

Andrew Todhunter (“Gale-Force Kayaking”) is an essayist and a screenwriter who lives in California.

Alan Tonelson (“Our Interests in Europe”) is a fellow at the Economic Strategy Institute, in Washington, D.C.

Michael J. Weiss (At Last Count), a contributing editor of *The Washingtonian*, is the author of *The Clustering of America* (1988) and *Latitudes and Attitudes* (1994).



AFTER ALMOST 200 YEARS of HELPING
OUR CUSTOMERS, WE'VE DISCOVERED SOMETIMES
THEY'D PREFER a CHANCE to HELP THEMSELVES.

**MANAGED
DISABILITY**

The one thing people with disabilities want more than anything

in the world is a chance. A chance to make the most of their abilities.

With that in mind, ITT Hartford has developed an innovative Managed Disability program. One that not only helps your company control costs, but also gets employees with disabilities back to work faster. If they can no longer perform their old job, we'll help them find one more suited to their abilities.

For more information, call your ITT Hartford group representative. It could mean enormous savings for your company. And everything to an employee with a disability.



ITT HARTFORD

MEN and WOMEN
are learning to speak
the same language.



©1995 AT&T

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUILDING BRIDGES

One in a series.

When men and women try to communicate, isn't it curious how

many things seem to get lost in the translation?

Well, imagine what would happen if men and

women started speaking more often. In ways

that made their relationship even closer. That is precisely what's

been happening with many AT&T customers. With



*AT&T AlphaNumeric
Pager 3550. It displays a
message of up to 80 characters.
So you know why they're
calling without calling back.*

an AT&T TrueChoiceSM Calling Card, an AT&T

Cellular Phone and an AT&T Alpha-

Numeric Pager, you can build bridges of communication

even when you're away from home. A world of

possibilities. That's *Your True Choice*.SM AT&T.



*AT&T TrueChoice
Calling Card. Convenient and
easy to use. Choose a number
that's easy to remember.*



*AT&T Cellular Phone 3770
Special "soft key" menu gives you
quick and easy access to over 150
features, backed by AT&T quality
and customer support.*

Just call 1 800 336-TRUE. Or on the Internet at <http://www.att.com>



AT&T

Your True Choice



Editor
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Washington Editor
JAMES FALLOWS

Managing Editor
CULLEN MURPHY

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Art Director
JUDY GARLAN
MARY WORKMAN, Interim

National Correspondents
KATIE LEISHMAN, NICHOLAS LEMANN

Assistant Managing Editor
MARTHA SPAULDING

Associate Editors
PETER DAVISON (poetry), AMY MEEKER, SUE PARILLA

Staff Writer
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors
DAVID BARBER, LESLIE CAULDWELL,
AVRIL CORNEL, KATHERINE GUCKENBERGER,
TOBY LESTER, LUCIE PRINZ, MILETA ROE,
YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN, JANE ROSENZWEIG,
SCOTT STOSSEL, LOWELL WEISS

Art Staff
ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES, Associate Art Director
ELIZABETH URRICO, Assistant Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant

Contributing Editors and Correspondents
ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
WENDY KAMINER, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,
TRACY KIDDER, WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE,
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, CHARLES C. MANN,
JACK MILES, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN,
THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Chairman
MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
FRED DRASNER

President and Publisher
JAYNE YOUNG

Senior Vice President
KIMBERLY SMITH JENSEN

Associate Publisher
CINDY J. STILL

Advertising, New York
ALLISON DAYAN, Advertising Director
Managers: ANNA BRADY, MATTHEW E. CAREY,
SUSAN CROWE, JENNIFER H. DOKUCHITZ,
MARIE ISABELLE, LIZ OSIAS

Advertising, Regional
DONNA PALMER, Vice President, West Coast
MARA HART FILO, Vice President, Detroit
CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA, Manager, Chicago

Marketing & Public Relations
CANDICE WHITE, Marketing Director
JANE NAWROCKI, Promotion Manager
CHRISTINE CORASANITI, Research Manager
JAMES LONG, Public Relations Consultant
SOOMIE AHN, Marketing Assistant

Circulation
JOHN L. BROWN, Subscription Director
ADAM R. COHEN, Associate Subscription Director
ANN K. HOFF, Circulation Assistant
JOHN KALINOWSKI, Single-Copy Sales Director

Production
JAN MORRIS, Production Director
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, JOSEPH O'CONNELL, JULIA PARKER

Finance
MICHAEL J. DRNACH, Business Manager
DEBI HOFFENBERG, MIKE KIMBALL,
MURIEL MONTEIRO, MIYOUNG PARK, VIOLA WILSON

Special Projects
KATHARINE BACON, JENNIFER COLES, TED GRESH,
GINA HAHN, MARTY HERGERT, WEN STEPHENSON

LETTERS

Diversity Myth

Benjamin Schwarz brings "The Diversity Myth: America's Leading Export" (May *Atlantic*) to a close with a disparaging comment about the *Los Angeles Times* editorial page:

Afraid to face our own problems directly, we look elsewhere, and encourage other countries to prove to us that more pluralism and more tolerance are all that are needed to reunite divided societies. Thus for the past three years *Los Angeles Times* editorials have often shifted focus from racial divisions in the city and the debate over the changing ethnic and linguistic makeup of California to warn of what they define as the broad American interest at stake in the former Yugoslavia. In urging U.S. intervention there the *Times* argues, for instance, that the United States is a "citizen-based, multiethnic state," and that "it is safe only in a world where, in principle, all states are comparably organized," since "if ethnicity begins to replace citizenship as the basis for statehood, chaos would ensue, a chaos that would not leave America untouched."

Schwarz faults America's last ambassador to pre-war Yugoslavia, Warren Zimmermann, for the same mistake. According to Schwarz, Zimmermann "bizarrely sees a threat to the United States from the Bosnian Serbs because if their ideas prevailed here at home, our tolerant, multi-ethnic society would be jeopardized."

In defense of Zimmermann and of editorials that I helped to write, I must point out that Schwarz embodies the very danger he dismisses as bizarre. By what means does he expect the United States to achieve or maintain domestic tranquility? "The Bosnian Serbs' ideas," he advises, "are much closer to the 'old American ideal of assimilation' than we would like to think." "Bizarre" is perhaps too kind a word for the suggestion in that sentence. Does Schwarz really mean to

urge the United States to recognize its true self in Radovan Karadzic and go and do likewise?

One shrinks from the thought that *The Atlantic* would lend its space to such a proposal, yet taken as a whole Schwarz's article does seem to assert that ethnic domination by main force is the only kind of nation-building that works. He cuts out from under himself virtually all the ground on which he might stand to reject even the worst extremes of Serb ethnic cleansing. There remains for him—in his closing sentence—only the option of melodramatic despair: "Before we export our myth, we had best recognize that we have not yet found a 'reasonable' solution here, and that perhaps such a solution cannot be found."

This is not tough-minded analysis but the puerile, no-exit apocalypticism of the video game. The fact that the American past was scarred by genocidal ethnocentrism need not mean that there is no alternative for the American future but more of the same. To state the blindingly obvious, this country has changed since its founding two centuries ago: it has abolished slavery, extended the franchise, integrated its armed forces, and pursued social integration as a national ideal. When Schwarz suggests that the worst of the nation's past is the only reliable guide to its future, he provides a rationale for the Michigan Militia and other racist groups that will have, alas, fewer scruples about implementing his bloody ideas than he himself does.

Citizenship without gender or ethnic condition is not a myth for export but the gradually and painfully constructed basis of the American polity. Our polity could have continued on an ethnic basis. What could be more obvious than that? Some—perhaps including Schwarz—would like to turn the clock back. For now, however, a revised understanding of *E pluribus unum* lives on, and the *Los Angeles Times* defends it when, for example, it editorializes in favor of the "motor



*Sure beats training the dog
to fetch the newspaper.*

*The Glenlivet Single Malt.
Once discovered, always treasured.*

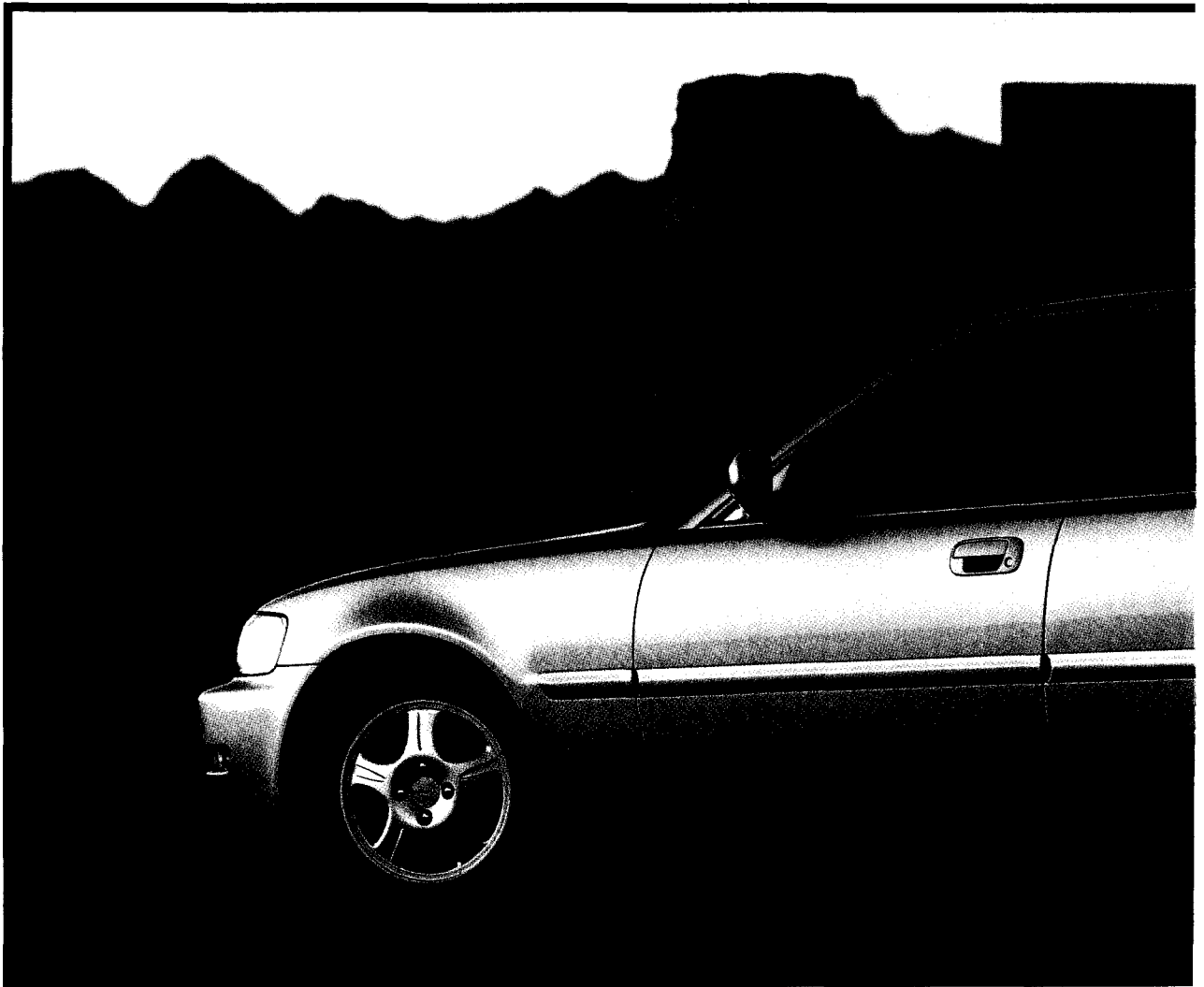
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

Co., N.Y. N.Y. 12-Year Old Single Malt. 40% Alc/Vol (80 Proof). © 1999 J. & W. Glenlivet, Inc. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCING THE ACURA TL SERIES.
DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHOSE
APPETITE FOR LUXURY HASN'T DIMINISHED
THEIR APPETITE FOR EXCITEMENT.

*T*HE RICH INTERIOR of the new Acura TL is spacious, yet invitingly intimate. It offers an uncluttered simplicity that is timeless in its elegance, while placing luxury conveniences within easy reach. Including an eight-speaker



stereo with an in-dash CD player and an Automatic Climate Control System, all of which come as standard equipment.

Turn the key and it's obvious this is an

automobile with more than just sumptuous amenities. Beneath its luxury lies a vibrant powerplant, a four-wheel double-wishbone suspension, and an engineering philosophy slanted decidedly toward owning the road.



©1995 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and TL are registered trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Make an intelligent decision. Buckle up. Call 1-800-TO-ACURA for the dealer nearest you.

The new Acura TL is a touring luxury sedan that does more than reward a sophisticated sense of taste. It also proves you haven't gotten boring along the way.

SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE.



FOR OUR READERS

Submissions & Correspondence

The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to
The Atlantic Monthly
745 Boylston Street
Boston, MA 02116

Letters can also be sent through the major online services at our E-mail address: mailatl@aol.com

Manuscripts will not be returned, nor will queries be answered, unless they are accompanied by a postage-paid return envelope. Please do not send manuscripts by E-mail.

Subscriptions & Reprints

Please direct all subscription queries and orders to
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 52661
Boulder, CO 80322

Reprint requests should be made to
The Atlantic Reprint Department
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10104

The Atlantic Monthly Online

The Atlantic Monthly can now be found on America Online. With a computer, a mouse, and a modem, subscribers can read articles from the current issue and also archival materials, special online-only sidebars, follow-ups to past articles, primary-source documents, and interviews with contributors. They can also communicate on message boards and participate in live conferences with *Atlantic* authors and commentators.

Call America Online at 800-827-6364 ext. 10227 to receive ten free hours of exploration of *The Atlantic Monthly* Online and the Internet.

The Atlantic Monthly

voter" law. It is by such humble measures as increasing voter registration that we bring our ethnic multiplicity to political unity and manage to "all get along," to use the phrase that so rankles Schwarz.

This is indeed the American ideal; but though we may have to defend it, we do not have to export it. We could not keep it within our borders if we tried.

Jack Miles

*Editorial Board, Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.*

Benjamin Schwarz replies:

Jack Miles misses my point. I said that I found bizarre both his newspaper's and Ambassador Zimmermann's notion that if the Bosnian Serbs' intolerant ideas and practices triumph in the Balkans, then somehow the tranquillity of American society will be endangered. To me, that notion is analogous to the argument that unless couple Jones stops couple Smith from bickering, couple Jones will have to get a divorce. Furthermore, Mr. Miles seems to be confusing my description of America's past with a prescription for the country's future. Certainly I did not suggest or advise that the United States maintain stability by adopting Radovan Karadzic's solutions. I have no argument with Mr. Miles's assertion that America is in many ways a better place than it was two centuries ago. My point, however, is that the tolerant America of today was built by violence and intolerance, and that it is impossible for me to imagine that this country would have become what it is now without having undergone that unsavory process. A flattering and false understanding of our own development causes us to set unrealistic standards for other peoples, as they "gradually and painfully" (to quote Mr. Miles's apt description of America's development) construct their own societies.

Suffering Children

Some months back Caroline Fraser telephoned me for an interview in connection with her article "Suffering Children and the Christian Science Church" (April *Atlantic*). On the day of her visit she put to me a number of questions about my early separation from my position as archivist of the Church and also

about my protests of Church policies. I answered fully, openly, and, I hope, courteously—and I consciously did not resort to "this is off the record." To my surprise, Fraser did not ask me a single question about Christian Science healing or its application to children. So I felt I must take the initiative—but as I began, she closed up her notebook and put away her pen. Why? I thought. I went ahead anyway and discussed my daughter, whom I love deeply, and who as a child had had Christian Science treatment exclusively when ill. I naively thought that Fraser might count my daughter's experience as worth knowing about; after all, the two are more or less contemporaries, and my daughter, like Fraser, has an advanced degree from Harvard. (Unlike Fraser, my daughter remains a devoted Christian Scientist.)

Then I read the *Atlantic* article and understood. Fraser evidently arrived at my door persuaded that she had everything she required on Christian Science healing and that there was no more to be had. I was heartsick to learn from the article, for example, that she had grown up in a home where the practice of Christian Science had not provided her with physical healing other than what she would describe as the outcome of "dumb luck." That wasn't true for me as a child, I know. When I was four, my father was told by no less than the Mayo brothers that he had six months to live; thereupon he hauled our family out of the large, highly respected Lutheran Church in my community and took us over to the humble, suspect Church of Christ, Scientist—where he found healing. And I hope my daughter, too, recalls significant healings through prayer during her years of growing up.

I regret now not having said more to Fraser about the *discipline* that is essential in this healing work—a discipline that embraces years of consecrated Bible study, daily systematic and thorough prayer to God, continual attention to moral regeneration, and, last but by no means least, sheer caring effort that grows out of compassion and the fullest respect for others, including a child.

Lee Z. Johnson
Boston, Mass.

A major error in Caroline Fraser's article was her assertion that Mary Baker Eddy's writings contained ambiguities

that left the door open so that her followers might regard her as a second Christ. In *The Manual of the Mother Church*, the short book by Mrs. Eddy that governs the Church, a by-law titled "One Christ" flatly states that anyone who believes in any Christ other than the one in the Bible is contradicting both the Bible and what she herself wrote about the Bible.

Mark W. Hendrickson
New Wilmington, Pa.

Caroline Fraser replies:

I certainly remember the warmth and pride with which Lee Johnson described his daughter, but I believe his memory has failed him in some respects regarding our discussion. He did not, to my recollection, tell me that his daughter was still a practicing Christian Scientist. It is true that my primary interest in interviewing him was to learn about the manner in which his employment as Church archivist came to an end. But I also remember asking him near the end of the interview for his opinion of the child cases, and my notes bear this out. His reply was so lengthy and its logic so internally inconsistent that it was not possible to do justice to it in the article. (I do plan to describe the interview in detail in my forthcoming book.) His reply does, however, bear out my description of the defensiveness of Christian Scientists when questioned about the rationality of treating the medical problems of children solely with Christian Science. Johnson began by admitting that Christian Scientists face a problem in regard to the treatment of children, saying, according to my notes, "Right now we're under the gun in legislatures all over the country. In some respects, I don't blame the legislatures. If I were them, I'd be asking sharp questions too. We love our children, but we haven't done well. We're not talking about statistics, we're talking about human children." He then, however, went on to insist that religious-exemption laws are a necessity for Christian Scientists. Later he admitted, "Some of these children's cases are indefensible. . . . If anybody's to blame, it's the Church. We haven't done everything possible to support the healing practice." Yet he seemed unwilling to consider any of the practical solutions that society might wish to weigh in response to Christian Scientists' spectacular failures with children: "We lose cas-

es, I admit that. But if medicine was one hundred percent successful in every case, Christian Science would disappear tomorrow. . . . Maybe we will be proved wrong, but I think this Church has an obligation to do its thing and do it well, and society has the right to stand by and let us do it well, but if we don't do it well, we don't deserve a place in society."

In response to Mark Hendrickson's charge that I have mistakenly inferred ambiguity in Mary Baker Eddy's descriptions of herself where there is none, I will point out that the Christian Science Church itself, through its board of directors, has long intuited and responded to this ambiguity. The board saw fit in 1943 to publish in the Christian Science *Sentinel*, and subsequently to sell as a pamphlet, an article titled "Mrs. Eddy's Place" that purported to clear up this knotty issue. It claimed that "Mrs. Eddy, as the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, understood herself to be the one chosen of God to bring the promised Comforter to the world" and that she "regarded portions of Revelation . . . as pointing to her as the one who fulfilled prophecy by giving the full and final revelation of Truth; her work thus being complementary to that of Christ Jesus." In 1978 the board withdrew this pamphlet, apparently having recognized that it tended to support an inflated view of Eddy. The fact of the matter is that Eddy made one statement about herself in the *Manual* but also made other, conflicting statements, both in print and in person to her followers, including the one quoted in my article.

Greene's Anti-Semitism

In his review essay "The God-Haunted Adulterer" (May *Atlantic*) Charles Trueheart gives a distorted view of Graham Greene's anti-Semitism. Although he acknowledges that my biography *Graham Greene: The Enemy Within* provides "uncomfortable evidence of Greene's penchant for making anti-Semitic remarks," he cites only one example and downplays its significance by associating it with the common prejudices of an insensitive era. "Period ugliness," he calls it. Perhaps Trueheart thinks that many British writers of the late 1930s were capable of de-

scribing two "Jewesses" as "little bitches." These are Greene's words in the first edition of his novel *Brighton Rock*, which was published in 1938, the year of Kristallnacht. I know of no other important British novelist of the period whose work employs such terms, but, unfortunately, they are common in Greene's fiction and nonfiction.

Trueheart says that he attended a talk that I gave in Toronto, and was among those who asked questions of me after I had finished speaking. He did not identify himself, but I do recall his question, which he repeats in his review essay: "What reward had he found in devoting his time and energy to a life he held in such contempt?" As I remarked at the time, this is a simplistic question. I have considerable respect for Greene's artistic powers, but I cannot imagine having anything but contempt for his anti-Semitism, and I see no point in downplaying it. Whether biographers like their subjects or not, their first duty should always be to follow the factual trail as closely as possible, wherever it may lead.

Michael Shelden
Professor of English
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, Ind.

Charles Trueheart replies:

Michael Shelden is being needlessly argumentative. Perhaps out of modesty he fails to mention that I credit him with reminding us unblinkingly of Greene's early career penchant for anti-Semitic stereotyping. But Shelden must travel a far piece to reach the conclusion that I champion half-truths or prettified biographical portraits. In its single-mindedly skewed reading of my essay, Shelden's letter only deepens my unease about the way this biographer handles material.

CORRECTION: Owing to an editing error, a line in Adam Walinsky's article "The Crisis of Public Order" (July *Atlantic*) was improperly worded. The sentence "Again, at least 48 percent of city homicides are stranger murders, but only 12 percent of city homicides result in arrest" should have read "Again, at least 48 percent of city homicides are stranger murders; and 12 percent of all city homicides are stranger murders that result in arrest."

THE AUGUST ALMANAC



Food

This month Florida fishermen will turn the tables on the cannonball jellyfish, notorious for clogging shrimp nets and stinging swimmers along the Gulf coast, as the first commercial batch of American jellyfish is processed and shipped to Korea. Dried jellyfish is a delicacy in Asia; American cannonball samples introduced in China, Japan, and Malaysia last year were lauded for their crispness and color. The Florida jellyfish industry is the brainchild of the author and environmentalist Jack Rudloe, who hopes in time to develop the domestic market as well: Asian-Americans currently spend some \$6 million a year on jellyfish imported from China and Malaysia. Rudloe also envisions developing a snack version aimed at campers. In the meantime, Rudloe's Marine Collagen Corporation hopes to secure a grant from Florida for the production of jellyfish collagen, a substance with a variety of cosmetic and medicinal uses, including soft-tissue restoration and bone healing.

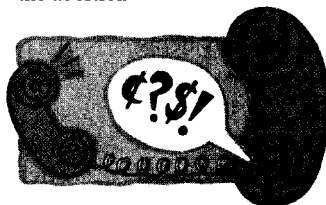
Expiring Patent

No. 4,107,947. Finger Tip Ornament. "A finger tip ornament comprising at least one generally C-shaped bridge . . . adapted to extend around a portion of a fingertip in the transverse direction of the finger . . . a pair of elongated supporting members connected to respective ends of said . . . bridge . . . and at least one gem mounted on said . . . bridge."



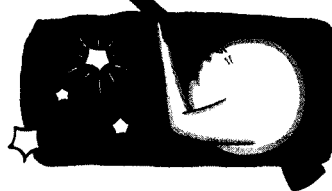
Health & Safety

Nationwide clinical trials for the controversial French abortion pill RU486 (also known as mifepristone) are coming to a close this month. Since last fall more than 2,000 U.S. women seeking abortions have tried the method, which can be used earlier than surgery—as soon as pregnancy is confirmed—and more closely resembles a spontaneous miscarriage. Minor pain, cramps, and prolonged bleeding are reported side effects of the drug, but many women have found the process more natural than surgical abortion. If approved by the Food and Drug Administration, RU486 is likely to go on the market next year. It has been available in France since 1989 and accounts for a third of the abortions there.



Government

Two regulatory actions this month could be good news for telephone users. On August 1 the maximum fees that the largest local telephone companies may charge long-distance carriers for interstate calls will be reduced, by order of the Federal Communications Commission. The reduction is expected to save long-distance companies a total of \$1.2 billion in the coming year. Only AT&T is required to pass the savings along to consumers, but competition may force other companies to follow suit. And on August 16 the Federal Trade Commission is scheduled to issue final rules defining and prohibiting deceptive and abusive telemarketing and restricting other actions by telemarketers. The rules will require that unsolicited sales callers promptly disclose the nature of the call and will limit their hours of operation.



The Skies

August 5, the waxing quarter Moon passes just north of Jupiter. 10, Full Moon, also known this month as the Sturgeon or Green Corn Moon. 12, the Perseid meteor shower peaks tonight, although shooting stars from it can be seen from mid-July through the end of August. Ordinarily one of the year's best displays, the Perseids will be obscured tonight by the nearly full Moon. 29, reddish Mars and the bright star Spica lie close to the crescent Moon.

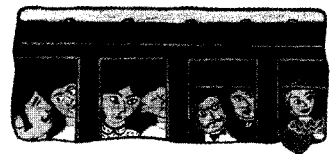
Q&A

When a house is lit at night only by a television, why does the television give off a blue glow, especially as seen by someone walking past outside?

In the 1950s television manufacturers increased their use of blue phosphors to sharpen the whites on black-and-white television screens. They were taking their cue from the makers of laundry detergents, who used bluish phosphors (which fluoresce, or brighten, when exposed to light) to make clothes look "whiter than white." The practice carried over to color televisions, in which blue phosphors usually predominate: blue phosphors emit a good deal more light and are more efficient than phosphors of red or green, the other colors used to create white light in television pictures, and thus provide a brighter overall picture as well as brighter whites. When the main source of light is



something other than the television (either indoor lights or the sun), that light becomes the eye's reference and the eye does not acknowledge the color of the blue light from the dimmer source, the TV. However, when there is no other significant light source, the eye sees the light emitted from the television in its true color. And as one moves farther from the light source, the eye begins to perceive the screen mostly in terms of light and dark. Since most of the light is blue, blue is what someone outside sees.



125 Years Ago

William Dean Howells, writing in the August, 1870, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "It is noticeable how many people there are in the world that seem bent always upon the same purpose of amusement or business as one's self. If you keep quietly about your accustomed affairs, there are all your neighbors and acquaintance hard at it too; if you go on a journey, choose what train you will, the cars are filled with travellers in your direction. You take a day's pleasure, and everybody abandons his usual occupation to crowd upon your boat. . . . It is very hard to believe that, from whatever channel of life you abstract yourself, still the great sum of it presses forward as before: that business is carried on though you are idle, . . . that every train is as crowded as that you travel on, that the theatre or the church fills its boxes or pews without you perfectly well. I suppose it would not be quite agreeable to believe all this; the opposite illusion is far more flattering; for if each one of us did not take the world with him now at every turn, should he not have to leave it behind him when he died?"

©1995 Imported by
Baileys Original Irish

Gum.

BAILEY
The Original.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What If?

History's parallel universe

AT the most recent annual meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature, I attended a session at which a paper was read on certain issues involving inscription fragments from ancient Palestine. When the author was finished, a pony-tailed exegete arose to deliver a formal response. He was not an admirer of what he had just heard. The respondent took aim at the paper's author for, among other things, what he deemed to be an excessive use of footnotes. The footnotes, he said, were "porcupine quills meant to protect an underdeveloped epistemology."

Jaws dropped. A collective inhalation drew doors and windows tight. There ensued a sometimes heated debate, touched off by the respondent's remark, on the general subject of historiography—that is, on how history gets written. Historiography has, of course, been a bloody business for as long as human beings have taken history seriously. The epistemological question "How do we know what we know?" is tough enough to answer in the natural sciences, where there is at least an agreed-upon scientific method. It is notoriously harder to answer when the subject is our collective past. There are biases and clouded motives to contend with of an especially insidious kind. Very often there is little in the way of unequivocal information. And there is no single avenue of approach. Perhaps not surprisingly, my notes on the debate at the Society of Biblical Literature meeting, though containing some memorable statements ("Modernity isn't a *time*," someone said. "It's a *place*"), give no indication of any conclusive result.

Is an underdeveloped epistemology—not being sure that we know what we "know"—really a condition to be ashamed of? Isn't it, rather, something that most of us live with day after day

while managing to go about our business? The difficulties that historians face in showing the past "as it really was"—the goal set for them by Leopold von Ranke, and now believed by many progressive scholars to be unattainable—have obvious analogues in our own lives. Anyone who has suffered from



accidents of unreliable memory understands how perceptions

of the larger past can go inexplicably wrong. Sometimes the winnowing power of time causes elements of the past to change their very character. Last summer much was made of the fact that we were marking the twenty-fifth anniversary not only of the first moon landing and the Woodstock festival but also of the Manson murders and the drowning at Chappaquiddick. These events have now acquired the status of a constellation, forever

fixed in relation to one another. Future movies that are set in 1969 will probably show these events flickering in the background, on the television news, as if to re-create the psychology of the moment. And yet no one I have spoken with who actually remembers the summer of 1969 ever associated any of these

by Cullen Murphy

To the eye, invisible.
To the ear, impossible.



© 1995 Bose Corporation. A Acoustimass® bass module is not shown. N96109

*Bose® Lifestyle® Music And Home Theater Systems.
The New Standard In Audio.*

It seems impossible. How can a room full of rich, lifelike stereo sound come from a system as small as the one in this picture?

The answer is inside Lifestyle® music and home theater systems.

Bose patented technologies take everything good about the sound of a concert or movie, from the clarity of the music to the excitement of sound effects. And re-create it from a system so small, it's practically invisible in a room.

That is, until you turn it on. Suddenly, speakers you may have overlooked, and a music center that blends into your decor (though it contains a CD player and tuner), beg to be noticed.

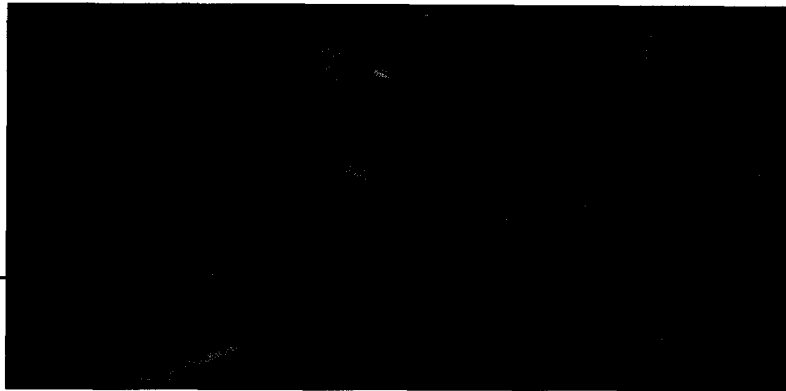
Time magazine certainly did when it recently selected our Lifestyle® 5 system as the only stereo on its Ten Best Products list.

But to believe the sound, you have to hear Lifestyle® music and home theater systems yourself. To find out which Lifestyle® system is best for you, and for Bose demonstration locations near you, call **1-800-444-2673 ext. 559.** Sometimes what seems impossible really does exist!

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S AS FINELY TUNED UNDER THE ROOF



In designing the Galant LS, we strived to create a car that excelled in every respect. It offers more interior room than Accord EX or Altima GLE.* And with an available Luxury Package, there's plush leather trim, an 8-speaker

INTRODUCING THE LUXURIOUS

Mitsubishi/Infinity® audio system, plus meaningful luxuries like a power driver's seat you can adjust four ways, and a

NEW GALANT LS.

security system with remote keyless entry. There's also an exclusive feature called Mitsubishi HomeLink™, which lets you operate security gates, garage doors, even house lights, all as you pull up your driveway.† Powering the Galant

is a confident 141-horsepower**engine, with a very smooth automatic transmission. Anti-lock brakes are available,

and dual air bags are standard. And, the Galant S starts at \$14,421, while the Galant LS with Luxury Package is

\$23,273.†† Probably why *Road & Track* said, "It's without question, a lot of car for the money."**** To which you'll surely

add, "A lot of *finely tuned* car for the money." For the Mitsubishi Motors Dealer nearest you, call 1-800-55MITSU.

G A L A N T



AS IT IS UNDER THE HOOD.



*Comparison based on most current information. Mitsubishi HomeLink System is exclusive to Galant in midsize sedan segment. House lights operable with HomeLink's optional Learning System. **135 horsepower for CA Emissions Vehicles. †Mitsubishi HomeLink™ available on LS model only. Prices exclude taxes, title, license, registration fee, freight, dealer options, and charges. ***Road & Track 1995 Car Buyer's Guide.

events with the others before last summer's reminder. It was, indeed, something of a shock to realize that they had all occurred within a period of a few weeks rather than a few years. Why hadn't we noticed this momentous quartet at the time?

■ ■ ■

The frustrations of real history go some way toward explaining the attractions, at least for me, of the genre known as imaginary history. Whereas trying to determine what actually happened in history is often a frustrating and contentious enterprise, performing a counter-exercise—trying to determine what would have happened if what actually happened *hadn't* happened—can prove almost intoxicating. Pascal had imaginary history in mind when he made his famous comment about Cleopatra's nose: "Had it been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed." Imaginary history offers access to a parallel universe—one that does not truly exist but also one whose claims can never be disproved. The appeal of this form of historical reckoning is apparent in a great deal of popular literature, including the scores of novels that answer the question What if Hitler had won the war? (According to Robert Harris's *Fatherland*, a recent best-selling novel in this vein, the United States would still have had a President Kennedy—but it would have been John F. Kennedy's father, the Teuto-tolerant Joseph P.)

The Library of Congress, in its electronic card catalogue, maintains a separate heading for "imaginary histories." They are not just potboilers. Serious historians have ventured into this territory. What if Julius Caesar had heeded the soothsayer's warning about the Ides of March? What if Harold Godwinson had defeated William of Normandy at the Battle of Hastings? What if the Holy Roman Emperor Henry VI, a force for German unity, had not died prematurely, in 1197? What if Catherine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry VIII, had given Henry a male heir? What if the Spanish Armada had been blessed with good weather? What if John Wilkes Booth had missed? What if Charles Stewart Parnell had never met Kitty O'Shea? What if Archduke Ferdinand had not ventured to Sarajevo?

Change a single fact and subsequent history may have to be vastly reconfigured. In an essay published in 1932 Winston Churchill played out the possible consequences of a victory by Robert E. Lee at Gettysburg. In Churchill's view, not only would the South have won the Civil War but the First World War would not have occurred. The full sequence of events—involving, among other things, a Confederate alliance with Britain and a Confederate conquest of Mexico—is too baroque to relate. (Footnote: Shortly after writing the essay, Churchill was struck by a car on Fifth Avenue in New York City. What if he had been killed?) Arnold Toynbee, in *Some Problems of Greek History*, a collection of essays that appeared in 1969, wondered what would have happened if Alexander the Great had lived to the age of sixty-nine instead of dying suddenly on the banks of the Euphrates at the age of thirty-three. He painted a scenario that includes not only continued Hellenization but also the discovery of the New World by the Carthaginian general Hannibal. In *History That Never Happened*, a scholarly

monograph published in 1984, the German historian Alexander Demandt took up a broad range of hypothetical questions, including this one: What if Pontius Pilate had pardoned Jesus in A.D. 33? In Demandt's reconstruction Christianity is a non-starter and the elements favoring the growth of Christianity conduce instead to the Mithras cult, with its many Christian parallels.

These imaginary excursions are often fanciful, but as Demandt pointed out, some aspects of history that never happened can in fact be accepted with as much assurance as some aspects of history that really did happen. "For example," Demandt wrote,

everything indicates that a longer reign by Emperor Henry VI would have strengthened the empire; that but for the Turkish attack, Constantinople would have remained Byzantine after 1453; that without the agreement of Hindenburg, Hitler would not have become chancellor on January 30, 1933. All of this is practically certain, even though it is a matter of history that never happened. Conversely, even the best-established historical knowledge, even within our own memory, is tainted with an element of doubt. To this extent we may discount the objection that certainty is attainable in the realm of the real whereas everything remains uncertain in the realm of the possible.

■ ■ ■

Imaginary history asks What if? sometimes out of mere curiosity and sometimes as a circuitous way of gaining insight into why things turned out the way they did. What if we hadn't dropped the atomic bomb on Japan? What if Kennedy had been alive to oversee our intervention in Vietnam? The exercise demands that one enter the circumstances and states of mind of a time gone by—that one re-encounter the *Zeitgeist*. In an oddly literal way imaginary history puts a new twist into Oscar Wilde's remark that "the one duty we owe to history is to rewrite it."

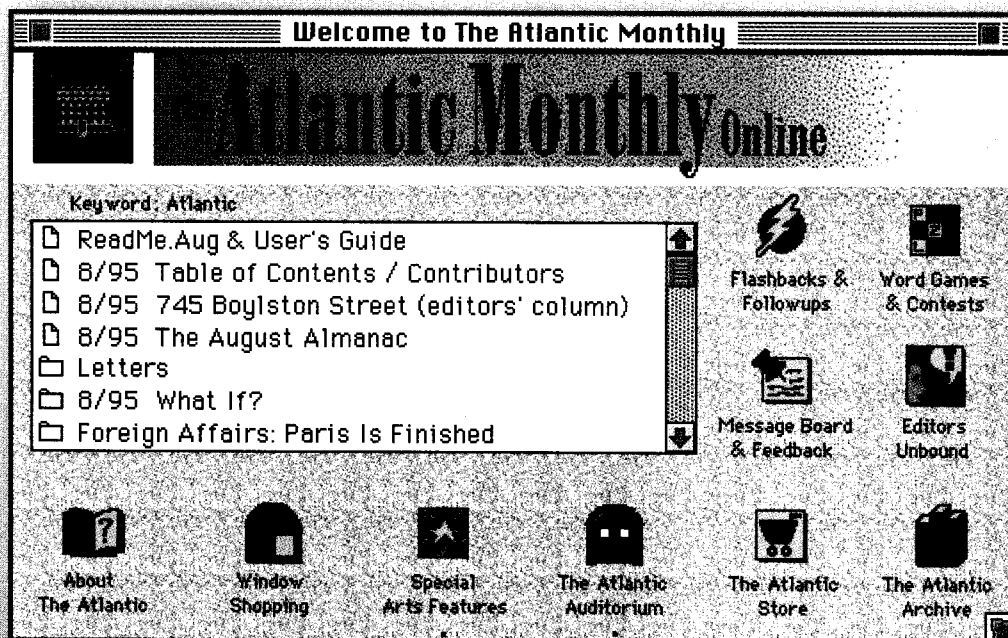
I keep a short list of subjects I wish today's imaginary historians would turn to. If term limits had been in existence from the beginning, which national figures would we have lost, and with what consequences? What would the economic history of America have been like if the balanced-budget amendment had been the eleventh (ratified in 1798) instead of (prospectively) the twenty-eighth?

I have a different, somewhat longer list of subjects that I hope may in the future—whether months, years, or decades from now—become the stuff of imaginary history. What if Fortune 500 executives had not instituted a voluntary system of stiff salary caps? What if television programming had never been classified as a drug and regulated by the FDA? What if Newt Gingrich had not been turned out of office after "misspeaking" in the presence of a live microphone? What if the secession of California from the United States had been resisted? What if the House of Windsor had spurned the offer of transplantation to Serbia? What if the Pope had not resigned "to spend more time with her family"? I look forward to the day when books like these can be written. ☸

A ROOM FOR YOUR VIEWS

We invite you to drop by our "room" on America Online, where you'll find an interactive and intellectually stimulating supplement to our magazine. Recently redesigned, with all-new graphics and added content, The Atlantic Monthly Online offers thoughtful message-board discussions, "Flashbacks" to past articles that have gained new relevance, and other online-only features, such as "Editors Unbound" and "Word Games & Contests," now appearing under their own icons.

This month we're highlighting two online features:



SPECIAL ARTS FEATURES

Here you'll find Chrysler's "Arts & Entertainment Preview," offering previews of theater, dance, film, classical music, popular music, and jazz by a circle of prominent freelance critics. This area also includes The Atlantic's "Cultural Calendar," a current listing of noteworthy cultural events around the country, including festivals and museum exhibits, updated monthly.

THE ATLANTIC AUDITORIUM

Participate in live discussions of timely topics with Atlantic Monthly authors and editors. Check the auditorium schedule for dates and times of upcoming conferences. Read transcripts of past conferences—with Robert Kaplan on "The Coming Anarchy," Barbara Dafoe Whitehead on sex education, Nicholas Lemann on The Bell Curve, and Robert Pinsky on Dante's Inferno, to name a few.

TO DISCOVER THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY ON AMERICA ONLINE CALL 1-800-225-5618,
AND RECEIVE TEN FREE HOURS TO EXPLORE THE SERVICE.

PRODUCED BY UNEORS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DOUG ARMAND/TONY STONE IMAGES

Paris Is Finished

It has finished building this century's public monuments, that is—and it goes out of the millennium gloriously

ONE must not underestimate the French, but perhaps their reputation for being impossible needs re-examining. In theory, you cannot slip an opinion across a French café counter without being challenged. So when a single Frenchman gets away with imposing his taste and vision on something as fundamental as Paris—indeed, with changing the face of the French capital to suit himself—one is inclined to wonder how he did it.

With the departure of President François Mitterrand, Paris has come to the end of a grand age of architectural renewal. The scope has been colossal. In architectural terms the City of Light slept for the better part of a century after a pair of world exhibitions, in 1889 and 1900, gave it the Eiffel Tower, the Grand Palais, and other

wonders. These appeared scarcely a generation after Emperor Napoleon III had Baron Georges Eugène Haussmann tear up the capital and crisscross it with boulevards. Now, from east to west, the cityscape has changed once more. The world's most visited city has never had more to admire, or at least to gawk at.

That the change happened so fast—well within two decades—and on so vast a scale explains better than any reading of the French constitution how incorrigibly imperial are the powers of a French leader. Without the tiring distraction of debate in Parliament, a good \$6 billion of taxpayers' money was spent at the President's personal behest on the renewal of Paris: a splendid revamping of the Louvre, a monumental national library in the east, a celestial arch in the west, an opera

house at the Bastille, and enough striking novelties in between to shake up every tourist's yellowing fantasies of the city.

If this were America, Congress would still be haggling over the opera-house staircase. State architectural sprees do not happen in America. Nor do they in England or Germany or the capitals of most places like them—which may be the worse for it.

In most democratic countries these days, prestige-building is privately financed. Queen Elizabeth was required to dip into her own purse to repair Windsor Castle after it burned. This is not the French way. Bernard Latarget, Mitterrand's construction chamberlain, was still smiling at remarks to the effect that his boss was a latter-day pharaoh when I interviewed him in his office as Mitterrand's reign came to a close. Looking out over the leafy lower reaches of the Champs Elysées and the handsome roof of the Grand Palais, Latarget was at pains to indicate that culture has an essential place in French public life—is, indeed, an essential public service, like health, education, and transport. He said, "You do not leave such things to private enterprise." Certainly, Latarget conceded, the age of construction bore Mitterrand's personal crest. Certainly

La Grande Arche at La Défense

ABSOLUT ELEMENTS

the Wheat

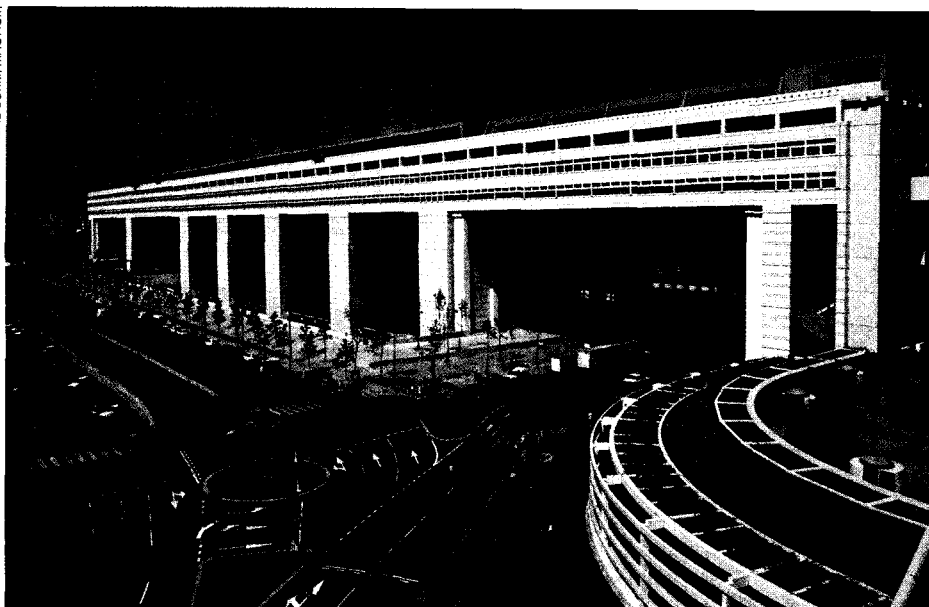
Second in a four-part series

There is a place in southern Sweden, among the rich wheat fields of the Skåne region, where people have been making vodka for centuries. There, at distilleries near the small town of Åhus, the elements of the Swedish environment and the Swedish past combine to form a pure product of the Swedish culture: Absolut Vodka.

In theory the spirit we know as vodka can be derived from almost any fermentable matter—from wheat to molasses. Yet more than 400 years of Swedish tradition has shown that grain yields vodka of the purest, smoothest quality.

Today, using wheat harvested from nearby fields and water from their own well, the distilleries at Åhus, a town of barely 10,000 people, produce every ounce of Absolut Vodka consumed throughout the world. At these distilleries the makers of Absolut maintain complete control over every aspect of production—for every bottle, every day.

The entire process of creating Absolut Vodka is designed to retain the true character of the grain from which it originates. By a special method of distillation—involving the preparation of high-quality grain and the careful control of fermentation—virtually all impurities are removed without losing the flavor of the vodka's raw material. This method embodies not only the centuries-old local tradition of making vodka but also the best of modern technology and the richness and purity of the country of Sweden.



Left, the Ministry of Finance; center, the Louvre; below, the vast Bibliothèque de France

his personal tastes and ambitions were on display. But that was not like Louis XIV's having created Versailles for himself. Mitterrand had not built himself a château to live in. His *grands travaux* were for the glory of France, and in most cases they met pressing needs.

THE renewal of Paris started a few years before Mitterrand's fourteen-year presidency got under way. Its origins were in the soaring of presidential authority that followed Charles de Gaulle's deci-

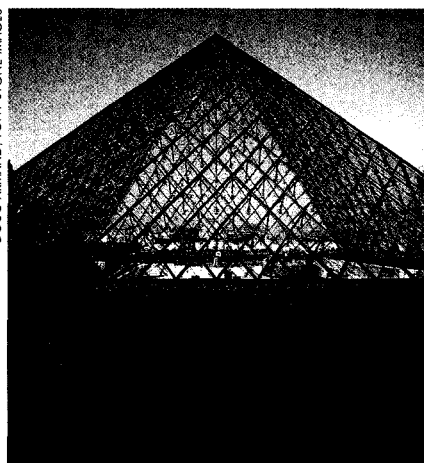
cited in a recent book by Alain Peyrefitte, who served as his Information Minister. One could imagine such a man rebuilding Paris to his own specifications in a trice. But the task De Gaulle set himself was to rebuild the nation, not its capital.

His successor, the ex-banker Georges Pompidou, used the enhanced authority of the presidency to destroy Paris. Of course, he did not see his contribution quite that way. During his term, from 1969 to 1974, his goal was to modernize the capital in order to make it easier to get around by car. He dreamed of a freeway along the Seine past the Latin Quarter. The high esteem he had for his own artistic taste encouraged him to experiment. Property speculation ran wild as aimless high-rises sprang up. Pompidou had the old marketplace of Les Halles and its unforgettable wrought-iron pavilions demolished in favor of an underground commercial maze. It is true that Zola's Belly of Paris had become too cramped and inaccessible to continue as the wholesale-food hub for a metropolis. But the place where Paris famously lived through the night has deteriorated over the years into a nighttime no-go area.

Poor Pompidou is remembered as an architectural Attila because of Les Halles, so there is some

irony to the fact that the nearby Centre Pompidou is named after him. The contemporary-art showplace may be something of an eyesore (the "oil refinery," as Parisians call it, gets thumbs down from taxi drivers, the acknowledged arbiters of popular taste), but it occupies a large place in the age of *grands travaux*. Indeed, the center launched the age. Pompidou had been dead for three years when it opened, in 1977, by which time his conservative successor, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, was devoting himself to halting the all-out modernization drive. This was a genuine public service, but it thwarted any building ambitions of his own the haughty Giscard may have had—as did an abrupt change in the way Paris was run.

Partway through Giscard's presidency Paris elected itself a mayor for the first time, in the person of Jacques Chirac, who was then the leader of the powerful Gaullist Party and is today France's new President. From time immemorial the State—Kings, Emperors, republican governments—had ruled Paris. Now it was ruled by an executive mayor, and His Honor needed to be consulted, even by the President of the Republic. Chirac, a political rival of Giscard's, got in his way, niggling over things like building permits and zoning rights. In the end Giscard made do by embellishing what was already there—in particular by transforming the old Orsay railway terminal on the Left Bank



sion to write a new constitution, in 1958, and thus get himself elected President by direct popular vote, in 1965. From then on the President enjoyed powers comparable to those of the old Kings of France.

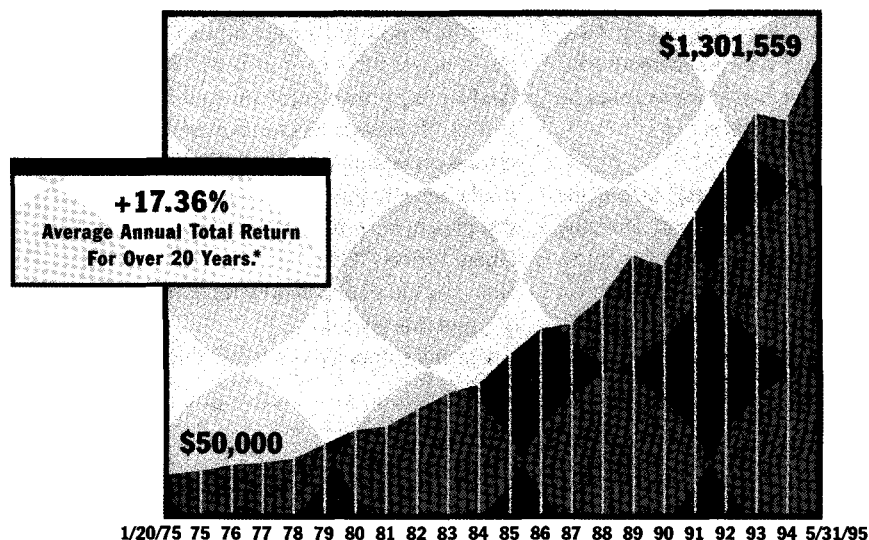
Fittingly, De Gaulle the democrat was a born autocrat. This revealed itself in memorable ways. For one thing, he had no time for Parliament and political parties. "The more decrees and the less legislation we have the better" was the great man's intimate view on government, as



“I get special satisfaction when our investors do well. Maybe because I’m one of them.”

Michael Kassen
Co-Portfolio Manager,
Neuberger & Berman Partners Fund

Neuberger & Berman Partners Fund Performance



With a 17% average annual rate of return and 18 positive calendar years over the last 20,* Neuberger & Berman Partners Fund has delivered outstanding long-term performance. Needless to say, our investors are more than satisfied. And we know how they feel. After all, we’re investors, too. In fact, the owners and employees of Neuberger & Berman and their families have over \$100 million of their own money in our mutual funds. So you can be sure we are only satisfied when our investors are.

For a free copy of our newest booklet, *Taking Charge Of Your Financial Future*, call Neuberger & Berman Management Inc. We’ll include a prospectus containing more information about Neuberger & Berman Partners Fund, a no-load growth fund. Please read it carefully before you invest. Call 1-800-877-9700, ext. 3628.
Or, on AOL, keyword: Neuberger.

*Neuberger & Berman Management Inc. became investment adviser to the predecessor of this Fund on 1/20/75. Performance before the Fund’s August 1993 reorganization is for its predecessor.

+12.23%, +12.01%, +13.54% were the average annual total returns for the 1, 5 and 10 year periods ended 3/31/95. This illustration assumes reinvestment of all dividends and distributions. Of course, investment returns and principal fluctuate, and past performance is no guarantee of future results. Redemption proceeds may be higher or lower than original cost.

©1995 Neuberger & Berman Management Inc., Distributor.

Neuberger & Berman
PARTNERS FUNDSM

If we don’t invest in it, why should you?

from a handsome Belle Epoque relic into the Orsay Museum. He also began turning the abandoned municipal slaughterhouses at La Villette, in the north, into a science park and exhibition ground, a job Mitterrand completed.

By the time Mitterrand came to power, in 1981, the design of a prestigious building was supposed to be put out for bid, with a jury choosing the winning architect. Mitterrand, who as a man of letters had some reason to trust his own taste, merely kept up appearances when it came to this nicety. In one way or another he made the choices himself. For a man bent on leaving his mark on history, in these times it seemed a safer bet to leave a building or two than a treaty or two. There was nothing very grand about Mitterrand and his *travaux*, however, until he decided to remake the Louvre.

THE Louvre was a mummy among the world's leading museums. Half the space in the former royal palace was taken up by the Finance Ministry, and the rest was notoriously run down. It had no entry-way to speak of. Mitterrand decided that

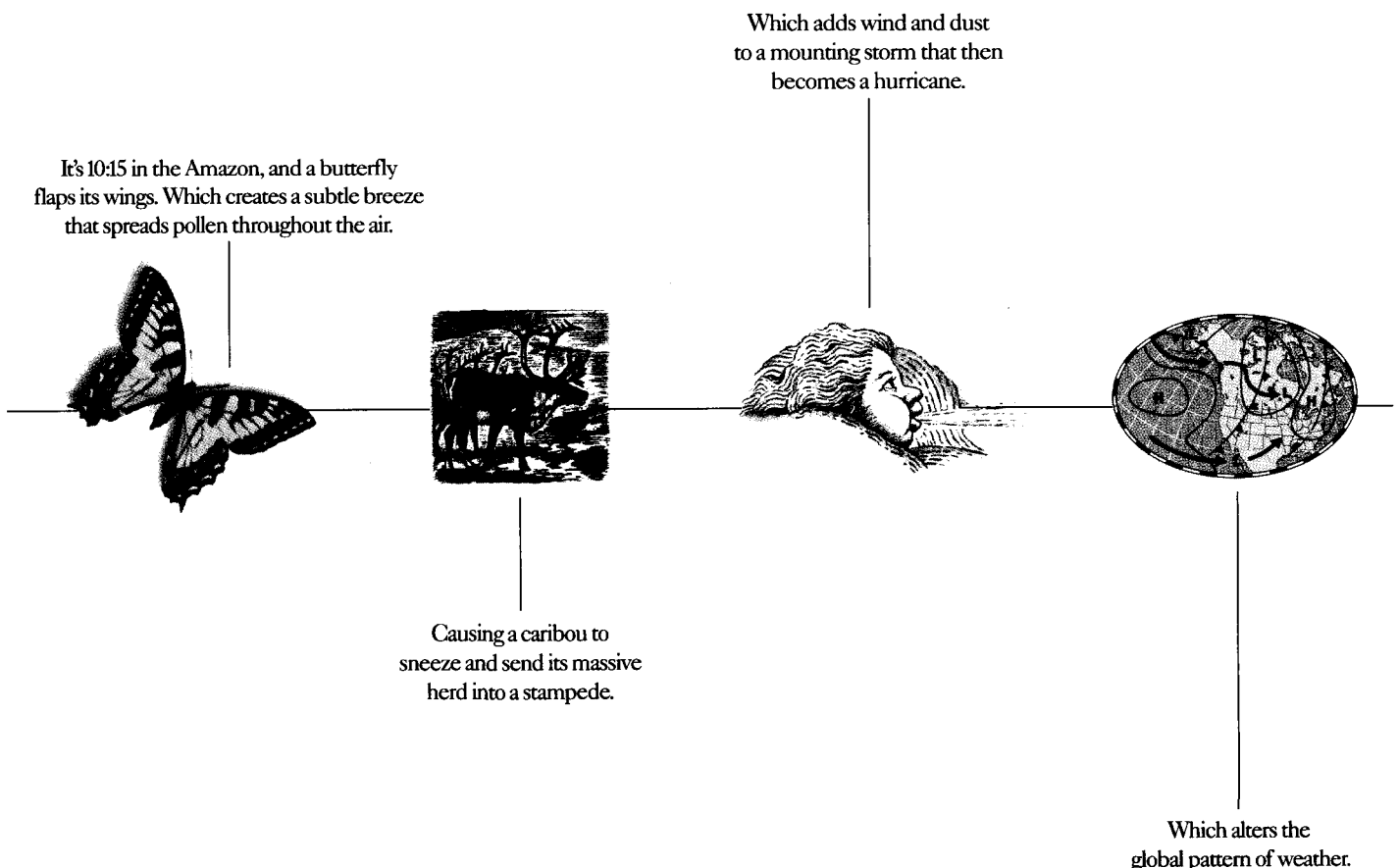
the architect for the job was the American I. M. Pei. Mitterrand was open-minded in choosing an American. Pei was less so: he declined to go through the motions of competing for the \$1.2 billion contract. Unperturbed, Mitterrand told him, *Eh bien! Go ahead.*

The result is the resplendent glass pyramid in the Louvre courtyard, a unique entry to a renovated and spacious museum (the Finance Ministry was kicked out) that now attracts some 40 percent more visitors than it did before. The pyramid was not at all sure to please the conservative French. Nor did it. When first glimpsed, it caused café-counter brawls across France. But Frenchmen clashed over the aspect and the appropriateness of Pei's masterstroke—not over the cost. And having grown accustomed to it, they love it. "Someone has to take the big decisions on monuments," says Emile Biasini, the resourceful man whom Mitterrand installed in his government as Minister of Grand Works. "Otherwise, it's like television. Let the public choose, and the level of programs goes down."

Biasini's strategy was to use the will of

the President as his bulldozer. He worked things out with Mayor Chirac so that city hall got out of the way. "I told Chirac the State was paying. He's no fool. He saw the advantages for Paris."

The success of the Louvre project gave Mitterrand a free hand to build. As long as his Socialist Party had a majority in Parliament, as it had most of the time, no one demurred; and when it did not have a majority, his projects were usually too far advanced to be stopped. Members of his court say that he did not set out to emulate past builder-Kings—the idea just grew on him. And it had the time to grow: not many elected national leaders have fourteen years to work with. Mitterrand's real whopper (\$1.5 billion) is the Bibliothèque de France, the largest book archive on earth in dimension, replacing the hopelessly cramped National Library, near the original Opera. The Bibliothèque, which has a pine forest planted amid its four glass towers, each in the form of an open book and a good deal higher than the Arc de Triomphe, opens up decrepit east Paris along the Seine, a mile upstream from Notre Dame, like the sun appearing



through a junkyard. The steps that descend to the Seine along its quarter-mile length are made of ipe, an Amazonian hardwood. Parisians call it the TGB (*très grande bibliothèque*), in a tilt of the hat to the high-speed TGV train network, the height of French go-aheadness. The building was finished just in time for Mitterrand to inaugurate it before he stepped down, in May, though it will be at least a year until the library opens for business.

Mitterrand chose the design for its grandeur, without consulting the academic grandees who monopolized the old library it replaces. The project's young French architect, Dominique Perrault, did not consult them either. Mitterrand aimed to open his library to the public, and did not want the intellectual elite to get in the way. An unholy wrangle was likely, and it occurred. The architect's glass towers would literally have burned the books in high summer. To prevent that, the towers had to be insulated with an interior concrete wall encased in wooden shutters. Also, two floors were lopped off each tower; no one, it seems, can quite remember why. "They were a bone thrown to a

dog to stop it from snarling," says Dominique Jamet, who was the original head of the library project. Jamet was so badly bruised by the academic brigade that Mitterrand retired him mid-contest.

IN my view, France will come to like the TGB a lot—as much as it likes Pei's pyramid and the marble Grande Arche, which form the new ends of an extended east-west axis along which lie the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, and the Arc de Triomphe. The Centre Pompidou earns some sympathy for its quirkiness, and the modernistic new Finance Ministry, another Mitterrand project, forming a high arch over the road along the Seine, into which one side of the arch is sunk, is mercifully unobtrusive. Only Mitterrand's cheap-looking Bastille Opera ranks as a popular flop—such a flop, in fact, that those close to Mitterrand blame not Mitterrand but the busybody Jack Lang, his longtime Culture Minister, for this ungrand affair. Yet even a mistake of this dimension is happily forgiven by a tolerant public. In touring the *grands travaux* I met not a soul

who suggested that the billions might have been spent on shrinking France's social-security deficit or on some other desperate national problem.

"Imagine putting aesthetic choices to a vote in the French Parliament," the injured Jamet muses. "Nothing would ever get done. At least from a monarch you get a decision. It is a very positive system in its way. The French are complainers, anarchists, individualists, and so on, but they have an enormous respect for grandeur."

Not just respect but a passion. The new President, who as mayor kept the streets of Paris remarkably clean, has scant space, either geographic or psychological, to pursue the age of renewal. Surely, it is over. At last the publishers can put out their definitive Paris guides. The fact remains that a French President can impose almost anything on the French if he wraps it up as essential to the nation's *gloire*. The French display more concern than most for liberty, and a little less than most for democracy. All the better for us tourists. If other rich nations conducted themselves less democratically, they might have capital cities to compare to Paris. ☼

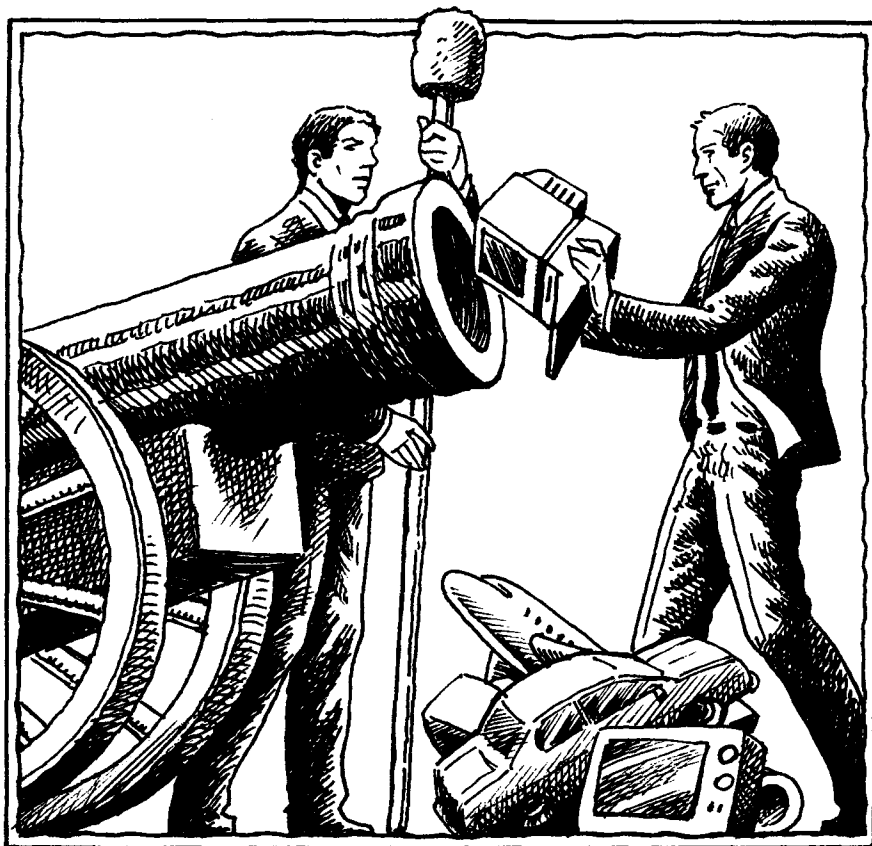
And creates a storm that knocks out
the electricity in your home.
So now you can't blow-dry your hair.



With all that can go wrong in your day, isn't it nice to know you can rely on your car.
THE HONDA CIVIC. BECAUSE LIFE IS COMPLICATED ENOUGH.

A Car Ahead
HONDA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Our Interests in Europe

*For all the talk of a "Pacific century,"
America's natural partners lie
across a different ocean*

EVEN though the Cold War is over, the United States persists with a Cold War-style policy toward Europe. The heart of this policy is a focus on maintaining transatlantic security arrangements, and even seeking to expand them into Eastern Europe through the so-called Partnership for Peace. Despite some recent general American statements endorsing closer trade-policy cooperation, transatlantic economic relations remain a decidedly secondary concern.

Yet this approach completely misreads

by **Alan Tonelson and
Robin Gaster**

the nature of America's post-Cold War interests in Europe, and has resulted in a deepening transatlantic rift on both the security and the economic front. More important, America's scrambled European priorities threaten to destroy our chances of transforming the transatlantic relationship into a partnership that could truly serve many of the most pressing interests of both Europe and America today.

Washington's major mistake is precisely its security focus in Europe. Although vested bureaucratic and intellec-

tual interests deny it, the demise of the Soviet Union has shattered any rational basis for extensive U.S. involvement in European-security affairs and has undermined shared interests that made possible U.S.-European security cooperation outside the North Atlantic region during the Cold War.

America's post-Second World War decision to become Europe's guardian was not beyond criticism, but it was grounded in the rational calculation that Europe's domination by a hostile global power could gravely threaten American security and prosperity. Today and for the foreseeable future, peace and stability in Europe face several important threats, but an ambitious would-be military hegemon is not one of them. Indeed, as shown by the evolution of America's Yugoslavia-Bosnia policy, despite the self-congratulatory boilerplate still issuing from NATO summits, even many American leaders and strategists no longer see Europe mainly as a security-policy asset. Instead Europe looms primarily as a series of traps and dangers that could bog down American forces in hot spots having no bearing on U.S. security. As the German journalist Josef Joffe, a strong supporter of preserving the NATO security alliance, has put it, "While Europe used to be the most stable area in the world, it has begun to compete with the Middle East for first place in instability."

Moreover, threats to European peace and stability that *could* endanger important U.S. interests (such as Europe's role as a market for American goods) cannot be addressed militarily. The presence of U.S. troops can do nothing to prevent further ethnic turmoil (just as our still sizable NATO forces did not prevent conflict in the former Yugoslavia), speed the development of capitalism and democracy in Eastern Europe, or improve Western Europe's faltering economic competitiveness. Meanwhile, U.S. and European positions on many security issues outside Europe (for example, dealings with outlaw states such as Libya, Iraq, and Iran) grow further apart by the week.

The reasons for this last, especially troubling development should be obvious. The United States and the countries of Europe are of different sizes, have dif-

Rating: 99.9!

We would give ourselves 100,
but we don't want to seem too self serving.

Special Offer

We're getting so many compliments on our Dominican H. Upmann Cigars, we'll send you a sample of 12 Churchills, 5 1/2" x 46 ring, in a handsome gift box along with an H. Upmann Cigar Cutter and a copy of our 20 page booklet, "How to Judge A Good Cigar," all for \$15.00 check or money order (retail value \$35.00).
Write: H. Upmann, P.O. Box 407166LB, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33340-7166.
Allow (8) weeks for delivery. Offer expires November 30, 1995. Offer not available to minors. Limit 1 per customer.

The H. Upmann trademark is registered in the United States by a subsidiary of Consolidated Cigar Corporation and should not be confused with the identical trademark used by others in other countries. Consolidated's Dominican H. Upmann is available in the United States at fine tobacconists everywhere.



*Never since the early
post-Second World War
decades have the United
States and Europe
had more in common
economically.*

ferent historical experiences, are located in different places, and have different needs in various parts of the world. With the common threat posed by the Soviets gone, how could they fail to have different interests in many areas outside the North Atlantic region?

On the economic front, headlines recently have been dominated by transatlantic quarrels (over the Uruguay Round of world trade talks, over America's decision to handle its latest trade quarrel with Japan outside the new world-trade regime, over interest rates, over the Airbus and other sector-specific trade issues). American leaders continue to talk openly of tilting toward the more dynamic Pacific Basin. And European leaders increasingly contemplate an economic future without strong ties to whatever trade bloc America joins or creates.

YET despite some important continuing differences, never since the early post-Second World War decades have the United States and Europe had more in common economically. Bill Clinton's election put into office an American President unusually close to mainstream European social-market views on the state's proper economic role, although the 1994 Republican triumph revealed that anti-government emotions still run high. At the same time, Europe's Single Market program has promoted the liberalization and opening of European economies. Consequently, it is now realistic to talk of the United States and Europe working together to open markets around the world and to secure global economic rules compatible with Western interests and values. Europe and the United States also face a wide range of common economic problems—from competing with low-wage, high-tech Third World work forces to

providing affordable health care and pensions to rapidly aging populations. Shared or at least similar solutions should be high on their agendas.

Most important, despite all the headline-making quarrels, the United States does more business more profitably with Europe than it does with any other major region. Transatlantic economic flows taken together, including investment and technology transfers as well as trade, still dwarf U.S.-Asian flows. In contrast to the deep, chronic deficits that the United States faces with East Asia in almost every type of economic activity—and especially in trade involving core manufacturing industries, from autos to computers—U.S.-European trade and commerce are either healthily balanced or significantly in America's favor. In fact, American manufacturers have run trade surpluses with Europe nearly every year since 1980, even in telecommunications equipment and in civilian aircraft and aviation parts—two sectors in which European subsidies have sparked major trade conflicts. Finally, European companies create many more high-quality jobs in America, use more local content, and pay, proportionately, much more in U.S. taxes than do Asian companies.

Yet because of a continuing obsession with outdated security concerns and because of an unreciprocated romance with Asia, American leaders today are permitting a small number of narrow, comparatively trivial trade disputes with Europe to obscure our common interests, and even to worsen U.S.-European estrangement across the board.

The timing of this deterioration could not be worse. American prosperity has never been more dependent on the world economy, but America can no longer dictate the nature of that economy. In fact, the accelerating globalization of business and finance means that the process of writing new rules for the world economy will intensify. Yet because several different kinds of capitalism exist today, and because national economic interests can differ for the same reasons that national-security interests can, America may not like many of the rules that emerge. Thus, if it wants good rules, the United States will need allies. And since European capitalism and European economic interests are closer to America's than are any other region's, Europe is America's best bet for an ally.

AS the focus of America's interests in Europe shifts from security to economic matters, it will be imperative to infuse these new realities into both its policies and its institutional relationships.

In policy terms, the new approach should aim first at systematically broadening and deepening relations among countries that, like the members of NATO, are fully committed to market-based economic systems. The North Atlantic region must be the core, for it contains the main cluster of countries that agree on free-market norms. But this effort—which deserves at least the attention devoted by President Clinton to free trade with Mexico—should not be limited by geography. Several non-Atlantic countries would be promising early candidates for admission—notably Chile and Singapore. The World Trade Organization should remain in place. But participation in the new group—which would provide the benefits of freer trade, technology, and investment flows—should be limited to countries willing to conform to its main principles and practices. These benefits would of course also create incentives for outsiders to move their economies in directions that Americans and Europeans would applaud. This “Super-GATT” approach contrasts sharply with indiscriminate calls for a free-trade agreement with any country willing to sign one, regardless of that country's policies and practices.

The integration discussions should also aim at helping the world's most market-oriented countries to resolve their remaining differences on domestic practices that greatly affect international commerce, such as labor policy, competition policy, and regulation in noneconomic fields such as the environment.

*And yet American
leaders are permitting
a small number of
trade disputes with
Europe to obscure our
common interests.*

Unlike the current U.S. approach to international economics, this effort would not try to force prematurely, or blithely assume the existence of, consensus where none exists. It would focus on areas where substantial agreement already exists, and would frankly acknowledge and accept many areas of disagreement. Thus it would deal with the world as it is, not as we wish it to be.

In institutional terms, the United States and Europe urgently need to develop a NATO-like forum for handling economic issues. Responsibility for the various aspects of transatlantic relations is currently scattered throughout national and multilateral bureaucracies in both the United States and Europe. As a result, strategic direction and even tactical coherence are utterly lacking. And owing to inertia, the old security-centered priorities have remained largely intact. The creation of a new forum would ensure that these questions receive sustained, top-level political attention, and that Washington and the European governments begin to develop those habits of cooperation that so effectively maintained solidarity and aided problem-solving in the security field when their interests converged.

At the same time, nothing in this strategy should excuse the United States from the imperative of amassing and nurturing its own economic power. Creating this new institution would not ipso facto solve America's problems with either Europe or the rest of the world. In order to ensure that interdependence and cooperation with Europe occurred on the most favorable terms, Washington would have to take these objectives more seriously than it has at any point since the end of the Second World War.

Tough bargaining—even with allies—would lie ahead. National power and wealth would remain essential for national success in these negotiations. Those who brought the most to the table—in the forms of capital, technology, manufacturing prowess, and vibrant markets composed of prosperous companies and workers—would have the biggest effect on the results. But a foundation of genuinely shared interests would keep European and American eyes fixed firmly on their larger common challenges. And those challenges have become more crucial than ever before. ☼



ADVICE & DISSENT

They're The McLaughlin Group. Each with a view that's contentious and contagious. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Clarence Page, John McLaughlin, Eleanor Clift, Morton Kondracke and Fred Barnes.

Made possible by a grant from GE.

The McLaughlin Group

Check your local listing for station and time.



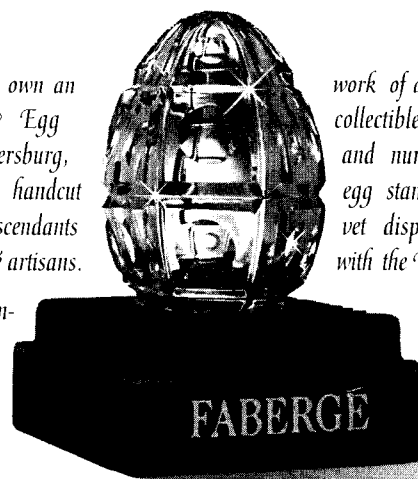
We bring good things to life.

Fabergé Crystal Egg

Important collectible. Prestigious gift.
Unprecedented introductory price only \$65.

A rare opportunity to own an authorized 'Fabergé® Egg handcrafted in St. Petersburg, Russia. Mouthblown, handcut crystal created by descendants of the original Fabergé artisans.

Exceptional beauty, limited production, and modest introductory price make this



work of art a unique and highly collectible gift. Signed, dated, and numbered, your 'Fabergé egg stands 2½" high. Its velvet display case is embossed with the Fabergé seal.

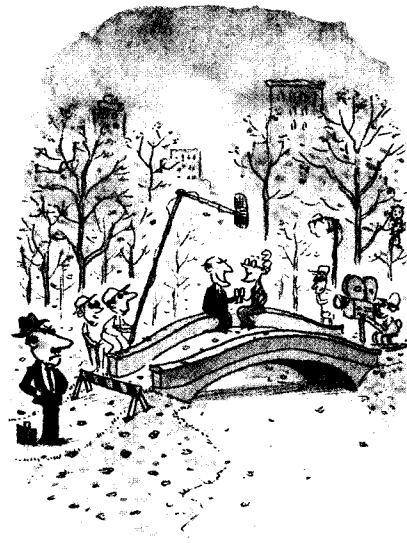
Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 30 days for a full refund.

Call now toll-free to reserve your Fabergé Crystal Egg on your credit card:

1-800-597-5321

Or send check or money order for \$65 plus \$4 shipping and handling to:

LBSI Collection, Dept 795, P.O. Box 2209, Waterbury, CT 06722-2209



Making "Movies" in New York

*They say they're blocking my
street for important business, but just what
business do they mean?*

IF you live in New York City, or if you've ever visited it, you have probably come across street locations where movies are being made. There are big motor homes parked at the curb, and equipment trucks, and cables on the sidewalk, and brisk young people with polo shirts and walkie-talkies asking you please to walk on the other side. For me, as for most New Yorkers, such an occurrence is now commonplace, and I obey the brisk young people without a thought. Or, rather, I used to. Recently I have made a strange discovery: whatever it is those "film crews" are really doing with their clipboards and their umbrella reflectors and their streetside buffet tables and their hand-lettered signs saying MAKEUP or WARDROBE or MR. VARNEY'S TRAILER, *they're not making movies!*

This discovery came about by coinci-

dence. Some years ago I took my sister and two of her friends for drinks in a bar in the lobby of a midtown hotel. We had hardly begun our first round when the waiter told us that we would have to leave, because someone was about to begin filming a movie there. Suddenly squads of brisk young people were toting cables and moving furniture and talking among themselves in a telegraphic way. As we slid toward the revolving doors, I managed to ask one of them what movie they were working on. He mentioned the name of a well-known director and the title: *They All Laughed*.

That should have tipped me off right there. Instead I watched the movie pages of the local papers for months, then years, waiting for the opening of *They All Laughed*. Of course, any well-informed person knows that probably there is not

and never has been any such movie. *They All Laughed*? I'll say they did. They probably howled and roared in the privacy of that emptied-out hotel bar, as they achieved whatever mysterious purpose they had commandeered it for. I began to think back over all the movies I had ever seen—could I name even one that had been filmed in New York? Also, I recalled other instances in which I had asked "film crews" the titles of the alleged movies they were working on. Once, a couple of large men blocking the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge told me that it was closed for the filming of a movie called *Hudson Hawk*. Give me a break! *Hudson Hawk*? I could come up with a likelier title off the top of my head. And it goes without saying that no cinematic offering by that name ever did appear (as far as I know) at my local quadriplex. Another time, I couldn't eat at a favorite lunch counter downtown because of the purported filming of a supposed work titled *Something Wild*. In later years did I or anyone I know ever see or hear of the release of any movie by that name? Well, maybe there was one, but I never ran across it. Sometimes I wonder why those "filmmakers" bother to concoct names for their "movies" at all.

SO what *are* they up to, if they're not making movies? One rather obvious answer comes immediately to mind. They spend a lot of time in and near large motor homes—a favorite recreation of

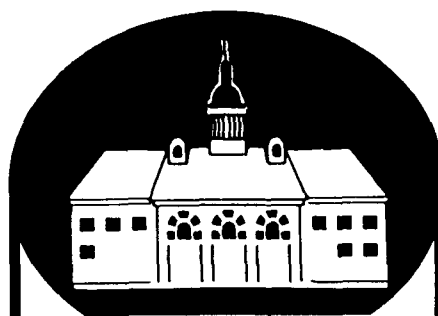


Californians. They move about the city from place to place; Californians are known for their mobility. Many of them are tan. They like to set up buffet tables in the out-of-doors—a habit reminiscent of the patio-style dining favored in California. The food on the buffet tables is usually juices, fresh fruit, and vegetables—well-known staples of the Californian diet. In short, these self-described “on-location crews” may simply be Californians who have adapted to the environment of New York City.

Naturally, the disguise of filmmaker suits these people better than it would emigrants from other states; California has long been known for its association with the movies. Still, I cannot help wondering if something more is going on behind the charade. A while ago the motor homes and cables and buffet tables showed up in my neighborhood in Brooklyn. This time crew members handed out flyers asking residents of certain streets to remove all air-conditioners from street-side windows, in the interests of the period authenticity of the “movie.” Residents who failed to comply at once were petitioned again and again. My neighbors and I all took down our air-conditioners and laid them on the floor, where we tripped over and stubbed our toes on them for several days until a second flyer came telling us we could put them back. Meanwhile, the motor homes sat at the curbs with their cables snaking down into the basements of adjacent buildings. After a

few days I noticed that the motor homes had gotten slightly larger, while the buildings they were connected to had lost a few feet in height.

On a hunch, I called Con Ed. They still haven’t called me back, but when they do, I am sure another piece of the puzzle will be revealed. Meanwhile, I continue to watch the situation closely, and I advise others to do the same. Peek through a side window of the longest motor home the next time you come across a convoy parked somewhere. Most likely the shades will be tightly drawn. But if they aren’t, chances are that this is what you’ll see: feet in expensive running shoes, propped on a countertop or table; ankles, negligently crossed, in white sweat socks; tan bare shins covered with fine blond hairs; boxy tan knees; and, propped on the knees, an open copy of the New York *Post*. Many times I have seen just this sight bathed in the motor home’s interior glow and framed in the porthole-like window. The brand of the running shoes may change, and the stripe on the sweat socks, and the issue of the newspaper, but the knees, the shins—they are always the same. Owing to the angle and perspective, I can never see the rest of the figure. It could be a woman; it is more probably a man. The shins especially radiate an unmistakable aura of power. Unless I miss my guess, they are the still center of the whole mad enterprise. Something about them is tantalizingly familiar. If I could match them with a face, perhaps I would know all. ☼



Berkshire Theatre Festival

Arthur Storch Kate Maguire
Artistic Director Managing Director

Celebrating 67 Seasons

June 23 - July 15
13 RUE DE L'AMOUR
by Mawby Green & Ed Feilbert
Based on Georges Feydeau's Farce.

July 18 - July 29
THE FOX
by Allan Miller
Based on a D. H. Lawrence Novella

August 1 - August 12
COWGIRLS
A New Musical
by Mary Murfitt & Betsy Howie

August 16 - August 26
KAFKA'S WICK
by Alan Bennett
American Premier

Three Unicorn Stage Productions
KEELY AND DU
FOUR DOGS AND A BONE
THE ILLUSION
Plus Children's Theatre
Under the Tent

**For Information
and Subscriptions**
Box 797, Stockbridge, MA 01262
413-298-5576

New active-charcoal filter helps create more pleasant interior environment.

Reduced fan noise for quieter cabin.

Residual heating system keeps car warm up to 16 minutes after parking.

New flush closing air vents provide for wider range of directional air-flow control.

New passenger's seat occupant sensor prevents airbag activation when seat not occupied.

New premium 440-watt digital stereo system automatically adjusts volume to compensate for vehicle-speed related wind and engine noise.

New 16-way electronically controlled Comfort Seats with power adjustable upper-backrest.

New integral door hooks stiffen the body during side impacts.

Increased front leg room.

For more information call 1-800-334-4BMW.

Cellular telephone with tilt mount

New five-speed automatic transmission.

New front cupholders.

V-12 engine is more powerful with improved fuel efficiency.

New cruise control, air recirculation control, stereo and telephone controls integrated into steering wheel.

New supple Montana leather-covered seats, doors and armrests resist wear better.

New continuously variable heated front seats.

New ergonomically designed controls raise and lower windows with the single touch of a button.

What we didn't change.

New integrated closable storage bins in doors.

More extensive high-gloss walnut trim throughout the interior.

Rear legroom increased.

New high-grade velour carpeting with contoured sound absorbing layer for additional noise insulation.

Eases use by people in the rear seat.

New rear cupholders.

Wider front seat tracks increase rear foot room.

New Dynamic Stability Control improves lateral stability and passenger comfort.

New closable storage pocket on seat backs.

Higher body rigidity reduces squeaks and rattles while improving handling.

New temperature controlled air to rear compartment.

New contoured headrests for improved comfort.

New temperature dependent rear window defroster.

New rear armrest can be tilted down to use ski-bag.

New easily accessible first-aid kit.

New Park Distance Control loudspeakers in fascia and rear window shelf inform driver of obstructions with graduating warning signals.

Rear headroom increased.

New four-way power adjustable rear lumbar support.

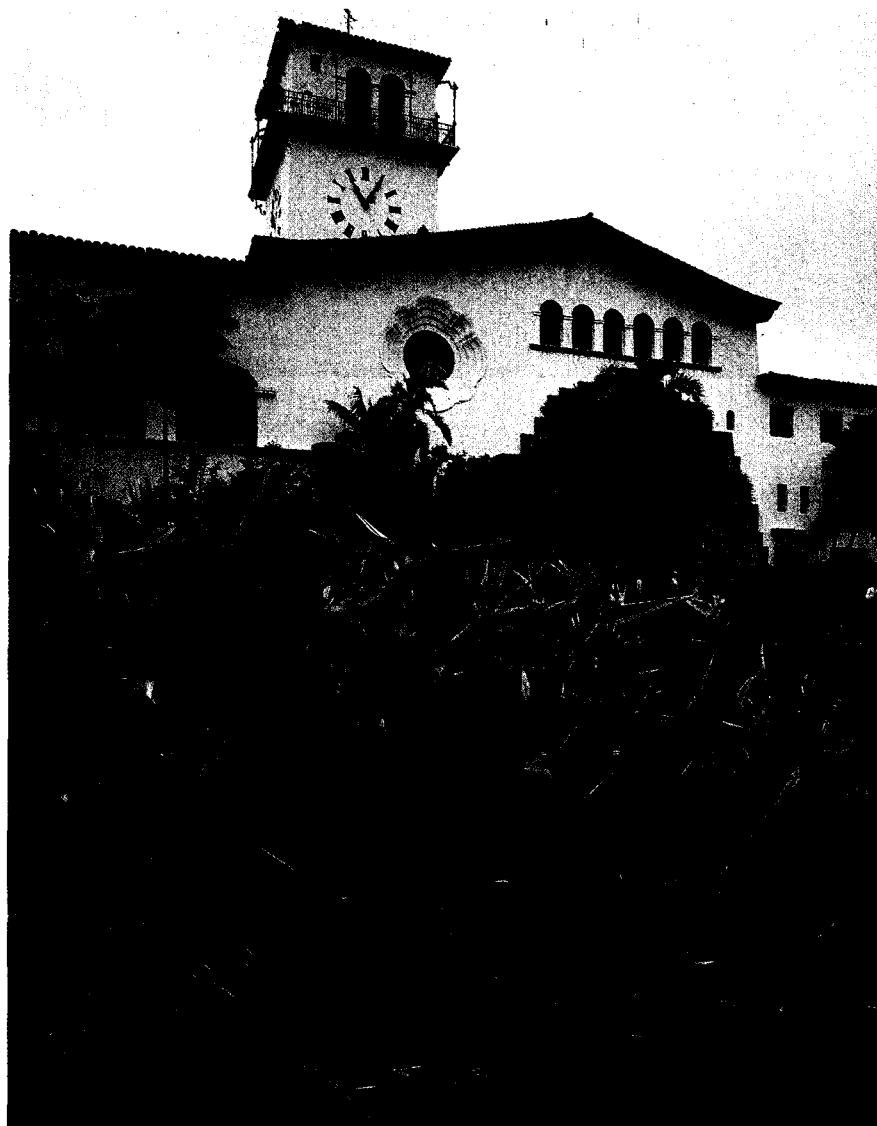
New continuously variable heated rear seats.

Electronic Damping Control improves passenger ride and vehicle stability.

©1995 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.

THE NEW 750iL 

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Santa Barbara's courthouse:
like an N. C. Wyeth castle*

A Nice Place to Visit

*But there's at least one person in
America who couldn't live in
Santa Barbara*

WHEN I begin a new novel, I always make a point of moving to a new town. There's something about the excitement of discovering new things, of experiencing new experiences, that really gets the juices flowing. If you're creating a brand-new world, why not live in one? Also, it's the only

by Robert Plunket

practical way to escape from friends and family who call you up when you're trying to work, no matter how many buffers, rules, answering machines, you put between them and you.

This time I chose Santa Barbara. Who wouldn't? It's always a contender in Most Beautiful Town in the Country contests. I

had visited the town before and sworn that someday I'd live there. Everybody who visits Santa Barbara swears this, but now I was in a position to do something about it.

Even before I left, I had my new daily routine all figured out. First of all I would awake early, around nine or so, in a cute little apartment or, better, guest house. Santa Barbara is full of wonderful places to live. Some erstwhile homes, like the Meridian Studios, where artists used to live, are bona fide tourist attractions. Built in the 1920s around charming courtyards, the Meridian Studios are painted a faded lavender and dripping with wisteria. True, it sounds a little purple, but it's also pure Santa Barbara—charm pushed to its very edge.

Anyway, around one-thirty or so, with a solid 300 words under my belt, I would go out to lunch. I've discovered that one of the great pleasures of being a novelist is that you get to have a late lunch all by yourself, in a virtually empty restaurant, and that somehow the experience functions as a way to come down after the literary exertions of the morning. Santa Barbara is full of restaurants that are perfect for this, but during my past visits I had become so attached to one that I had given up trying any others. It is called Mousse Odile, and it has simple French food, flawlessly prepared—things like boudin blanc and salmon mousse, each served with a perfect salad of butter lettuce. I'd kept thinking, "This is the same lunch that Flaubert must have had," only perhaps mine was a little more "lite."

After lunch I would take a tip from two of my other literary predecessors, Edith Wharton and Henry James, and go for a drive in the country. The scenery around Santa Barbara is quietly breathtaking, particularly in the Santa Ynez Valley, which is right on the other side of those big mountains against which the town sits. Celebrities as diverse as Ronald Reagan and Michael Jackson have ranches nearby, where they pursue their various interests; Bo Derek and Steven Seagal also live in the area. One of my favorite jaunts is out to Solvang, a hilarious mock-Danish town

THE CAYMAN ISLANDS OUR COVERS



Come share our national treasures.
Clear, blue, protected waters.
Soft, safe, white coral beaches.

Discover our Cayman parrot, native blue iguana and the blossoming flora that fill our Islands with life.

Swim with our stingrays, as friendly as our people.

Visit our Caribbean Island trio, and you'll also find that nature has blessed us with the world's finest diving, snorkelling and fishing.



Onshore, golf, tennis, shopping and sightseeing are also yours to share.

To fly here on a comfortable Cayman Airways jet, call your travel agent or 1-800-G-CAYMAN.

For more information, call 1-800-346-3313.

Come to The Cayman Islands, where natural beauty is a national treasure. One we enjoy sharing with all who visit.



"Those who know us,
love us."

that has turned itself into a shopping-clogged tourist trap—so much the antithesis of Santa Barbara that the fact that they are but thirty miles apart is inexplicable.

Evenings I like to stay home, surrounded by my books, magazines, cable TV, cat, and so on. The fast lane is not for me, and neither is it for Santa Barbara. I had the feeling that some sort of “scene” involving young people and rock music was happening on lower State Street, but any interest I had in that sort of thing faded long ago. An occasional dinner at one of the trendy Italian places in nearby Montecito—Piatti, Pane e Vino, or Tutti’s, where you will see, if not stars, at least producers and screenwriters—would be exciting enough for me. One of those lap-dancing places has opened down by Highway 101 (in fact, it’s called Club 101), but I would just head on home, thank you very much, and drink in the balmy California nights, the bright, bright stars, the distant rumble of the freeway.

It was going to be heaven.

I HAD, as I mentioned, been to Santa Barbara before, so I knew its story. To me, it will always be the Barbara Taylor Bradford of American cities: beautiful in a well-preserved sort of way, immensely famous and rich, the envy of its peers, but—alas—no great intellect. Like many beauties, Santa Barbara is tragedy-prone. And yet even its misfortunes have an air of grandeur, of *folie*, to them, like the misfortunes of the characters in Bradford’s

novels. This is where Rock Hudson was married. This is where Edie Sedgwick was buried. This is where Pauline de Rothschild dropped dead in the lobby of the Biltmore Hotel.

Great beauties have been given a head start by Mother Nature; Santa Barbara got outrageously unfair advantages. It is unique among California coastal cities in that it faces south rather than west, and somehow this seems to make a big difference. The climate is benign and Mediterranean and perfect for outdoor dining. Olives grow here, as do bananas and avocados and grapes. Everywhere are eucalyptus and strange plants. The beach won a prize in a beach contest.

The first time I arrived, I was astonished to see several enormous islands off the coast. These turned out to be the uninhabited Channel Islands, a national park. Also visible, and not so beautiful, are scores of oil-drilling platforms—unhappy reminders of another Santa Barbara tragedy, the notorious oil spill of 1969, which some credit with sparking the modern environmental movement.

Perhaps the luckiest tragedy, at least for tourists, was the 1925 earthquake that pretty much leveled the town. A bunch of romantic—and bossy—visionaries then decided to rebuild everything in the Spanish style, and strict building codes were enacted to that effect. The result is the best Spanish and Mediterranean architec-

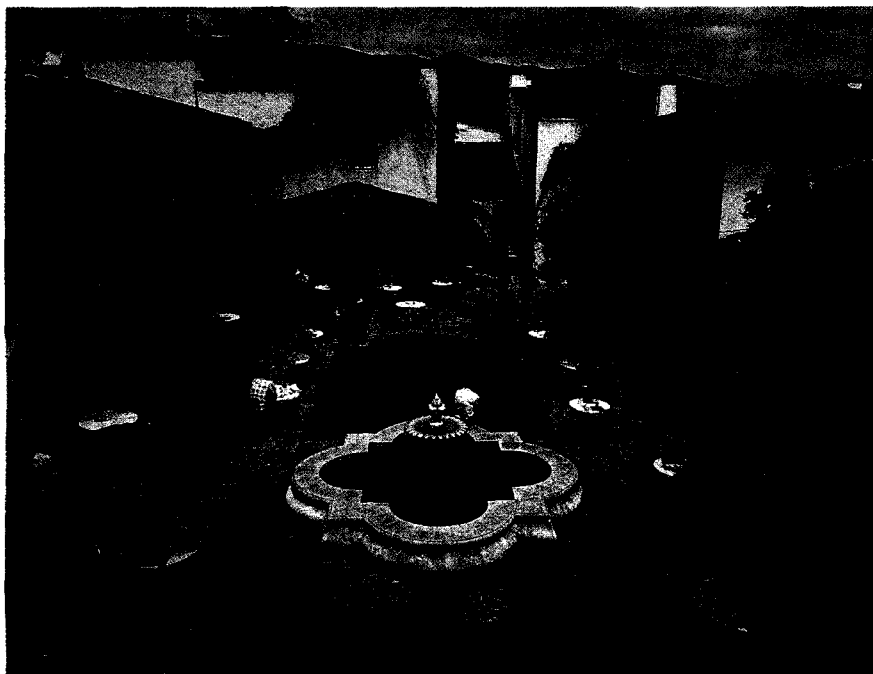
Life—or is it lifestyle?—al fresco

ture in the country, block after block of it, from all eras and styles, including some that never existed. My favorite is the courthouse, which looks exactly like a castle in a half-forgotten N. C. Wyeth painting. I find myself drawn to it, almost as if it held some sort of secret.

I’m also drawn to the bus station. It’s pure 1947. To me, one of Santa Barbara’s greatest charms is the many vignettes of the 1940s that it contains—little flashes of scenes from old Warner Bros. movies. Standing in front of the bus station and facing the Carrillo Hotel across the street (now a retirement home), one almost expects to see Veronica Lake come striding out in slacks, hop into a convertible, and drive off.

But of course, as with any city, it’s really the people that count, and Santa Barbara has a strange mixture: there are descendants of the original Spanish settlers, aging hippies and New Agers, retired college professors, and a large contingent of people who look like Kato Kaelin and seem to do nothing but play volleyball on the beach. There can be no doubt, though, that what gives Santa Barbara its special tone is the large number of rich people who live here, drawn by a search for the perfect lifestyle. The way that Poles and Lithuanians settled Pittsburgh, rich people with enormous trust funds settled Santa Barbara. They didn’t want a better life; they wanted a perfect life.

In *The Great Gatsby*, F. Scott Fitzgerald has a memorable phrase about places where people “played polo and were rich together,” and sixty-five years later the remark, part compliment, part slur, fits Santa Barbara as neatly as ever. Back in the twenties large numbers of rich easterners and midwesterners descended on Montecito (located due south of Santa Barbara, it is a separate municipality of about 10,000, but it functions as a suburb), where they built a group of estates and gardens that were unequaled anywhere in the country. Today most of them still exist, impeccably maintained. Some are occupied by descendants of the original owners, some by high-tech millionaires, some by movie stars. Although few of the really good ones are visible from the road—they are, after all, estates—a drive through the area (or through Hope Ranch, Montecito’s rival in opulence, to the north of town) is a lush and heady experience.



If you can afford it, by all means stay at the Biltmore—or, as it is known these days, the Four Seasons Biltmore. It is the classic Santa Barbara hotel, a rambling two-story structure dating back to the twenties, set on a lawn of dark, dark green overlooking the Pacific. Gone are the days when Dan Quayle's grandparents would come for the entire winter (now the hotel leans more toward Gucci-clad Japanese honeymooners), but as a chance to live, temporarily, the Santa Barbara lifestyle—great food, flowers, and upholstery fabric—it's hard to beat. It has a pool, of course, but for an extra ten dollars a day you can get guest privileges at the Coral Casino, right across the street, a remarkable swim club in a style I think of as Steamship Moderne, where much of the social history of wealthy Santa Barbara has taken place. Like few buildings I've visited lately, it has the smell of big, old money. I've always felt that poolside at the Coral Casino would be the perfect place to recuperate after the death of an extremely rich relative.

IT is not, however, the perfect place to write a novel. Neither, as it turned out, is Santa Barbara. It's hard to say what went wrong, but let's start with the real-estate prices.

To the casual visitor, they are amusing. I remember pointing out ads to friends and doubling over in laughter—an estate for \$25 million, another for \$16 million. The rule of thumb in Santa Barbara is, if it's under \$3 million, there's something wrong with it. I wasn't in the market for anything so grandiose, but a trickle-down effect seemed to be at work. In fact, I was afraid I might go broke while looking. I discovered a charming bed-and-breakfast, the Simpson House, tucked away behind some giant hedges, but at \$110 a night it was a little steep for a protracted stay. Even my old standby the Coast Village Inn, in Montecito, was \$80 a night. I finally ended up at a Motel Six—at \$46.99 a night, one of the highest-priced Motel Sixes in the country.

Looking for a place to live in Santa Barbara is like looking for an apartment in Manhattan back in the old days—you track down every lead. I saw one basement room without a kitchen that went for \$800 a month, and then—this was a real low point—a trailer on the edge of town that was going for \$1,100. Already



Between yachts and mountains

I was beginning to hate my new home.

Fortunately, as desperation was setting in, I got a chance to rent just what I had been looking for: a cute little apartment in Montecito, just a stone's throw from Rob Lowe's new house. It was adorable: Spanish, carved beams, fireplace. It had two drawbacks: you had to sandbag the doors when it rained, and it cost \$1,250 a month. Of course I jumped at it.

To meet the rent I was going to have to make little economies. Mousse Odile, at fifteen dollars a pop including dessert and tip, was out. I began to frequent the salad bar at Pierre Lafond, Santa Barbara's version of Dean and DeLuca. It was delicious but a hefty \$5.95 a pound, so I made a point of not choosing anything heavy. Cottage cheese was out. And no more zucchini—it weighs a ton. Finally even the airiest greenery and bean sprouts became too dear, and I surrendered to the Super Value selections at the fast-food places on Milpas Street. I was starving to death, but at least I was living in Montecito.

I also had to cut back on the scenic drives. Even gasoline is expensive in Santa Barbara—which is ridiculous, because they have it right offshore. I switched to much shorter drives; my favorite was up in the hills above Montecito, where, from a certain curve in the road, you could look down and see Steve Martin's swimming pool. Soon I gave up the drives altogether and began hanging out at bookstores, a

pastime that was totally free. Santa Barbara has some wonderful ones: check out The Book Den, for used books in all categories; Art Books Only; Sullivan Goss Books and Prints, also for art books; and, of course, the legendary Earthling, a Santa Barbara institution if ever there was one. It is a browser's delight; they have chairs everywhere and a coffee bar complete with a special counter where you can do your homework. The Earthling is open late. In the evenings a woman comes in and sings Joni Mitchell songs, but if you go to the other side of the store, you won't even hear her.

I'M back in Florida now. In the final analysis, Santa Barbara just wasn't me. I'd miscalculated too many things: the difficulty of getting work done among beautiful surroundings, the strain that comes from watching your life savings disappear, and, most of all, how many times you can go and look at Steve Martin's swimming pool.

The west coast of Florida is more my speed, at least for the time being. There are no movie stars here, no cute places to live, no perfect French restaurants, and I find myself working like crazy. A carrot is being held in front of me: Finish your book and you can get out of here. You can go anywhere you want. You can even go back to Santa Barbara. I think that's the trick to enjoying the town: it's a great place to visit, but don't live there until you've earned it. ☺

HOW I GOT HERE- IN ONE DEEP BREATH:

Fell out of rowboat,
age 2.

Swimming lessons,
age 2 1/2.

Belly-flop champ,
Camp Wapiti, 1971.

Springboard champ,
Taft High, 1981.

Home Improvement Loan,
First Interstate Bank.

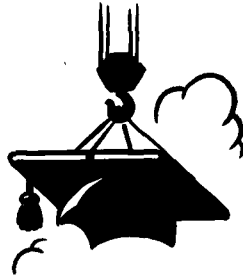
ALAN DYKSTRA,
NEW POOL OWNER.

YOU & 



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Interstate Bank



THE STRUCTURE OF SUCCESS IN AMERICA

by NICHOLAS LEMANN

In America perhaps only race is a more sensitive subject than the way we sort ourselves out in the struggle for success. At the center of that struggle are higher education and ETS, the Educational Testing Service. Herewith an inside look at the history and workings of one of the most familiar yet least public of American institutions

“**F**INALLY, I decided to take the plunge,” Henry Chauncey wrote in his diary on Sunday, February 4, 1945, a few days before his fortieth birthday, and so a natural day for assessing the course of his life. “From a safe and respected job I am embarking on an opportunity whose development depends very much on what I do.” The safe and respected job was an assistant deanship at Harvard, where he had been working as an administrator for fifteen years; the opportunity was a position in the nascent field of educational testing, where Chauncey would be in on the founding of an organization that could, he thought, in effect serve as the personnel office of the postwar United States, using multiple-choice mental tests to assess large segments of the civilian population for the first time in the country’s history.

Chauncey, descended from clergymen (his father was an Episcopalian minister, his ancestors Puritans), went to church, and afterward he added to the day's diary entry:

During Church this morning a thought occurred to me which though not new was amplified in its implications. . . . As soon as we can put in numerical terms the needs for individuals in different types of employment, nationally and locally, we will be able to embark through appropriate tests on a census of the population in relation to those jobs. . . . Since we do not want to prescribe what a person should do we can indicate to the boy or girl the probability of success or failure in each field of work and the demand for people of his combination of abilities. . . . This project requires consideration from a lot of angles but men of vision in the field of testing, vocational guidance, government, economics, education could be consulted individually and eventually in groups and a program eventually developed. Men with whom this might be discussed might even be so high in authority as . . . President Roosevelt himself.

With this dream in mind Henry Chauncey accepted the job, which metamorphosed into the first presidency of the Educational Testing Service—today one of the most familiar but least public of major American institutions, whose origins and rise to influence have never before been described in detail. ETS and its tests are a national obsession, deeply worked into the fabric of middle-class life. They have generated a large, independent test-prep industry and have strongly influenced elementary and secondary education, one of whose central goals is preparation for ETS tests. They are constantly referred to in cultural commentary, in sources from *Boyz N the Hood* to *The Wall Street Journal*. ETS is more than just an important organization. It is an essential part of a larger nexus: American higher education, whose growth to a scale and significance previously unimagined anywhere in the world was one of the crucial developments in our society during the past half century; and, more broadly, what the eminent sociologist Robert K. Merton calls the structure of opportunity—a subject that ranks with its close relative, race relations, at the top of the list of the defining concerns of America.

STATUS QUO ANTE

HENRY Chauncey became interested in mental testing the moment he heard about it. His mind, like the minds of his Puritan forebears, was attracted to a blend of purity, order, idealism, and grandeur, which testing seemed to embody. During his first year of college, which he spent at Ohio State tuition-free, because his father was the rector of a big church in Columbus, he was given a multiple-choice placement test (on which, as would be the case whenever he took a test, he scored well but not outstandingly), and he also took a course on testing. At Harvard, alma mater of Chaunceys since the 1600s, where Henry enrolled after the year in Columbus, he studied testing under another pio-

neer in the field, Philip Rulon. The distinguishing feature of Chauncey's undergraduate career, however, was that he was a star athlete. A towering, moon-faced, big-jawed paragon of self-confidence, Chauncey was a good enough baseball player to be recruited by the Boston Braves, and in football he made what one of his classmates later called "that greatest of all forward passes, and also the most aristocratic," to his friend William Saltonstall, for a touchdown in the 1926 Harvard-Yale game.

Among the crowd in the Yale Bowl that day was Richard Gummere, the headmaster of the William Penn Charter School, in Philadelphia, who, as Chauncey half jokingly put it later, was so impressed by the touchdown pass that he offered Chauncey a job as a teacher. In 1929, after two years at Penn Charter, Chauncey returned to Harvard as an assistant dean, with the eventual goal of starting his own boarding school. But his interests soon took him elsewhere.

In January of 1932 Chauncey attended a lecture at Harvard by William S. Learned, a social scientist (at that time a somewhat exotic new breed) on the staff of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Learned described an ambitious study (studies were exotic then too) that the Carnegie Foundation had been conducting for nearly five years in Pennsylvania, in which standardized achievement tests were administered to tens of thousands of high school and college students.

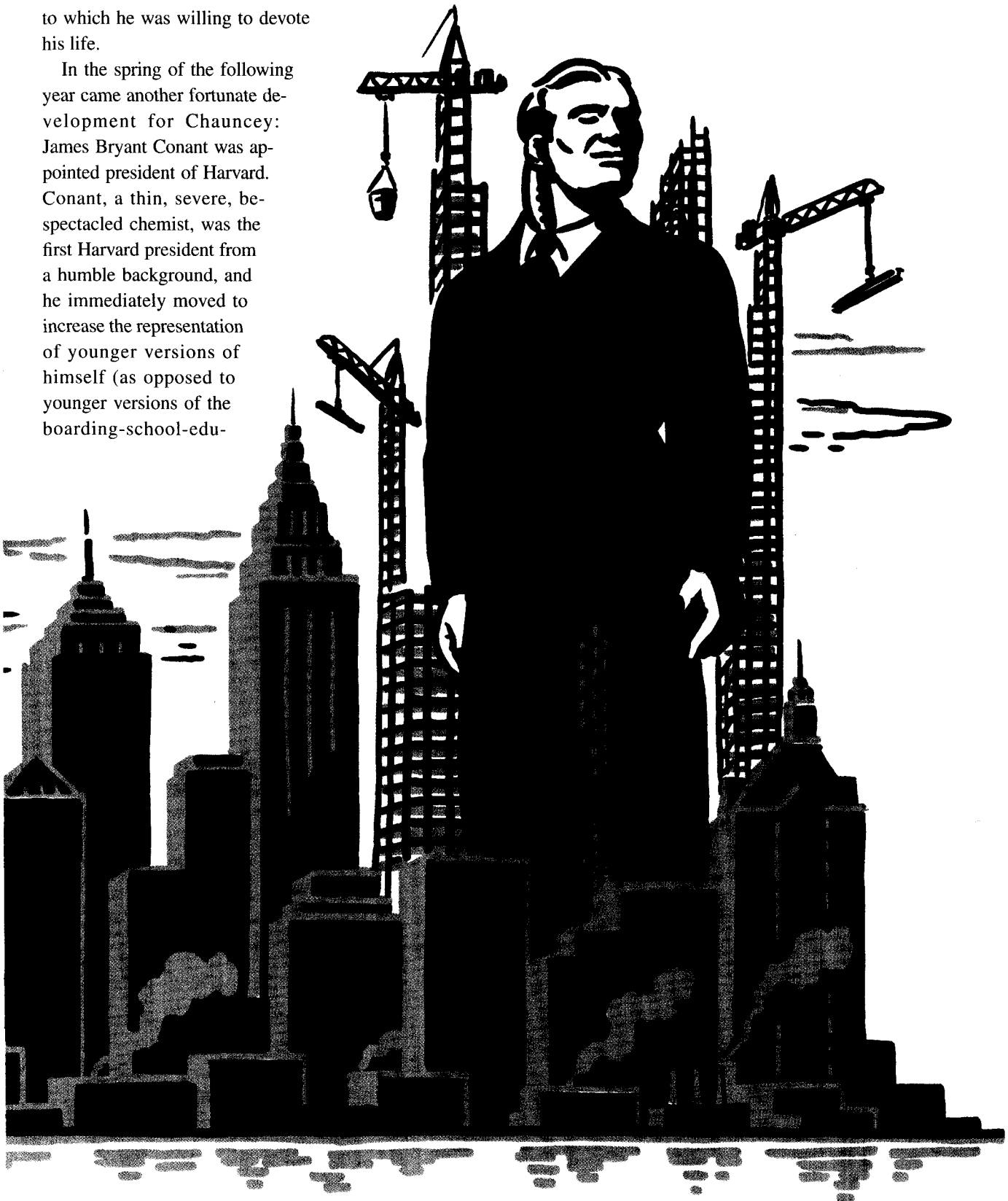
Shockingly, the researchers found, the relationship between the students' test scores and their level of education was quite weak. Many high school students outscored college students, and more than half of those high school students who did not go on to college tested at a higher level than a quarter of college juniors. In 1932 it was miraculous that students' educational achievement could be scientifically measured across a broad range of schools in this way, instead of being judged merely on the basis of course hours taken and degrees attained. The study seemed to hold the promise that after century upon unchanged century a new, rationalized era in education might dawn.

Aflame, the twenty-six-year-old Chauncey fired off a lengthy letter to William Learned. "In the first place, and fundamentally most important, I am interested in the complete reorientation and reorganization of secondary school aims and methods," he wrote. He had another idea for the short run: "Though [the idea] is of less fundamental importance, I believe it is of more immediate conse-

quence. It is less complicated and more possible of fruition in the near future. It is concerned with the application of objective tests to college admission." Chauncey offered to help in establishing such tests at Harvard, which was a smaller field than he had in mind but the only one he could then play on. At the start of his career he had found a newborn cause to which he was willing to devote his life.

In the spring of the following year came another fortunate development for Chauncey: James Bryant Conant was appointed president of Harvard. Conant, a thin, severe, bespectacled chemist, was the first Harvard president from a humble background, and he immediately moved to increase the representation of younger versions of himself (as opposed to younger versions of the boarding-school-edu-

cated Chauncey, who predominated) in the Harvard undergraduate student body. Only a few weeks after taking office, Conant called in a group of deans including Chauncey and said he wanted to create an ambitious new scholarship pro-



It's Quiet, It's Comfortable,
And Everything's Right Where You Want It.
(If You Like That Sort Of Thing.)



Just think about all the time you spend in your car. We did. From the shape, texture and placement of the knobs to the foam sound absorbers, dash silencers and triple-sealed doors. All of which help you concentrate on more important things.

Like driving. Which could soon become your favorite pastime after you take just one lap in a Geo Prizm.

Four-wheel independent suspension gives Prizm the solid, stable feeling you'd expect only from a much more expensive car.

From \$12,350*

Standard Dual Air Bags

Available ABS

*\$13,015 M.S.R.P. of Prizm LSi as shown. M.S.R.P. including dealer prep and destination charge. Tax, license and optional equipment additional.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Which goes to show you why Prizm has
been named a *Consumers Digest* Best Buy
for the third straight year.

So drive a Geo Prizm. You'll like it
so much you'll want to do it again, and again,
and again. (Just don't forget to go to work.)

GET TO KNOW



P R I Z M

Call 1-800-GET-2-KNO

At Your Chevrolet/Geo Dealer

Chevrolet, Geo and Prizm are registered trademarks of the GM Corp. ©1995 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Buckle up, America! 

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gram. Harvard had scholarships already, but they were either informal arrangements (Chauncey's own Harvard education had been paid for mainly by Clarence Dillon, a prominent Wall Street financier) or what Conant called "badges of poverty": you had to be poor to qualify, the grant was so small that you had to work to supplement it, and you were cut off if you didn't maintain a higher grade-point average than that of other scholarship candidates.

What Conant had in mind was full, four-year, nearly unconditional scholarships to be awarded solely on the basis of academic promise: if a rich boy won, he would be designated a Harvard National Scholar but would receive only a token grant. Another of Conant's motives was a desire to make Harvard a more national and less provincially northeastern institution. The Harvard National Scholarships were initially limited to students from six states in the upper Midwest, which in 1933 was still uncharted territory as far as elite higher education was concerned.

Henry Chauncey's job was to figure out a way to select the scholarship students. During the Depression college student bodies were substantially self-selected, mainly on the basis of ability to pay. It was assumed that most of the students at a place like Harvard had gone to well-known and trusted private schools, where a decent record was a reliable indicator of the ability to do college work. There were many years in which virtually the entire graduating class of Groton, Chauncey's boarding school, went to Harvard or Yale.

In 1900 the presidents of twelve leading northeastern universities had set up an organization called the College Entrance Examination Board, which administered admissions tests. These were lengthy essay examinations in specific subjects, which students took over a period of days and which were then shipped to the College Board office in New York and laboriously hand-graded by professional readers. The purpose for which the College Board had been invented was not really selection, which was almost a non-issue. It was to standardize the admissions process administratively and to force New England boarding schools to adopt a uniform curriculum—they would have to fill their students with the information required to pass the exams—so that undergraduates would arrive well prepared.

The College Boards were of little use to Henry Chauncey's new project. They weren't administered until June (too late to select students for scholarships), weren't administered at all in most of the Midwest, and most boys who hadn't studied the boarding-school curriculum couldn't pass them anyway. What Chauncey needed was a uniform means of comparing students from all across the highly localized American education system—an academic equivalent of the standard gauge that the railroad industry had adopted after the Civil War. The United States had already become a national society in most ways, having generated, in addition to the standard gauge, a bureaucratized federal government, big corporations, and national communications media. But education—an enormous

field with importance beyond its size, because of its role as a handler of people—remained a local matter.

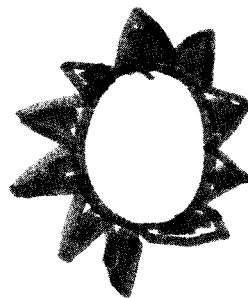
Along with Wilbur J. Bender, a solid, plainspoken Hoosier who was also an assistant dean, Chauncey hit the road, aiming to find objective tests that could be used in the new scholarship program. It was Chauncey's fascination with testing that had gotten him the assignment in the first place; educational testing was still new enough that Chauncey and Bender could get to know most of its progenitors personally. Psychology as a discipline had emerged only a few decades previously; intelligence tests dated from just around the time Henry Chauncey was born. The first (in fact, at that point the only) mass administration of objective mental tests—the Alpha and Beta tests, versions of the IQ test that were used to select officer candidates from the pool of Army recruits—had occurred just fifteen years earlier, during the First World War, under primitive testing conditions. The two key figures Chauncey and Bender encountered, Ben D. Wood and Carl C. Brigham, had both helped to administer the Alpha and Beta and had been protégés of leading first-generation intelligence testers.

EARLY TESTERS

IN all too many of the social science fields there is a large proportion of the slightly maladjusted," Chauncey once wrote in his diary. He might have had both Ben Wood and Carl Brigham in mind. Wood, the eleventh of thirteen children, was raised on the Texas-Mexico border, where his parents had moved in the hope of improving his mother's failing health. He spent the first six months of his life in, he later wrote, a "marsupial sanctuary inside my mother's clothing," and his early childhood living in a supposedly disease-proof elevated, tented six-by-six-foot crib set outside. He was tended to by a young Mexican girl who spoke no English. Another babysitter once mistakenly gave him kerosene to drink, with the result that he was not able to speak normally until adulthood. In addition, he was subjected to regular beatings by his father and his brothers.

Shy, brainy, eccentric, and opinionated, the adult Wood believed that testing would purge the education system of what he saw as its pervasive idiocy, which he had first encountered when the University of Texas required him to take elementary Spanish even though his first spoken language was Spanish. After Texas he went to Columbia University, where he fell under the spell of Edward L. Thorndike, who in 1919 had created a multiple-choice admissions exam, based on the Army Alpha, for Columbia students. Wood became an indefatigable promoter of standardized testing. During the 1920s he administered the first objective section of the New York State Regents exam; he became William Learned's partner in conducting the Carnegie Foundation study of education in Pennsylvania; he founded the Cooperative Test Service, which sold tests to schools; and he began

Many of today's children need educational, recreational and cultural nurturing. That's why The Prudential Foundation has awarded a grant to Summerbridge National.

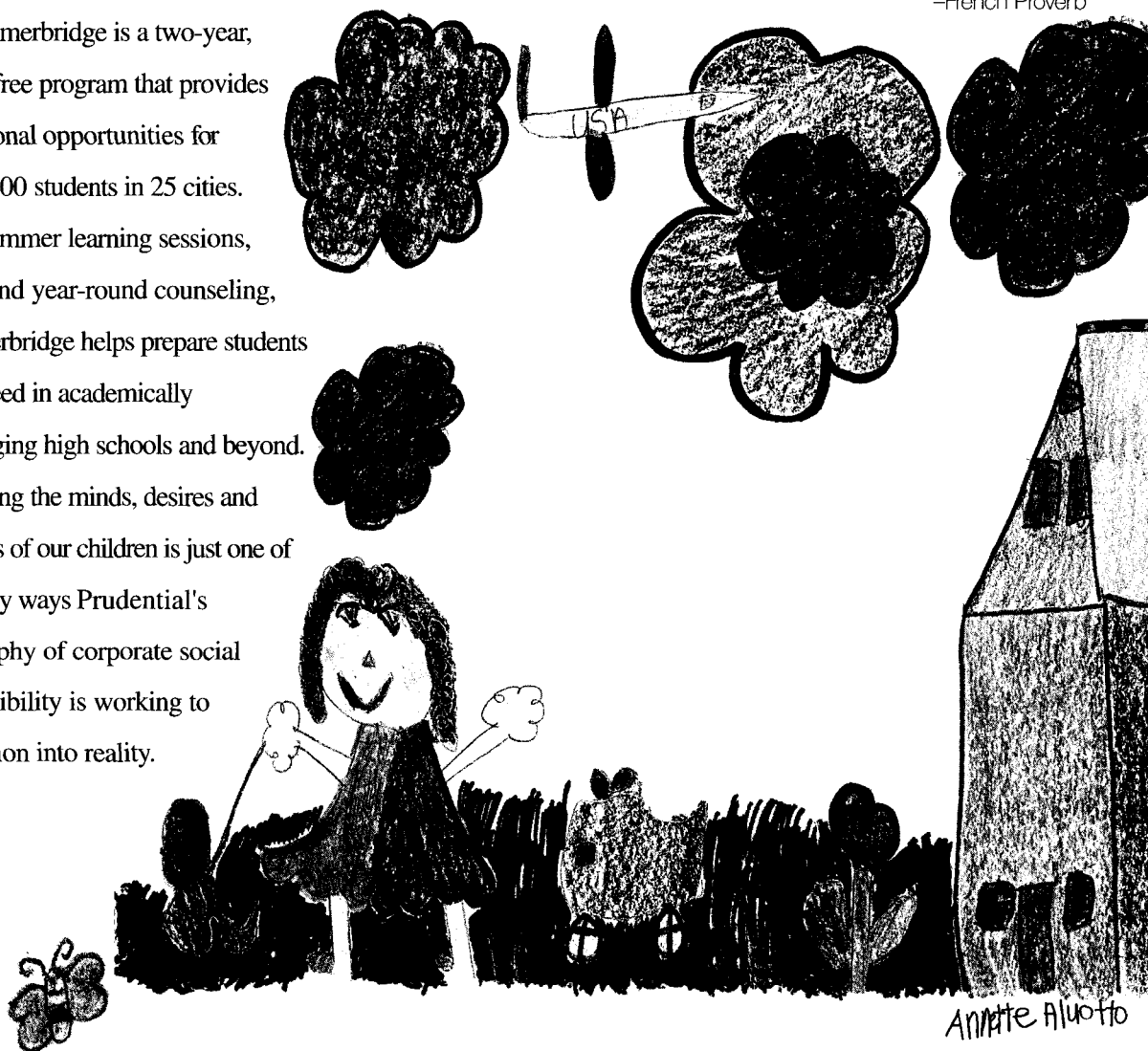


"The Child Who Raises Its Arms Will Be Embraced."

-French Proverb

Summerbridge is a two-year, tuition-free program that provides educational opportunities for over 2,400 students in 25 cities. With summer learning sessions, tutors and year-round counseling, Summerbridge helps prepare students to succeed in academically challenging high schools and beyond.

Lifting the minds, desires and horizons of our children is just one of the many ways Prudential's philosophy of corporate social responsibility is working to turn vision into reality.



TURNING VISION INTO REALITY.

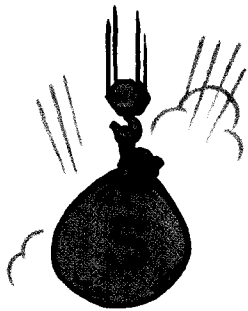
The Prudential 

©1994 The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

working with Thomas Watson, the founder of IBM, to develop a machine that could score thousands or even millions of tests in the mass administrations that were sure to come. (In 1935 Wood also created the Graduate Record Examinations for the Carnegie Foundation, and in 1939 he started the National Teacher Examinations.)

What so annoyed Wood about education was that it was illogical and disorganized. There was no real system for preparing students for college. The colleges themselves were run for the benefit of the professors, who taught whatever they wanted and declared students educated merely because they had spent a certain number of hours in class. Even so,



ETS IS MORE THAN
JUST AN IMPORTANT
ORGANIZATION.
IT IS AN ESSENTIAL
PART OF A LARGER
NEXUS: AMERICAN
HIGHER EDUCATION,
WHOSE GROWTH
TO A SCALE AND
SIGNIFICANCE PREVI-
OUSLY UNIMAGINED
ANYWHERE IN THE
WORLD WAS ONE
OF THE CRUCIAL
DEVELOPMENTS IN
OUR SOCIETY DURING
THE PAST HALF
CENTURY.

most students who entered didn't graduate—they either quit or flunked out—and the worst of the college students who did finish usually went on to become schoolteachers. (Despite the fulfillment of most of Wood's dreams about the institution of mass testing, much of this is still true: only half of the students who enroll full-time in four-year colleges go on to earn bachelor's degrees, and students at teachers colleges perennially have lower test scores than students at liberal-arts colleges.) Wood dreamed of establishing what he called "self-education," in which students would move through the education system on the basis of their own objectively demonstrated achievement, without reference to such foolishness as credit hours and semesters. He was not a democratizer, though. At a time when six or seven percent of eighteen-to-twenty-four-year-olds were enrolled in institutions of higher learning (today 30 percent are), Wood believed that a third of the college population didn't belong there. New peo-

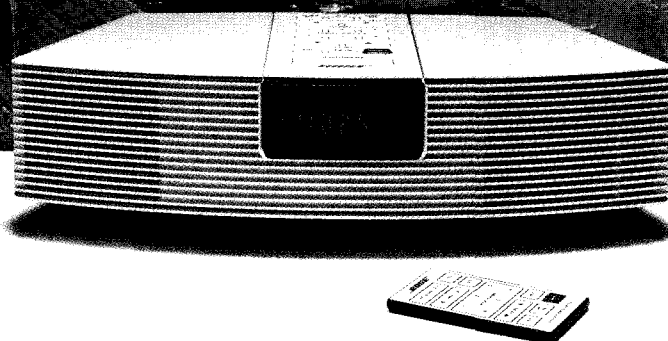
ple—talented and obscure, as he had been—should be brought in, but not necessarily in numbers that would expand the overall size of the college population.

Carl Brigham, Ben Wood's opposite in many ways and eventually his enemy, had been born into the northeastern gentry and had drunk his way through his first two years at Princeton while Wood was studying the classics at the University of Texas; his friends were almost shocked when Brigham got interested in mental testing and became scholarly. During the First World War, Brigham worked at the side of Robert Yerkes, the psychologist who had sold the Army on the idea of the Alpha and Beta tests. After the war he became a psychology professor at Princeton (where in later years he would be Albert Einstein's next-door neighbor) and also, like many psychometricians of the day, an enthusiastic member of the eugenics movement. Brigham fully accepted the prevailing division of the population of Europe into three races—Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean—and shared the eugenicists' alarm over the predominance of the supposedly inferior latter two of these in the American immigrant population. In 1923 Brigham published a book called *A Study of American Intelligence*, introduced by Yerkes, which analyzed the Alpha and Beta results by race and came to the grim conclusion—based, Brigham insisted, on a dispassionate scientific examination of the evidence and not on prejudice—that "American intelligence is declining, and will proceed with an accelerating rate as the racial admixture becomes more and more extensive."

During the 1920s Brigham developed his own objective admissions test for students applying to Princeton. The College Board then put him in charge of a committee to develop a test that could be used by a wider group of schools. Brigham called this test, which was clearly modeled on the Army Alpha, the Scholastic Aptitude Test. On June 23, 1926, the SAT was experimentally administered for the first time, to 8,000 high school students, but it was not used by colleges to help sift applicants. Unlike Ben Wood, Brigham—a nattily dressed, companionable Ivy Leaguer—had a natural rapport with the College Board. Because of Brigham's presence there, the Board opened a small branch office in Princeton, where he would conduct research on objective testing in its behalf.

By the time Henry Chauncey and Wilbur Bender met him, in December of 1933, Brigham had distanced himself from—in fact, had publicly renounced—most of what he had written ten years earlier in *A Study of American Intelligence*. He felt that he had then been writing more as a promoter of IQ testing than as a disinterested scientist, and he now doubted the whole idea that there is an all-important human intelligence quotient. As early as 1927 Brigham wrote Lewis Terman, the father of IQ testing in America, "It seems to me that the time was not ripe for the publication of such a book," because the data were not solid enough. In 1929 he wrote Charles Davenport, a leading eugenicist, "The more I work

Sound this big from a radio?



Not just big, but full, rich, and incredibly lifelike. You literally have to hear the Bose® Wave® radio to believe it. Very simply, it's like no other radio made. The key is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology, which enables the Wave® radio to fill the room with big, natural stereo sound. Yet it's small enough to fit almost anywhere.

The Wave® radio is designed for convenience as well as great sound. There's a handy remote control, pre-set buttons for your favorite stations, and many other features. You can even connect it to a CD or cassette player to enjoy your favorite music.

The Wave® radio is available directly from Bose. Simply call the toll-free number, or send the coupon to receive a complete information kit or to try out the Wave® radio in your home for fourteen days, satisfaction guaranteed. Otherwise, just return it for a refund of the purchase price.

Only Bose offers all this advanced technology. And for just \$349. Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. RP315, or send the coupon today. And learn all about a small wonder.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

MR./MRS./MS. _____ () _____ ()
NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____ DAYTIME TELEPHONE _____ EVENING TELEPHONE _____

ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. RP315

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-RP315, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.
Price is subject to change without notice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in this field, the more I am convinced that psychologists have sinned greatly in sliding easily from the name of the test to the function or trait measured. Tests have encouraged an enormous series of hypostatized 'traits.'" During the early 1930s Brigham several times repudiated his earlier views in speeches and in print (notably in a book called, in pointed contrast to his first title, *A Study of Error*). He wrote that *A Study of American Intelligence* was "without foundation" and that IQ was "one of the most glorious fallacies in the history of science."

Because Brigham left behind very few personal papers, the question of what exactly caused his views to change is difficult to answer. Eugenics was passing out of fashion at the time. In *A Study of American Intelligence* the logical flaw that leaps out is that IQ scores, which supposedly measure an innate quality, rise steadily for immigrants according to how long they have lived in the United States. Given the importance of vocabulary items on the test, surely language acquisition at least partly explains this. Yet in the book Brigham put forth the theory that every year's crop of immigrants was just a little less bright than the previous year's. The extent to which the SAT embodied

Brigham's views from *A Study of American Intelligence* days is unknown. On the first SAT there were sections devoted to such vocabulary items as antonyms and analogies, as there had been on IQ and Army Alpha tests. Brigham's statistician, Cecil Brolyer, told an interviewer much later that despite the test's name, "we weren't thinking in terms of aptitude" for what the SAT would measure. Rather, they were thinking of educational preparedness.

Brigham hardly became a liberal, though. In 1930, well into his change of heart, he wrote his mentor, Yerkes, that the old Nordic supremacist Charles Gould "grows more delightful and witty as years go by." At around the same time, in a note to Harold Dodds, the president of Princeton, about candidates for a professorship in anthropology, he wrote, "Best man: Melville H. Hershkovitz. Jew. . . . Next best: Lloyd Warner, Harvard. . . . The white hope." Is the note evidence of prejudice on Brigham's part (in *A Study of American Intelligence* he had written, "Our figures . . . would rather tend to disprove the popular belief that the Jew is highly intelligent"), or is it an attempt to induce Dodds to overrule what would be the obvious choice in the anti-Semitic academia of the 1920s? It's impossible to say.



THE SAT SPREADS

CHAUNCEY and Bender decided to use the SAT as their main test for the Harvard National Scholarship program. (Bender would in the 1950s become the head of admissions at Harvard, in which position he made the student body more national.) Harvard was a leading member of the College Board, and not only was Brigham in effect the board's house psychometrician but also the SAT was a useful test. The key issues for a mental test are reliability, or the stability of a person's score over several administrations of the same test, and validity, or its ability to predict. The SAT was highly reliable and, in the necessarily tiny early studies comparing scores with first-year grades in college, seemed to be valid, too.

Another advantage of the SAT, or any other multiple-choice test, was that it was easy to give to very large numbers of people at a time—an idea that appealed considerably to Chauncey, for whom the job at hand was picking a few Harvard National Scholars but who had dreams of testing on a much broader scale. Tests that required the tester to question the taker directly could be administered only in limited quantities; although essay tests could be administered to large groups, they had to be graded by experts, who were expensive and slow. The SAT was hand-scored, but by clerks who worked quickly. And the automatic scoring of tests by machine—a project that had been stalled in the laboratories of IBM for years—had recently become a real possibility.

In 1931 Reynold B. Johnson, a young high school science teacher in the town of Ironwood, Michigan, began experimenting with an electrical test scorer. He got a prototype working, barely, and the local newspaper did a story about him that was picked up by the Associated Press and that attracted attention from all over the country. Johnson gave the machine a name, the Markograph, and had an advertisement made up showing it being caressed by a pretty girl.

While exhibiting the Markograph at a National Education Association convention in Minneapolis, Johnson was struck by a flash of inspiration. As a farm boy in Minnesota, he had tormented his older sisters' dates by scratching pencil marks on the outside of the spark plugs on their Model-T Fords: because graphite conducts electricity, when they tried to start their cars, the pencil marks would draw the sparks away from the spark plugs, so the engine couldn't ignite, ha ha. Why not use the same principle in a test-scoring machine? If students marked their answers in pencil on a separate sheet, then a machine could electrically sense whether the answers were in the right spaces.

Johnson went right to work on a new machine that could detect pencil marks; by the end of the summer of 1933 he had a working model. Meanwhile, because of the Depression, he was laid off by the school in Ironwood. Engaged to be married, he tried to support himself by substitute teach-

ing and by selling duplicating machines on the road. He was beginning to think he'd better find something else to do with his life when out of the blue a telegram arrived from an executive at IBM who had seen one of Johnson's Markograph-and-girl publicity shots and wanted him to come to New York.

There was a hitch: IBM had been working on a test-scoring machine since 1928, with no success. The goal of the team doing the work was apparently to buy and shelve Johnson's machine and then keep going with its own. Johnson was so desperate for money that selling the new, graphite-sensitive version of the Markograph to IBM was fine with him, especially if IBM also gave him a job. In July of 1934 he sold IBM the rights to his machine for \$15,000—but he didn't get the job. Ben Wood intervened; in August he wrote a personal letter to Thomas Watson, with whom he had long worked to develop an automatic scorer, at Watson's summer estate in Maine to advise him that his underlings were about to deep-six Johnson's machine. Watson stepped in; Johnson was hired, and became an IBM lifer who would be best known for another invention, the disk drive; and in 1936 an IBM machine descended from the Markograph was used to score tests for the New York State Regents and the Providence, Rhode Island, public schools. The machine was refined and made affordable over the next several years. American students have marked multiple-choice answer sheets with No. 2 pencils ever since.

Also in 1936 Harvard began requiring all candidates for scholarships to take the SAT. In general the admissions-testing situation was a patchwork. Boarding-school boys still took the College Board essay exam, and often the SAT as well. The great majority of state universities used no admissions tests at all, let in all applicants, and rid themselves of overenrollment by flunking students. Many fly-by-night tests with no reliability or validity were being peddled by hucksters to schools at all levels. The situation was analogous to that of medicine in the nineteenth century: testing—in the view of its promoters, at least—represented an immense scientific breakthrough with the potential to revolutionize education, if not all of human affairs, but it was being undermined by rampant disorganization, hucksterism, charlatanism, and misinformation. So the idea of creating a single agency that would order the chaotic welter of tests arose naturally in testing circles.

As a first step in this process, Chauncey persuaded the College Board to offer Brigham's SAT and achievement tests constructed under the supervision of Ben Wood, together called the Scholarship Examinations, to scholarship applicants not just to Harvard but to other elite colleges as well. The first administration of the combined tests took place on April 24, 1937, at 150 sites across the country, with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and several other colleges accepting the results; 2,005 studious and ambitious but not rich youngsters took them. The success of the Scholarship Ex-

aminations led James Bryant Conant to propose in the fall of 1937 that all the leading testing agencies be formally merged. Ben Wood was a great supporter of this idea, and so was William Learned, who had become director of the Graduate Record Examinations for the Carnegie Foundation. Henry Chauncey, though not in their league as a force in education, was all for it too.

Immediately, in an article in a journal called *School and Society*, Carl Brigham registered an objection. Although Brigham was not completely opposed to the idea of a new, combined agency, he complained about its potential dangers wittily (“It is probably simpler to teach cultured

men testing than to give testers culture”) and at length. As a past sinner who had taken the pledge, Brigham was aware of the temptation to rush new tests into positions of authority they hadn’t earned. He thought the new agency could easily yield to this on a grand scale. Two problems in particular worried him: the standard error on tests was too high for them to be suitable for determining individuals’ fates except in the emergency conditions of wartime, and any organization that profited too greatly from a particular test would inevitably become more interested in promoting the test than in honestly researching its effectiveness and trying to improve it.

In December of 1937, just after the article came out, William Learned took Brigham to lunch to try to bring him around. Evidently it didn’t go well. Brigham had little use for Learned and Wood, because he thought that in their eagerness to persuade the education world to adopt wholesale testing they were leaping to unmerited conclusions about

the data from their ongoing Pennsylvania study, much as he thought he had done with the Army Alpha data in his younger days. Also he was suffering from high blood pressure and was prone to fly into dyspeptic rages. In January of 1938 Brigham wrote an amazingly ill-tempered (given the politesse that then prevailed in higher education) five-page single-spaced letter to Conant opposing the idea of merging the testing agencies. He called the Army Alpha “atrocious” and the Carnegie Foundation’s Pennsylvania study “propaganda,” and—the key point—warned that “the very creation of powerful machinery to do more widely those things that are now being done badly will stifle research, discourage new developments, and establish existing methods, and even existing tests, as the correct ones.”

He went on:

If the unhappy day ever comes when teachers point their students toward these newer examinations, and the present weak and restricted procedures get a grip on education, then we may look for the inevitable distortion of education in terms of tests. And that means that mathematics will continue to be completely departmentalized and broken into disintegrated bits, that the sciences will become highly verbalized and that computation, manipulation and thinking in terms other than verbal will be minimized, that languages will be taught for linguistic skills only without reference to literary values, that English will be taught for reading alone, and that practice and drill in the writing of English will disappear.

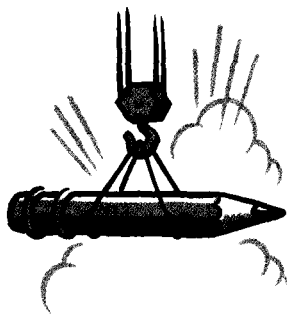
A month later Brigham wrote Conant to apologize for this outburst. “The bitterness and injustice of my personal remarks,” he wrote, “were totally unwarranted and entirely foreign to my make-up. I should have had sufficient insight to recognize my own unbalanced state, but these conditions sneak up on one so gradually that correct insight at the time is apparently impossible to achieve.” Still, for the author of the SAT to be an opponent of a new testing agency was an impediment significant enough to derail the idea, at least temporarily.

One Sunday afternoon in 1941, according to College Board legend, a group of board officials was sitting around in Princeton, talking about how nice it would be to abolish the board’s essay examinations and replace them with the SAT, when the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor came in.

Later that month the board decided to drop the logistically difficult and labor-intensive essay exams “for the duration” and use the SAT and a separate multiple-choice achievement test as its admissions examination.

In January of 1943, at the age of fifty-two, Carl Brigham died.

So, with the war on, big changes in testing were afoot: old-fashioned college-admissions tests were finished, and Brigham, the main impediment to the founding of a big new national testing agency, was gone. Testing was poised to expand tremendously. All it needed was a justification.



IN THE 1930S THE
GREAT MAJORITY
OF STATE UNIVER-
SITIES USED NO
ADMISSIONS TESTS
AT ALL, LET IN ALL
APPLICANTS, AND
RID THEMSELVES OF
OVERENROLLMENT
BY FLUNKING
STUDENTS. MANY
FLY-BY-NIGHT TESTS
WITH NO RELIABILITY
OR VALIDITY WERE
BEING PEDDLED
BY HUCKSTERS TO
SCHOOLS AT ALL
LEVELS.

NATURAL ARISTOCRACY

THE Scholarship Examinations represented a brand-new means—multiple-choice mental testing—applied to a very old goal, choosing a society's elite on the basis of merit. Despite the relative newness of the term "meritocracy" (it was invented in 1958 by a British sociologist named Michael Young), the idea itself long pre-dates this country's founding. Plato's *Republic* proposed that children be taken away from their parents at the age of ten and put into the hands of the education system, which would pick out a few to join the ranks of the "guardians." Teachers would have "the duty of degrading the offspring of the guardians when inferior, and of elevating into the rank of guardians the offspring of the lower classes when naturally superior." Plato called this system, which he regarded as ideal, aristocracy, and counterposed it to such lesser systems as oligarchy ("the form of government in which rulers are elected for their wealth") and democracy, by which he meant something akin to what we would call socialism. A few centuries after Plato, China instituted the first open competitive examination system for the selection of government officials.

In the West the original meaning of "aristocracy" was lost during the early modern era, because the word became associated with feudal systems in which wealth and status were inherited. Still, "aristocracy" had enough remaining positive charge as late as the early nineteenth century for Thomas Jefferson to be able to call, in a famous letter to John Adams, for replacing "an artificial aristocracy founded on wealth and birth" with a Platonic "natural aristocracy" based on "virtue and talents," whose members would be "sought out from every condition of life" by the education system and then go on to govern the country.

The idea of a natural aristocracy, or meritocracy, has a powerful resonance in the United States. Each succeeding American elite has considered itself to embody the principle. But another idea is even more distinctively American: the idea of universal individual opportunity. This idea does not appear to have a distinguished philosophical lineage. It was simply here, to a far greater extent than it was anywhere else in the world, almost from the very beginning. "The first thing that strikes one in the United States is the innumerable crowd of those striving to escape from their original social condition," Alexis de Tocqueville wrote not many years after Jefferson's letter to Adams. "Every American is eaten up with longing to rise."

Before the Second World War, meritocracy, in today's sense of elite selection through higher education, and opportunity, meaning the ordinary citizen's way of getting ahead in the world, were two separate and unrelated concepts. Only a tiny segment of the population went to college, and—more to the point—higher education was not thought of as a gateway to fi-

nancial success. (This country's first formal meritocratic structure, the civil service, also was not perceived as the path to America's lush rewards except, perhaps, by Irish-Americans, who viewed it, with some justice, as a plot to shut them out of government jobs.) Harvard, for example, was traditionally a place where rich men sent their sons to become gentlemen, not a place for poor boys hoping to become rich—a point memorably made by Benjamin Franklin in a spoof of Harvard that he wrote as a teenager, in 1722:

Now I bethought my self in my Sleep, that it was Time to be at Home, and as I fancy'd I was travelling back thither, I reflected in my Mind on the extream Folly of those Parents, who, blind to their Childrens Dulnes, and insensible of the Solidity of their Skulls, because they think their Purses can afford it, will needs send them to the Temple of Learning, where, for want of a suitable Genius, they learn little more than how to carry themselves handsomely, and enter a room genteely, (which might as well be acquire'd at a Dancing-School,) and from whence they return, after Abundance of Trouble and Charge, as great Blockheads as ever, only more proud and self-conceited.

The idea that formal education was unnecessary or even inimical to economic success was a staple of American popular culture from Franklin's time until the mid-twentieth century. In works as adoring as Horatio Alger's novels and as condemnatory as Theodore Dreiser's *The Financier*, the self-made man always drops out of school and becomes a kind of apprentice to an older businessman as the first step on the road to riches.

It is true that universal free education is another distinctively American idea of long standing: Jefferson proposed it in the first legislative session of the State of Virginia, in order "to diffuse knowledge more generally through the mass of people." The purpose he had in mind, though, was not to provide economic mobility to all but to create a vehicle for the selection of the natural aristocracy while equipping the masses for the basic duties of citizenship, so that political democracy would work properly.

But it took an amazingly long time for public education to take hold. Jefferson's bill in Virginia didn't pass. All through the mid-nineteenth century, reformers—most prominently Horace Mann, the secretary of education of Massachusetts—worked ceaselessly to get public elementary schools established. Not until after 1940 did a majority of American teenagers graduate from high school. Since before the Civil War the main selling point for publicly supported education had always been that the increasingly complex nature of American society made it a prerequisite for business growth—not that it was a fundamental right of the citizenry or a provider of individual opportunity. The arena of most people's ambition was not school but the marketplace.

Thus far Henry Chauncey's promotion of testing as a means of bringing scholarship students into the Ivy League had been

When

If you spend your life studying physics, you learn complex and incredible things. Like why the earth spins around the sun. How airplanes fly. Or what makes hundreds of cars traveling at 55 mph stop every Friday afternoon at 5:15.

But a scientist like June Rooks (June is an operations research analyst for the military) doesn't let life's mysteries bog her down. She's just, well, fascinated by them. (June has the kind of mind that never stops moving.)

So when it came time to buy a new car, you'd expect June to make a very calculated study of it. Instead, June went to the auto show, where she saw a Saturn SL1. And it was love at first sight. An emotional, if unlikely, response from a keen analytical mind like June's.

Later, at the Saturn retailer, June found the whole experience was so easy that she made a decision to buy right on the spot. Impulsive behavior for a scientist of June's stature. But you can't spend your whole life in a laboratory. A lot of it (just ask June), you spend in traffic. And you might as well enjoy it.

ackled everything else life
certainly isn't going to



*June Rooks bought her
Saturn SL1 at
Saturn of Bakersfield*

has the way, a little traffic
stop you

*The Saturn Mobility
Program helps make sure
there's more than one way to
drive a Saturn. June's SLI
was adapted with hand*



*controls. And when the car
was delivered to her, it came
with a very nice surprise.*

*The Saturn Mobility Program
reimbursed June for all the
necessary work. (In fact, the
program will pay up to \$1,000
for such special adaptations.)*

*Of course, like anyone in
Southern California, when
June is stuck in traffic,
what she really appreciates
is the air conditioning.*

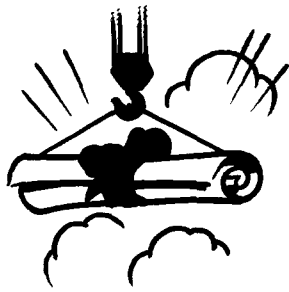
June Rooks is pictured with a 1995 Saturn SLI. M.S.R.P. for the 1995 Saturn SLI is \$14,995. Dealer prep, automatic transmission, and air conditioning. Tax, license, transportation, and other options are extra. If you'd like to know more about Saturn cars, or the Saturn Mobility Program, please call us any time at 1-800-523-5000. © 1994 Saturn Corporation.



*A Different Kind of Company.
A Different Kind of Car.*

PRODUCED BY LINE ONE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a natural-aristocracy exercise with no effect on the country. His real goal was to test on a much grander scale. If this was achieved, and if the test results were heeded, the result would be the joining of a natural aristocracy with the previously separate and more highly charged issue of opportunity. Chauncey was by no means a social planner. He was fascinated by testing; any orderly process was likely to appeal to him. It didn't occur to him that the possibility at hand was one of channeling the roaring, ungoverned force of ambition in America. What he saw before him was the prospect of a big new testing agency that would provide a grateful populace with benign, rational guidance to its proper places in the society.



WITH THE ARMY-NAVY
PROGRAM HENRY
CHAUNCEY PROVED
THAT STANDARDIZED
MULTIPLE-CHOICE
TESTS COULD BE
SIMULTANEOUSLY
ADMINISTERED TO
ENORMOUS GROUPS
ALL ACROSS THE
COUNTRY. THIS
MEANT THAT EDU-
CATIONAL TESTING
HAD, OVERNIGHT,
BROADENED ITS
POTENTIAL SCOPE
FROM THE ELITE
TO THE MASSES.

THE CREATED ARISTOCRACY

FORTUNATELY for Chauncey and other testers, someone stood ready to supply a broad vision that could justify what they wanted to do: James Bryant Conant.

During the war years Conant wrote a series of three articles in *The Atlantic Monthly* in which he laid out a sweeping plan to change the basic operating procedures of the United States when peace came. In the first article, published in 1940, he warned that the American tradition of equality of opportunity was rapidly eroding, and that "we see throughout the country the development of a hereditary aristocracy of wealth." The only institution that could counteract this dire trend, he wrote, was the public education system, which he called "a new type of social instrument . . . a vast engine which we are only beginning to understand."

The second article, published in 1942, urged the military not to pick officers from the college-ed-

ucated population only, because "a college education is a privileged position based on family finances." Only public education, he said again, could restore the key American ideals of opportunity, democracy, and classlessness.

The final article, called "Wanted: American Radicals" and published in 1943, was the most perfervid of the three. First of all, Conant made it clear that the radicalism he was endorsing was meant to be an alternative to Marxism, which he saw as a far greater threat to the fabric of our society than Hitler: hence *American* radicals—devotees of Jefferson, Jackson, Whitman, Emerson, and Thoreau—as opposed to "European" ones. The American radical, Conant wrote,

believes in equality of opportunity, not equality of rewards; but, on the other hand, he will be lusty in wielding the axe against the root of inherited privilege. To prevent the growth of a caste system, which he abhors, he will be resolute in his demand to confiscate (by constitutional methods) all property once a generation.

To expand opportunity, though, the key means at hand was not really confiscation but education, which alone could provide "the equivalent of those magic lands of the old frontier" in "a highly mechanized, industrialized age." And the end of the war would be "a God-given moment for reintroducing the American concept of a fluid society," in which people's roles would be "determined by their merit, their talents, their character, and their grit."

Conant was obviously channeling the theories of Frederick Jackson Turner, the frontier historian, who had been one of Harvard's leading professors during Conant's undergraduate days, but his idea that America was developing an aristocracy surely grew out of what he saw around him at Harvard. By 1910, when Conant arrived there as a freshman, Harvard College had completed its long, gradual transformation from a ministerial training school into an institution dominated by the children of a distinct American upper class—mostly northeastern and mostly in business. This class might be called the Episcopacy, after its predominant religion.

The formation of the Episcopacy, in the last decades of the nineteenth century, represented the sudden resolution of what had appeared to be an irreconcilable conflict between two rival elites: the old pre-industrial, New England-based upper class, with its high-minded, non-urban mores, and the big, rough New York-based Gilded Age rich. Large-scale conversion to Episcopalianism (membership grew by 318 percent from 1860 to 1900), which combined the traditionalism of the New England group with the grandeur of the New Yorkers, was crucial to this merging of elites. So were the founding of British-style boarding schools like Groton and Hotchkiss, and of new social institutions such as country clubs, debutante societies, and restricted suburbs.

Outsiders who somehow found their way into the educational institutions of the Episcopacy during its heyday, however—people like Conant and Ben Wood and even, to some



THE MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT

BEETHOVEN'S COMPLETE SYMPHONIES

A FULL
\$80.00
VALUE!

Yours FOR ONLY **\$5⁹⁵**

PLUS SHIPPING
& HANDLING

AND YOU NEED BUY NOTHING MORE - EVER!

A STATE-OF-THE-ART DIGITAL RELEASE
IN A 6-RECORDING BOXED SET
AVAILABLE ON CDs
OR CASSETTES

This Splendid Collection of Beethoven's Complete Symphonies—in two boxed volumes and available on either six CD's or six Cassettes—is truly a treasure trove of magnificent music. A full \$80.00 value, it can now be yours for only \$5.95 plus shipping, as your no-risk introduction to the Musical Heritage Society. And you'll incur absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever again!

Volume One of these full digital recordings features six of Beethoven's symphonies: The First, Second, Third ("Eroica"), Fourth, Fifth and Seventh. Throughout both volumes, the world-renowned City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra is in perfect form under the direction of Walter Weller, Gold Medal recipient from the Beethoven Society of Vienna for his interpretations of the master.

Volume Two presents works from Beethoven's mature period which innovatively bridge the transition from the late classical to the early romantic styles. Featured are two of the most famous pieces of international symphonic literature, the soothing "Pastoral" and the lofty "Ode to Joy" symphonies: The Sixth, in which the composer evokes tranquil images of his beloved countryside...and the mighty Ninth, surely one of the world's most profound and uplifting works of art.

Additional Symphonies presented are the Eighth and the first movement of the unfinished Tenth. Rounding off this collection are two overtures from the composer's earlier period. Surely this superb music belongs in every cultivated home. Order your set today!

Great Music, Great Artists, Great Prices!
Society Recordings are Not Sold in Stores...
They are Available to Members Only! And,
Many are of Works Recorded for the First Time!

Yes, The Musical Heritage Society invites you to own this treasury of Beethoven's Complete Symphonies to demonstrate the benefits of membership...yet without obligating you to buy anything else, at any time!

Free Members-Only Magazine
The Society's recordings are offered exclusively to members through the *Musical Heritage Review* at 3-week intervals (18 times a year). Each issue is chock full of superb selections at great prices.

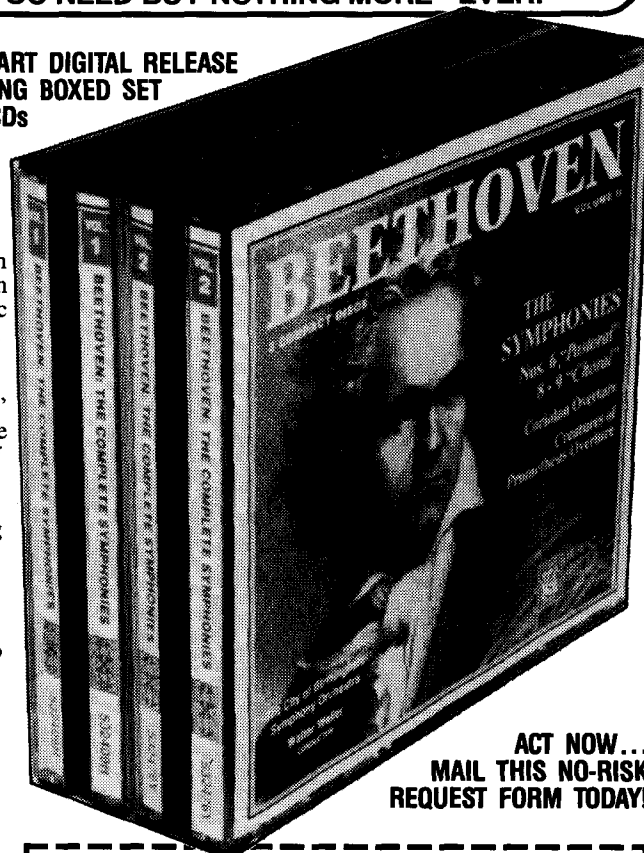
Buy Only What You Want.
If you want the Main Selections, do nothing; they'll come automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection or none are all, just mail the reply form always provided, by the date specified. You'll always have at least 10 full days to decide. If you don't, just

return the recording at our expense, and owe nothing.

Satisfaction Is Guaranteed.
There is nothing more to buy unless you want to. You may return any recordings for full credit. And you may cancel membership at any time.

Order Beethoven's Symphonies Now. "Walter Weller's Beethoven is by far his finest achievement... an exuberance, a sense of joyful adventure," says *The Guardian*. "You can't help being impressed with this ensemble's virtuosity, responsiveness, sumptuous sound and precision," says *CD Review*. And *The Citizen* adds, "Weller is a giant...overall excellence!"

Don't miss this wonderful opportunity. Send for your six-recording set of Beethoven: The Complete Symphonies right now!



ACT NOW...
MAIL THIS NO-RISK
REQUEST FORM TODAY!

MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY
1710 Highway 35, Oakhurst, NJ 07755

*0958312



☐ **YES!** I enclose \$5.95. Please send the Society's recording of *Beethoven: The Complete Symphonies*—in either the CD or Cassette format I have checked at left below—and bill me later for shipping and handling. Enter my FREE magazine subscription and set up an account in my name. I understand that I may cancel at any time, and I incur no purchase obligation.

Send my
Beethoven Set
in this format:

☐ **COMPACT DISC**

#547Y - \$5.95

OR

☐ **CASSETTE**

#548W - \$5.95

NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill My Credit Card ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX

Card No. _____ Exp. Date: ____/____/____

Signature _____

☐ Please send FREE facts about Jazz Heritage, the no-purchase-obligation club for jazz lovers!

Limited to new members; one membership per family. We reserve the right to reject any application and to cancel any membership. Shipping, handling and applicable sales tax added to all orders. Offer valid only in the 48 connecting United States.

extent, owing to his lack of money, Henry Chauncey—were usually horrified by what they saw. The enormous heritability of status, the devolution of the ideal of gentlemanliness into a glorification of undergraduate carousing, the lack of academic standards, the casual and unearned assumption of superiority, the inability to see immigrants, Catholics, Jews, and the poor as fully human: the Episcopacy provided plenty of evidence to support the idea that it was, as Newt Gingrich would say, a corrupt elite.

Conant seems to have assumed that the Episcopacy held the whole country in as firm a grip as it held Harvard—that's the only way to account for his sweeping assertions about the ominous rise of a hereditary aristocracy in America. Because he assumed that the United States looked like Harvard, he also assumed that what was solving Harvard's aristocracy problem would solve America's: providing free education to the talented, regardless of background. Conant, in other words, envisioned the selection of a meritocratic elite by the Ivy League as only the first step for higher education. The real goal was to expand public colleges and universities to the point where they became a formal structure of opportunity for nearly everybody. (Today 60 percent of high school graduates go on to enroll in college.) The American radical, he wrote, "will favor public education, truly universal educational opportunity at every level. He will be little concerned with the future of private education. . . ."

This conceptual leap of Conant's, born of disapproval of the Episcopacy, made all the difference for testing. It changed the job at hand from picking a few brilliant scholarship students for places like Harvard to organizing the social mobility of most of the population.

THE BIG CHANCE

THE beginning of the war found Henry Chauncey in a state of some uncertainty about his future. In 1932 he had married Elizabeth Phalen, a minister's child like himself, and by Pearl Harbor Day they had two children and a third on the way. This, along with his age, made it impossible for him to enlist in the war—the otherwise natural course for Chauncey, a man who positively leaped to duty when it presented itself.

He had been an assistant dean at Harvard since 1929. The advantages of the job were that he revered the institution and the man running it, Conant, and that he had been able to undertake an important and successful project—the broadening of the student body through the Harvard National Scholarships program and the use of the SAT. Harvard's scholarship boys, whom Chauncey made a special effort to get to know—including James Tobin, who would become a Nobel Prize-winning economist; Caspar Weinberger, the former Secretary of Defense; and John Morton Blum, who would become a renowned historian—had done well enough that the idea of recruiting Harvard's students from all class-

es and regions, according to academic merit, had taken root, even if the goal hadn't nearly been achieved. Also, Chauncey had helped to promote the use by other elite colleges of the SAT as a selection device for scholarship students.

The main disadvantage of his job was that there was no real career track for assistant deans. Often young men drawn from the pool of Boston Brahmins, they were poorly paid and usually found it impossible to rise above a certain point in the university hierarchy. After a few years they would go off and become boarding-school headmasters, or switch careers. Henry Chauncey, though, who had started out with the modest goal of eventually running a boarding school, by now felt that he was part of an immensely significant movement that had the potential to transform American life—testing. While everyone who knew Chauncey thought of him as an ambitious man, his view of himself was that he was selfless. Having been raised by his minister father and the minister headmaster at Groton to revere "public service" above all else, he saw the possibility of serving in an especially broad way through testing. But at Harvard most of the faculty considered testing to be a sweaty, applied-technology field, of interest to personnel managers and not a fit subject for scholars.

Chauncey had calculated that his family could not afford to buy a house, so they moved from one rental property to another in the Boston suburbs—Lincoln, Watertown, Lexington, Lexington again, back to Lincoln. He seemed to be waiting for his moment. He had gotten in on the ground floor of testing; he knew the pioneers in the field personally; he had Conant's trust; and the war was obviously going to shake everything up.

Opportunity presented itself in the form of the U.S. Navy's V-12 program, in which young men deemed especially promising were to be temporarily exempted from the draft and allowed to get some college education before beginning their service, so that they would be better able to perform higher-order military tasks. Many prominent psychologists, educators, and testers joined the military during the war, and one of them, Alvin Eurich, was running the Navy program. He had the idea of selecting people through a standardized test administered to high school seniors.

At the time of the death of Carl Brigham, the College Board's tiny testing-research office in Princeton was taken over by Brigham's No. 2 man, John Stalnaker, a psychometrician who was a protégé of Louis Leon Thurstone, of the University of Chicago, one of the giants of testing. One weekend at the end of 1942 Henry Chauncey went to Princeton to see Stalnaker, and they quickly came to the conclusion that the College Board, rather than some other testing organization, should be put in charge of the military's testing programs. The two men began to move with the ferocious momentum of people who realize that their big chance in life has arrived. Worried that the military bureaucracy was about to turn testing programs over to the competing American

Council on Education, and feeling the need for an influential voice in Washington, Chauncey took the highly unusual step of calling Conant at home over the weekend to request an immediate meeting. Conant told Chauncey he was on his way to Washington but they could meet there on Sunday night.

Chauncey grabbed the first train out of Princeton, which went only as far as the North Philadelphia train station. He booked a compartment so that he could work on his presentation to Conant. At North Philadelphia he got off, changed trains, and kept working—until the conductor who took his ticket told him that the train was bound for Pittsburgh. He got off at the next stop and managed to arrive in Washington only an hour late, without ruffling Conant's feathers unduly. Chauncey made his pitch and Conant agreed to help; the Navy soon designated the College Board, rather than the American Council on Education, as its testing agency.

Soon Stalnaker was off to Washington. In early February of 1943 Chauncey received this scribbled note from Stalnaker, on Navy stationery:

Dear Henry,

Write to me at once at Room 3732 Navy Annex. . . . This is *at last* a real job. Here is hoping that you are 38 and can write up your record to sound very convincing on testing and selection. You should get a Lt. commander commission and take charge of the testing & selection if all goes well. . . . Hurry.

Within a few days Harvard had temporarily released Chauncey to the College Board so that he could work full time on the Navy program.

The long-term significance of the Navy test, and the reason for Stalnaker's and Chauncey's excitement, lay in its scale. The SAT had never been given to more than 18,000 people in one year, and so could not be considered a true survey of even a large percentage of America's youth. For the College Board to test on a grander scale than ever before, by a factor of ten or twenty, posed an immense logistical challenge. The Navy test would be a

matter of life and death, or at least of induction and deferment, for its takers. The Army Alpha and Beta tests that had been widely administered during the First World War were given under notoriously sloppy conditions to people who knew nothing about testing; this time the testing conditions had to be infinitely stricter. Every candidate for a college deferment had to take the test at exactly the same time: there couldn't be any copies floating around before or after. The scoring had to be done quickly and without errors.

Henry Chauncey was unlikely ever to become a university president, and he had not been trained to be a psychometrician, but this was a job he could do. He knew enough about testing to get reliable tests, he had nationwide contacts in the education world who could help him set up the testing centers, and he was naturally good at organizing things. On February 22, 1943, he and Stalnaker met at a hotel in Washington with a hastily convened national group and sketched out a basic plan: the test would be an adaptation of the SAT, and would be administered through ten regional directors.

Then Chauncey went to Chicago to figure out how to get the tests printed and distributed.

He had so little idea of how to proceed that he spent the train trip perusing the want ads in the Chicago pa-

pers. When he arrived, he booked a room for a month at the Stevens Hotel and began interviewing printers. He selected one called Chicago Planograph, whose head had told him, "I'll make your dreams come true." The tests would come back from the printer packaged on skids. Chauncey had them delivered to his distributor, R. H. Donnelly, casually covered with drop cloths, on the theory that if they were stamped TOP SECRET, somebody would take one. Then Donnelly shipped them out to testing centers all over the country.

At the last minute the Army decided to use the same test for a similar college-deferment program. On April 2, 1943, the Army-Navy College Qualifying Test



was administered to 325,000 young men. Their answer sheets were shipped from the test sites to the ten regional offices, where they were scored by hand (a fully operational, affordable scoring machine still lay in the future; two of the test centers used prototype scoring machines and then rescored by hand). Then, as a quality-control check, the answer sheets were shipped to the College Board office in Princeton and rescored, by platoons of middle-aged women hired for the occasion.

Everything went well, evidently in a spirit not just of efficiency but of home-front ebullience. At a testimonial dinner for Chauncey afterward, the College Board staff sang him this ditty:

He plans 'em, he makes 'em, he hands 'em out too.
He scores 'em, reports 'em, a one-man test crew.
Then with brow deeply furrowed, with thumbs in his vest,
He calls from Chicago, "I gave the wrong test!"

The levity notwithstanding, something of consequence had just happened. Chauncey had proved that standardized multiple-choice tests could be simultaneously administered to enormous groups of people all across the country. This meant that educational testing had, overnight, broadened its potential scope from the elite to the masses.

SCORING THE PROS AND CONS

IN June of 1944, after having administered a second year's Army-Navy test, Chauncey returned to Harvard with a slightly grander title: assistant to the dean of the faculty and chair of the Committee on Scholarships. What was on his mind was finding a way to capitalize on his breakthrough with the College Board. With Carl Brigham gone, the idea of merging all the country's leading testing agencies into one could now be revived. The country seemed to be poised on the brink of a new industrial revolution involving not machinery but people, whose life trajectories, thanks to the science of testing, could be efficiently and fairly organized.

Set against this grand tableau was Chauncey's familiar life as an assistant dean, which he found wrenchingly difficult to abandon. He approached Harvard about the possibility of moving the College Board's testing office from Princeton to Cambridge. That didn't work out, and Chauncey began to feel a distinct if mild chill from his fervently respected boss, Conant. All through late 1944 and early 1945 John Stalnaker pressed Chauncey to leave Harvard and come permanently to the College Board, and Chauncey agonized. Finally he decided to take his dilemma to Conant personally. He made an appointment. Conant, suffering from a bad back, seemed even more formal and correct than usual; when Chauncey asked him what the future at Harvard might hold, hoping that Conant would say something about the grand possibilities of

testing, Conant instead asked Chauncey what kind of salary increase he had been hoping for.

Chauncey's admiration for Conant was so great that it was difficult for him to admit even to himself that this hurt. The idea that he had come to Conant not to discuss the future of testing at Harvard, and by extension of a crucial issue in American life, but merely to ask for a raise! Conant's reaction was, perhaps, a reminder that there was a class system in academic administration as elsewhere, and the views on broad policy matters of assistant deans with only bachelor's degrees were not of interest.

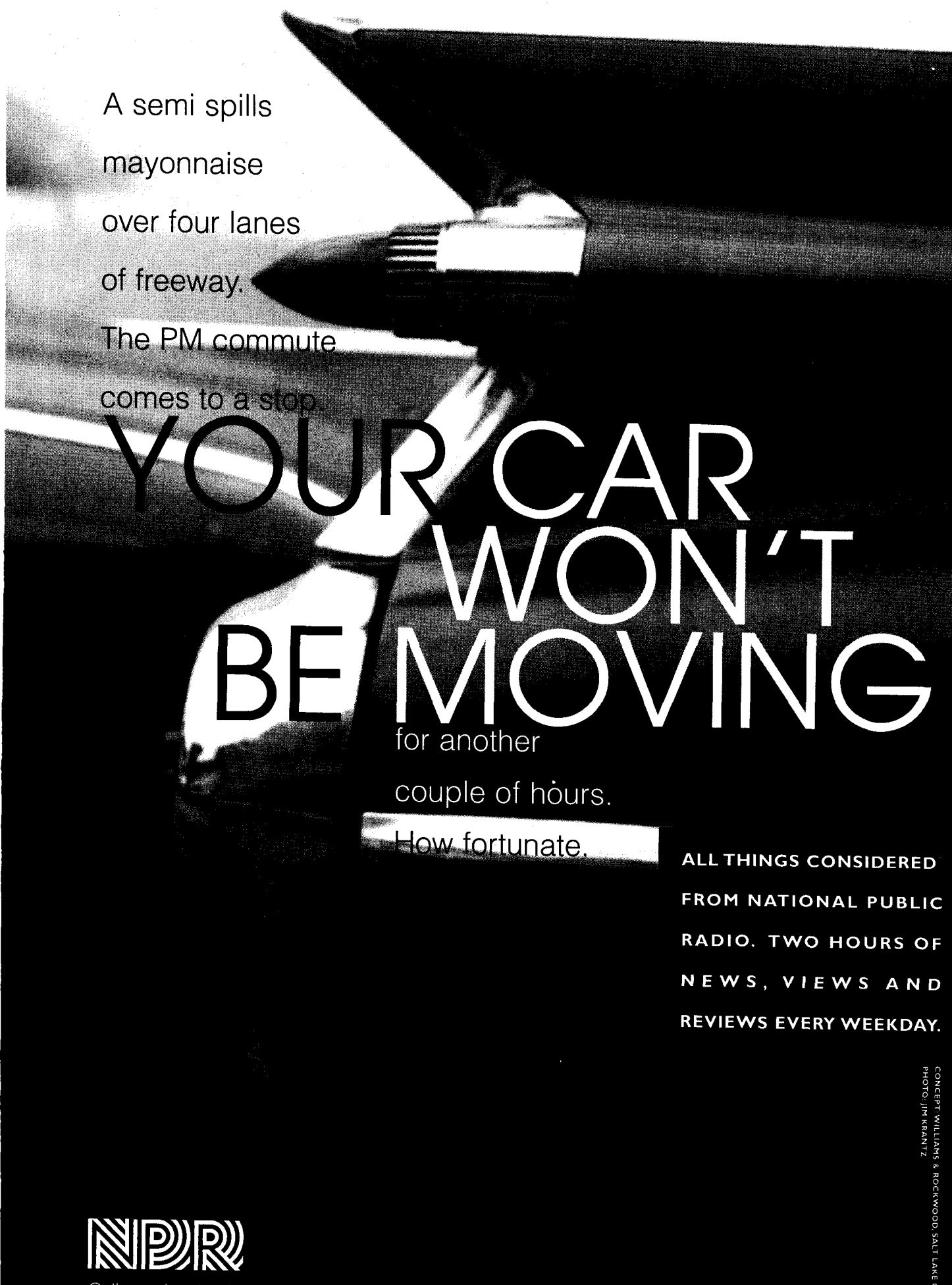
Chauncey characteristically decided that the way to make his decision was to quantify it. So he constructed a chart ranking Harvard and the College Board on a three-point scale in each of sixteen categories. On the strength of superior rankings in such categories as "Free Hand," "Job With Growing Future," and "Respect of Colleagues for One's Work," the College Board won, 36-32. He took the job. Having finally resolved the issue seemed to fill him with energy, and whatever disappointment in Conant he felt was quickly laid aside. He shared Conant's vision of universally accessible higher education, which after all provided the theoretical undergirding for the expansion of testing that Chauncey wanted to accomplish. When a columnist for a Boston paper criticized one of Conant's causes—weeding out after the first year the lowest-ranking ex-soldiers going to college on the GI Bill of Rights—Chauncey fired off a letter to the editor:

Equality of opportunity in the early days of our country did not mean that every boy became the president of a bank, a railroad magnate or the captain of a ship. But each boy did have the opportunity to rise to such positions if his talents and industry qualified him.

Today the lower rungs of the ladder of opportunity are educational. Climbing these rungs involves the same competitive element entailed a century ago by the ladder of economic opportunity.

The great work ahead appealed to Conant and Chauncey equally strongly, but for different reasons. To Conant, it was a social experiment aimed at fulfilling a democratic ideal in a way that would also strengthen the country against its enemies. To Chauncey, it was a big, challenging project that would create a monument of order and structure. As he wrote in his diary, "The stage of development in which testing is now in is the same as the railroads were in the 1850s—a lot of separate small lines. The big developments were to come in the next two decades." ♣

This is the first part of a two-part article. In the second part, "The Great Sorting," the Educational Testing Service is founded, with the intention—on Henry Chauncey's part, at least—of testing the entire population on every possible trait. Instead its success at measuring just one trait—the ability to get good grades in school—proves invaluable to the country's booming universities, and helps to create a new kind of American elite.



A semi spills
mayonnaise
over four lanes
of freeway.

The PM commute
comes to a stop.

YOUR CAR WON'T BE MOVING

for another
couple of hours.

How fortunate.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED
FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC
RADIO. TWO HOURS OF
NEWS, VIEWS AND
REVIEWS EVERY WEEKDAY.



Call your local public radio station for air times.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONCEPT: WILLIAMS & ROCKWOOD, SALT LAKE CITY
PHOTO: JIM KRANTZ



E X P L O R E R
special advertising section

Season Preview

EXCURSIONS FOR ENJOYING THE NATURAL WORLD

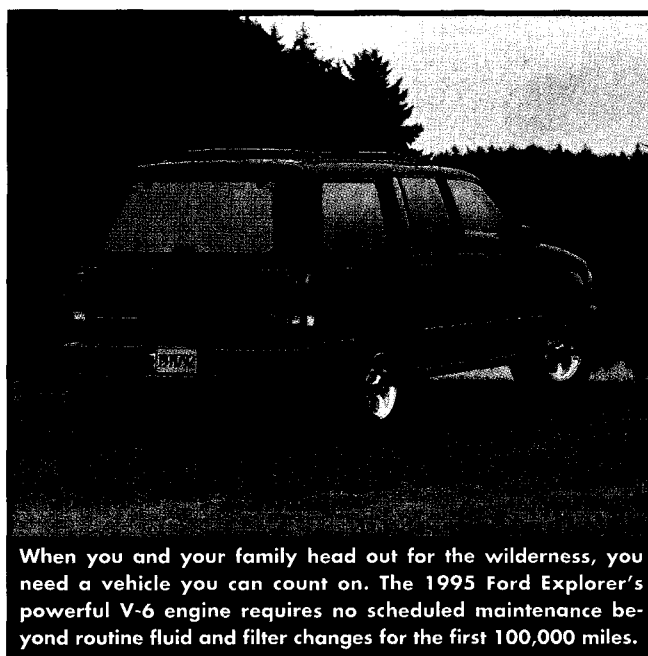
Summer Adventures on America's Rivers

Ocoee Slalom Challenge *September 28-October 1* *Polk County, Tennessee*

The Cherokee word "Ocoee" means "Place of the River People"—a fitting site for the 1996 Olympic Slalom Canoe/Kayak competition, the first one held on a natural river. During this summer's Ocoee Slalom Challenge spectators will see Olympic hopefuls in action with trials leading up to the World Cup finals on Sunday. The racers will check out the competition and the course in the hope of returning next year. For information call 615-338-1996.

Wolfman Triathlon *August 19* *White Lake, Wisconsin*

A triathlon usually features swimming, running, and a biking road race. Wisconsin's first annual Wolfman Triathlon ups the ante considerably: participants start by white-water paddling for 3 miles down the rapids of the Wolf River, follow with a 12-mile mountain-bike race on logging roads, and finish up with a 3.5-mile trail run. For information call 715-882-5771.



When you and your family head out for the wilderness, you need a vehicle you can count on. The 1995 Ford Explorer's powerful V-6 engine requires no scheduled maintenance beyond routine fluid and filter changes for the first 100,000 miles.

American River Festival *September 8-10* *Placerville, California*

Spinners, retendos, window-shades: these are a few of the creative maneuvers that will be displayed during the American River Festival's Hot Dog Rodeo. This event attracts some 2,000 spectators to the banks of the American River's South Fork, the most popular white-water spot west of the Mississippi, to watch more than 150 kayakers and canoeists show off their skills. The festival also features two more-traditional slalom races. On Friday night the Whitewater Film Festival will screen entries from both professionals and amateurs depicting three broad categories: "wild water," "crash and burn," and "scenic beauty." For information call 916-621-1224.

Deerfield River Fest *August 6* *Charlemont, Massachusetts*

The Deerfield River Fest is becoming one of the East Coast's premier white-water events—and it's not a race. What started as an expo for vendors displaying the latest in boating design has grown into a daylong festival for the town of Charlemont. Events include a Cajun-Rockabilly concert, a "duck race" pitting rubber duckies in a competition for charity, and the Department of Fish and Wildlife's exhibit "The Living Stream." The main event is the "Paddles Up" race (open to anyone with a canoe, a kayak, or a raft), which is more an obstacle course than a race. Competitors face a volleyball gate, a limbo gate, and other fiendish inventions cooked up by the judges. For information call 508-534-9447.

The Great River Rumble *July 29-August 5* *Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin*

What could be more American than to spend a week in the summer paddling down the Mississippi? The first annual Great River Rumble begins in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and travels down the river about 165 miles to Andalusia, Illinois. The journey will take canoeists and kayakers through some of the most scenic areas along the river as it winds through Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois. The adventurers will camp under the stars in tents at pre-arranged locations, and meals will be provided. Paddlers must supply their own kayak or canoe, although rentals are available for \$15 a day. For information, including how to register, call 708-747-0302.



Ford is proud to sponsor *Ocean Planet*, currently at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History, in Washington, D.C. Created to advance the understanding and conservation of the earth's oceans, the exhibition combines cutting-edge multi-media technology, sculpture, artifacts, specimens, models, educational resources, and an interactive online site on the World Wide Web. For more information call 202-357-4797.



See How The Other Three Quarters Lives.
The New Ford Explorer. Proud Sponsor Of Ocean Planet.



THE TROUBLE WITH DAMS

by ROBERT S. DEVINE

*Some 100,000 dams regulate America's rivers and creeks,
often at the expense of ecosystems—and of taxpayers,
who are subsidizing handouts to a large number of farmers,
floodplain occupants, hydro-electricity users,
and river-transportation interests*

SEVERAL years ago I spent a spring day looking around Lower Granite Dam, a concrete behemoth that stifles the Snake River as it winds through hilly farm country in southeastern Washington. A burly workhorse, Lower Granite bears little resemblance to graceful Hoover Dam and the other poster boys of the realm of dams.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers finished Lower Granite in 1975, making it one of the last monumental water projects completed in the United States. By 1980, after a fifty-year flurry of construction, the golden age of dam building was coming to an end, and with it most of society's interest in dams. But the impact of those dams didn't end in 1980: every day we live with their effects, both beneficial and destructive.

When I looked upriver from Lower Granite, I saw a broad expanse of water extending up the canyon and out of sight. That water is the Snake River, of course, but it's also Lower Granite Lake. The Corps gave it that name after Lower Granite turned the thirty-three-mile stretch of river between itself and Lewiston, Idaho, into a reservoir. The new name conveys reality better than the old one; the nearly still water resembles a lake more closely than it does a river.

When I looked downriver, I saw another wide, sluggish body of water. This Snake River reservoir also has another name: Lake Bryan. Lake Bryan stretches thirty-seven river miles west to the back of Little Goose Dam. Beyond Little Goose two more dams make two more lakes out of the final seventy miles of the Snake, down to its meeting with the

mighty Columbia River. At this confluence the Columbia, too, bears a second name: Lake Wallula. Of the 600 miles of the Columbia between the dam nearest the ocean and the Canadian border, only forty-seven miles have not been transformed by dams from healthy river ecosystems to impoverished reservoirs.

The extensive damming of the lower Snake and the Columbia is not exceptional. According to Arthur Walz, the chief of the Corps's Geotechnical and Materials Branch, slightly more than 100,000 dams regulate American rivers and creeks. Some 5,500 are more than fifty feet high. Nationwide, reservoirs have inundated an area equivalent to New Hampshire and Vermont combined. Of the major rivers in the Lower Forty-eight states ("major" meaning those more than 600 miles in length), only the Yellowstone still flows freely. "It's hard to find a river without a dam or one that hasn't been channelized," says Arthur Benke, a freshwater ecologist at the University of Alabama who has conducted widely cited research on the status of the nation's rivers. America is close to being the most dammed nation on earth, second only to China.

Being the world leader in dams was a point of pride during the go-go years of dam building. Dams epitomized progress, Yankee ingenuity, and humankind's impending triumph over nature. According to a children's book from the 1960s, we need dams to make rivers "behave." A 1965 Bureau of Reclamation booklet summed up the prevailing philosophy: "Man serves God. But Nature serves Man." The very success of the dam-building crusade accounts in part for its decline; by 1980

nearly all the nation's good sites—and many dubious sites—had been dammed. But two other factors accounted for most of the decline: public resistance to the enormous cost and pork-barrel smell of many dams, and a developing public understanding of the profound environmental degradation that building dams can cause. Unfortunately, the fiscal mischief and environmental harm don't end when the construction of a dam ends; they just become harder to see.

HELPING RIVER BARGES

WHILE being shown the Lower Granite lock by John McKern, a biologist with the Corps, I witnessed a minor but telling example of our tax dollars at work. A lone fourteen-foot pleasure craft motored into the eighty-six-foot-by-675-foot lock and tied up. The colossal gates closed, and the lock operator pumped in 43 million gallons of water to raise that little boat up to Lower Granite Lake—water that could have helped dying salmon survive, or could have generated enough electricity (about \$700 worth) to supply an average house in the Northwest for one year. McKern said the lock operator tries to group boats together to reduce such prodigality, but usually that's not possible. Looking down on the boat, McKern shook his head and said, "It's crazy, isn't it?"

Locks on the Columbia-Snake system were built not for pleasure boats, of course, but for commercial vessels, primarily grain barges. Though giving a pleasure boat a \$700 boost seems extravagant, rendering the Columbia and the Snake navigable for barges costs taxpayers a great deal more: tens of millions of dollars a year in direct and indirect subsidies. Barge operators pay none of the dams' operation-and-maintenance costs, and until 1981 made no contribution toward construction costs. Now users are sup-

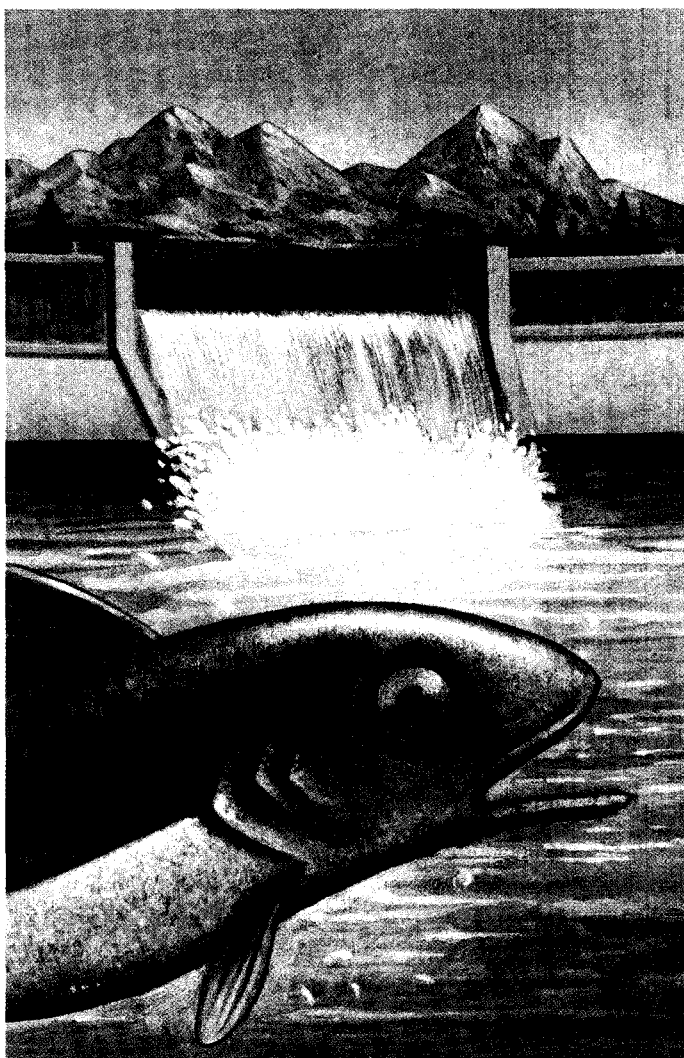
posed to foot half the bill for any new construction, but loopholes effectively lower bargers' share of the cost. Nationwide the Corps budgeted \$786 million in fiscal year 1995 for inland waterways. Taxpayers will provide about \$700 million of that, most of which benefits firms with deep pockets, such as those of Cargill, ConAgra, and Continental Grain. Some 80 percent of the barges that ply our inland waterways are owned by twenty bulk-commodity and shipping heavyweights, whose combined revenues exceeded \$160 billion last year.

Barging companies and their customers assert that the national interest is served by the subsidy, because it stimulates competition; in the absence of barges, surely the railroads, the other major transporters of bulk commodities, would heedlessly gouge their customers. David Forkenbrock, the director of the Public Policy Center at the University of Iowa, and an authority on inland transportation, doesn't buy this argu-

ment. He says, "To subsidize one mode of transportation so that another mode won't charge too much to the user is pretty perverse in terms of economic theory." Besides, Forkenbrock says, even if barges vanished and railroads did raise their rates, the amount of the price increase wouldn't begin to approach the amount of the subsidy.

Forkenbrock sees the subsidy as a matter of simple avarice, abetted by Congress. He points to a 1992 proposal to reduce the subsidy: "That went over like a lead balloon in Congress, because states that benefit from cheap transportation objected strenuously, and water projects always have been pork-barrel efforts." Forkenbrock observes that the subsidy may soon rise. Some barging concerns are pressing Congress to fund the construction of bigger locks,

which altogether would cost taxpayers billions. Lobbying by a coalition of river interests in the Ohio River system alone has secured more than \$1.5 billion from Congress since 1986, nearly all of it earmarked for enlarging locks. Bargers say they need larger locks to ease the heavy traffic that is





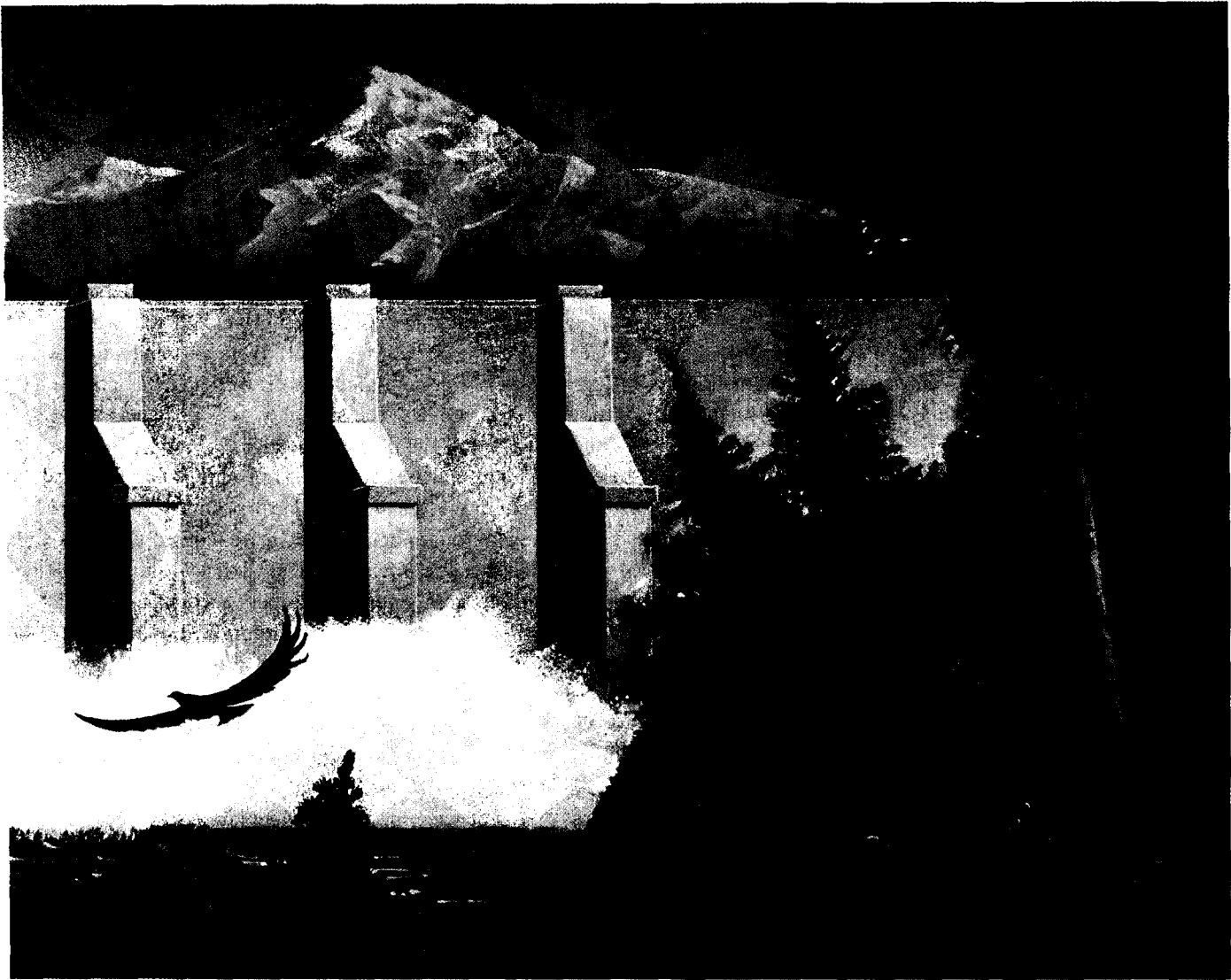
projected to occur during peak periods. Forkenbrock argues that barge traffic will be heavy only because it's subsidized. "If you charged a fair user fee to bargers, their competitive advantage would wither," he says.

THE DOWNSIDE OF FLOOD CONTROL

SOME of the least-noticed subsidies occur in the name of flood control. According to data collected by the Federal Interagency Floodplain Management Task Force in 1992, flood-control expenditures from 1960 to 1987 drained some \$35–\$40 billion from the U.S. Treasury. Much of that money was spent on storage dams, which waylay some of the down-rushing water during floods, and on levees, which are meant to shield particular sites from rising floodwaters. The Army Corps of Engineers built most of the multi-state projects in the early years of the flood-control program, which got rolling in 1917. More-recent projects typically serve much narrower interests, such as a few farmers, a small town, or developers who crave floodplain land. "In the nineteen fifties,

sixties, and seventies projects got more and more local," says David Conrad, a water-resources specialist for the National Wildlife Federation. "Now virtually no new flood-control projects have interstate elements." Congress's appetite for flood-control spending might be curbed if members had to vote openly on their pet projects instead of being able to tuck them deep inside hefty omnibus bills.

Another subsidy kicks in after floods occur. Taxpayers foot most of the bill for flood damage, in the form of disaster relief and subsidized federal insurance. But the very availability of government relief and insurance has caused costs to spiral. Before the government began bailing out flood victims, and before dams and levees promised protection, most people steered clear of floodplains. "No one built permanent structures on floodplains, because the risk was too great," says Scott Faber, the director of floodplain programs for American Rivers, a conservation group. "Flood insurance and flood relief have interfered with the normal functioning of the market." Operating in actuarial reality, private insurers refused to issue flood insurance. "That should have told us something," Faber says. Farms, factories, and subdivisions, backed by the



government, have poured onto floodplains—and floods have thus caused increasingly great losses. Annual flood damage to property has almost tripled in constant dollars since 1951, and currently averages \$3 billion a year. As a congressional report states, “Floods are an act of God. Flood damages result from acts of men.” In 1968 and 1973 Congress passed legislation that set up the National Flood Insurance Program. It hoped to legislate greater responsibility on the part of floodplain occupants—building houses that are less vulnerable to flood damage, for example, or avoiding floodplain development altogether—but the law’s provisions were widely ignored. Congress amended the program in 1994, adding some teeth to the enforcement provisions, but the program still falls short of ensuring that those who benefit from federal programs have made a serious effort to avoid flood damage.

Disaster relief and insurance subsidies wouldn’t be an issue if flood-control projects controlled floods—but often they don’t, as the Mississippi River floods of 1993 so forcefully demonstrated. Before rivers were controlled by engineers, floodwaters spread out over floodplains, soaked in, and slowly drained back into the river. Now levees cut rivers off from

their floodplains, sending floodwater down the straitjacketed main channel. The water flows unnaturally high and fast until it encounters a lower or weaker levee or an unprotected spot where it can burst from its confines. In many cases levees simply shift the site of flood damage. Jonathan Ela, a Mississippi River specialist for the Sierra Club, writes, “The touching pictures of volunteers placing sandbags on levees on either side of the Mississippi River in 1993 were essentially images of communities at war with each other.”

In addition to the usual post-flood demands for higher levees and more dams, the 1993 floods prompted a widespread interest in solutions that don’t involve structures—solutions that also cost much less. Some breached levees may not be rebuilt, and some of the remaining levees may be moved farther back, in order to restore part of the floodplain. For the first time, substantial federal disaster funds are being used for the voluntary relocation of residences and businesses—more than 8,000 have been moved so far—rather than solely for rebuilding on the same flood-prone sites. “We’ve got this stock of older housing in the floodplain that gets repeatedly damaged,” Faber says. “Texas, for example, got nailed again last

fall. Texas gets nailed all the time. They have thousands and thousands of homes that have collected relief three or more times." According to the General Accounting Office, nearly half of the billions of dollars paid out under the National Flood Insurance Program has gone to repeat flood victims who make up a mere two percent of the policyholders.

SUBSIDIZING IRRIGATION WATER

IRRIGATORS receive perhaps the largest and most varied subsidies of all, though just how much money these amount to is a notoriously arcane matter, and the figure is often contorted to serve political goals. Some of the most reliable information comes from Richard Wahl, who was for many years a natural-resource economist with the Department of the Interior and who left the government in 1992 to become a research associate at the University of Colorado. Wahl and his colleague Benjamin Simon estimate that from 1902 to 1986 Bureau of Reclamation irrigation projects cost taxpayers close to \$20 billion in 1986 dollars. (The BR builds and operates most of America's public irrigation dams.) Wahl and Simon believe that the federal irrigation subsidy for 1989 was about \$2.2 billion.

Most of this subsidy stems from the repayment deal enjoyed by irrigators. Their payments for BR water are supposed to reimburse the government for the irrigators' share of the initial capital expenses and for operation-and-maintenance costs. But repayments have been drastically reduced, by accounting stratagems and by congressional largesse—expressed most vividly by the fact that irrigators are exempt from paying interest. Wahl and Simon calculate that on average, BR irrigators end up paying only 12–15 percent of the construction costs allocated to irrigation.

Consider the example of Westlands Water District, in California—one of the nation's largest. Westlands irrigators pay \$8–\$31 for an acre foot of water (the amount that would cover an acre with one foot of water) from the BR's Central Valley Project, a \$3.4 billion network of dams and canals. If the irrigators' repayment included interest at modest rates, that acre foot would cost them \$61–\$80. Even this so-called full-cost figure comes nowhere near market prices in the thirsty West. Many cities pay \$200 an acre foot. Avocado farmers near San Diego pay \$300–\$400. Santa Barbara has built a desalinization plant that will provide converted seawater, should it be needed, at \$2,000 an acre foot. And bear in mind that most other growers pay even less for BR water than do Westlands irrigators.

Many in the irrigation community feel that they're just getting their fair share of the federal pie. Furthermore, they say, if their arrangement did constitute a subsidy (and many irrigators contend that it doesn't), the subsidy would be justified because irrigated agriculture has stimulated a great deal of economic activity and tax revenue. Irrigators also like to re-

mind us of their essential product: "Water on the Farm Is Food on Your Table" reads the metered postage strip on mail sent from Westlands. Apparently our food supply would be imperiled should the irrigation subsidy be reduced. Don Upton, a Westlands spokesman, says that "a full-cost rate is not affordable" and would drive many farmers out of business.

David Yardas, a water-resources analyst in the California office of the Environmental Defense Fund, disagrees. He asserts that only a few marginal operations would shut down, most of them on poor land that the BR never expected to be brought under cultivation in the first place. "There are many places in California," Yardas says, "where customers of the Central Valley Project are right across the road from farmers using the state project. The state guy may be paying forty dollars an acre foot, while the CVP guy is paying fourteen or eleven or eight dollars." Yet, Yardas says, the state farmers haven't gone out of business. Typically the subsidy represents a higher profit margin, not the margin of survival.

Irrigation subsidies often contribute to the wasting of water, a major concern given that farmers account for 80–85 percent of the West's water consumption. For instance, earthen canals leak profusely, yet many irrigation districts haven't lined them; the subsidized water that seeps away is so cheap that losing water is less expensive than paying for lining. A great deal of water vanishes from fields. Instead of using advanced sprinkler systems, drip irrigation, or other frugal means of watering crops, many farmers still rely on inefficient sprinklers or even flood irrigation, surrendering a huge volume of water to evaporation and seepage. According to two government studies of irrigation conducted in the 1970s, such wasteful practices squander more than 20 million acre feet a year in the West—almost twice the average annual flow of the Colorado River. Furthermore, the availability of cheap water encourages farmers to lavish it on inappropriately thirsty crops. For example, Westlands is carved from a desert that gets only six or seven inches of rain a year, yet the district's biggest crop by far is cotton, a plant that guzzles more than thirty inches of water a year.

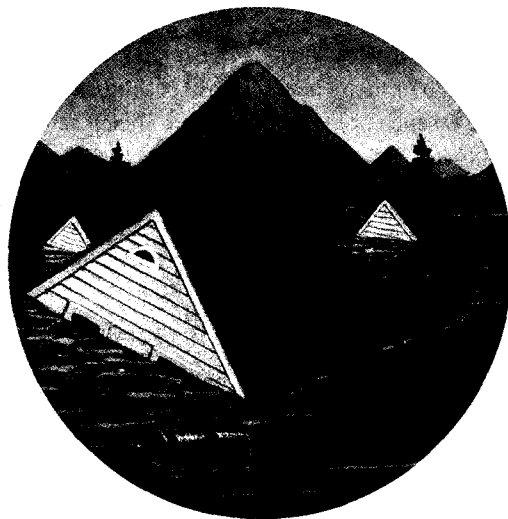
Cotton figures in the controversy over the "double dip": the use of subsidized water to grow subsidized surplus crops. In addition to receiving Bureau of Reclamation water in some regions, cotton is almost always declared in surplus by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, making cotton growers eligible for certain USDA payments. Since the putative intent of the surplus-crop program is to scale back the production of crops that are overabundant, it seems perverse to stimulate production by allowing growers of surplus crops to use subsidized water. According to the USDA, farmers use about \$85 million worth of subsidized water each year to grow surplus crops for which they also receive about \$500 million from the USDA.

Senator Russell Feingold, of Wisconsin, has railed against "paying people not to produce and then, with a different hand, paying them to produce." Feingold is the latest of

many who have challenged the double dip. In February he introduced a bill that would either require users to pay full cost or eliminate the USDA portion of the subsidy. Feingold says that he has never heard a reasonable justification for the double dip from its supporters. When asked about it, "they don't respond, they just vote you down," he says. "They don't really want to talk about it." That's putting it mildly. During a phone interview with Congressman Bill Thomas, of California, whose Central Valley district includes major cotton producers, I broached the subject of the double dip. Angrily he cut off my question, asserting—incorrectly—that cotton is not commonly a surplus crop. He curtly added—again incorrectly—that farmers are required by law to pay full cost for federal water. He ignored my follow-up questions and then abruptly ended the conversation.

Though the abrasiveness of Thomas's defense was extreme, it has long been common for congressmen to protect influential constituents' dam-related subsidies fiercely. But the budget-cutting fervor of the new Congress may change attitudes toward these subsidies. Members who have crowded aboard the budget-cutting bandwagon will look hypocritical if they "continue to pork it up," as Feingold puts it. Besides, some members of Congress, including a few on key budget committees, seem sincere in their desire to shrink the federal government and reduce the deficit. "Many items that had been sacrosanct . . . are now getting a new look," Feingold says. Still, Feingold and most other critics of dam-related subsidies remain skeptical. David Yargas sums up the prevailing perception: "Increasing attention is being paid to subsidies, but I don't know that that translates into a willingness to do very much about them."

When tax dollars first started paying for dams, they frequently fit one dictionary definition of "subsidy": "a grant of money from a government to a private enterprise consid-



Most current practices and policies still hark back to the go-go era and even beyond—to pioneer days. We squander so much water that following through on just the easiest conservation measures would save vast amounts. A seven percent reduction in the share used by agriculture would allow a 100 percent rise in all other uses.

In the spring smolts from innumerable spawning streams spill into the Snake and drift downriver, starting their anadromous life cycle by heading for the Pacific. At Lower Granite the Corps annually funnels, sorts, and pipes 6–9 million of these fish into barges. The barges haul the smolts hundreds of miles, past the seven additional dams that lie between the salmon and the sea, and dump them into the lower Columbia. The Corps calls this procedure "fish transportation."

Whether transportation is the best way to help the salmon is arguable; many scientists think that barging kills more smolts than it saves. But no one questions the need to help the migrating fish. The dams have so transformed the river that, as one Idaho Fish and Game supervisor puts it, "sending them down the river would just be sending them to their death."

ered as beneficial to the public." For example, the Bureau of Reclamation began building irrigation dams in the early 1900s to encourage small farmers to settle the West, a widely approved national goal. But now that California's population roughly equals that of New York and New England combined, and most of the benefits go to prosperous farmers, including many big agribusiness operations, irrigation subsidies are difficult to construe as being in the national interest. Most dam-related subsidies, too, have outlived their original rationales.

DAMAGE TO THE ENVIRONMENT

ON the south side of the Lower Granite complex a Rube Goldberg apparatus of metal chutes and ladders angles from the top of the dam down to a dock a few hundred yards downriver. When I visited the dock that spring day several years ago, workers were loading a shipshape red-and-gray Corps barge. They had positioned a large pipe so that water from the apparatus poured into the hold of the vessel. The gushing water was filled with thousands upon thousands of silvery finger-length fish: young salmon, called smolts.

Such transformations lie at the heart of the ongoing environmental harm done by dams. Rivers are rivers because they flow, and the nature of their flows defines much of their character. When dams alter flows, they alter the essence of rivers.

Consider the erstwhile river behind Lower Granite. Although I was there in the springtime, when I looked at the water it was moving too slowly to merit the word “flow”—and Lower Granite Lake isn’t even one of the region’s enormous storage reservoirs, which bring currents to a virtual halt. In the past, spring snowmelt sent powerful currents down the Snake during April and May. Nowadays hydropower operators on the Columbia and Snake systems store the runoff behind the dams and release it during the winter, when demand—and the price—for electricity rises. Over the ages, however, many populations of salmon had adapted to the

spring surge. The smolts used the strong flows to migrate, drifting downstream with the current. During the journey smolts’ bodies undergo physiological changes that require them to reach salt water quickly. Before dams backed up the Snake, smolts coming down from Idaho got to the sea in six to twenty days; now it takes from sixty to ninety days, and few of the young salmon reach salt water in time. The emaculated current is the single largest reason that the number of wild adult salmon migrating up the Snake each year has crashed from predevelopment runs of 100,000–200,000 to what was projected to be 150–175 this year.

One untested but promising alternative to barging, termed a drawdown, calls for dam operators to reduce the volume of water in several reservoirs before the main salmon migration. Full reservoirs sprawl far to the sides of the main channel. Currents dissipate in these virtual lakes the way a stream of water from a hose melts into a full swimming pool. If dam operators lower the reservoir levels, the water will contract to a more riverlike depth and breadth. If dams are drawn down just before the spring melt, the flows sweeping down from Idaho will presumably send smolts through the narrowed reservoirs relatively quickly. Another alternative to barging would be for dam operators to release much more water during the spring migration; the greater the volume of water that flows into a reservoir, the faster the current will move. This would leave less water for lucrative winter power production and lead to a rise in utility rates, but because they are generously subsidized, they would still be well below the national average. Even a modest rate increase could be offset by creative marketing. Northwest hydropower-plant operators could run water through their turbines in spring and early summer to help the salmon, and sell the electricity to southern California and the Southwest, where power fetches a good price during the air-conditioning season. In the winter, when demand for power in those areas slackens, the operators in southern California and the Southwest could sell electricity to the colder Northwest during its period of greatest need.

In the Southeast the Ocoee River, which is managed by the Tennessee Valley Authority, offers an example of another flow problem. On certain days a stretch of the Ocoee roars along, a frothing wild thing beloved by white-water rafters. But on other days and at night TVA dam operators lower the gates and divert the river from that stretch to a flume that leads to a powerhouse, emptying the riverbed. A few other rivers across the nation are dried up by hydropower operations and irrigation withdrawals, and many more suffer from reduced flows. The effects on aquatic life are predictably severe.

Keeping enough water in rivers is especially difficult in the arid West. Western water law in particular stifles reforms that would restore at least moderate in-stream flows. Formulated in the nineteenth century by miners, ranchers, and irrigators, the West’s water laws reflect two hoary principles: “First in time, first in right” and “Beneficial use.” The first

THE COMPOSITOR

Perhaps it’s the smell of printing ink
sets me off out of memory’s jumbled font
or maybe it’s the printer’s printing lingo,
telling how various phrases came about.

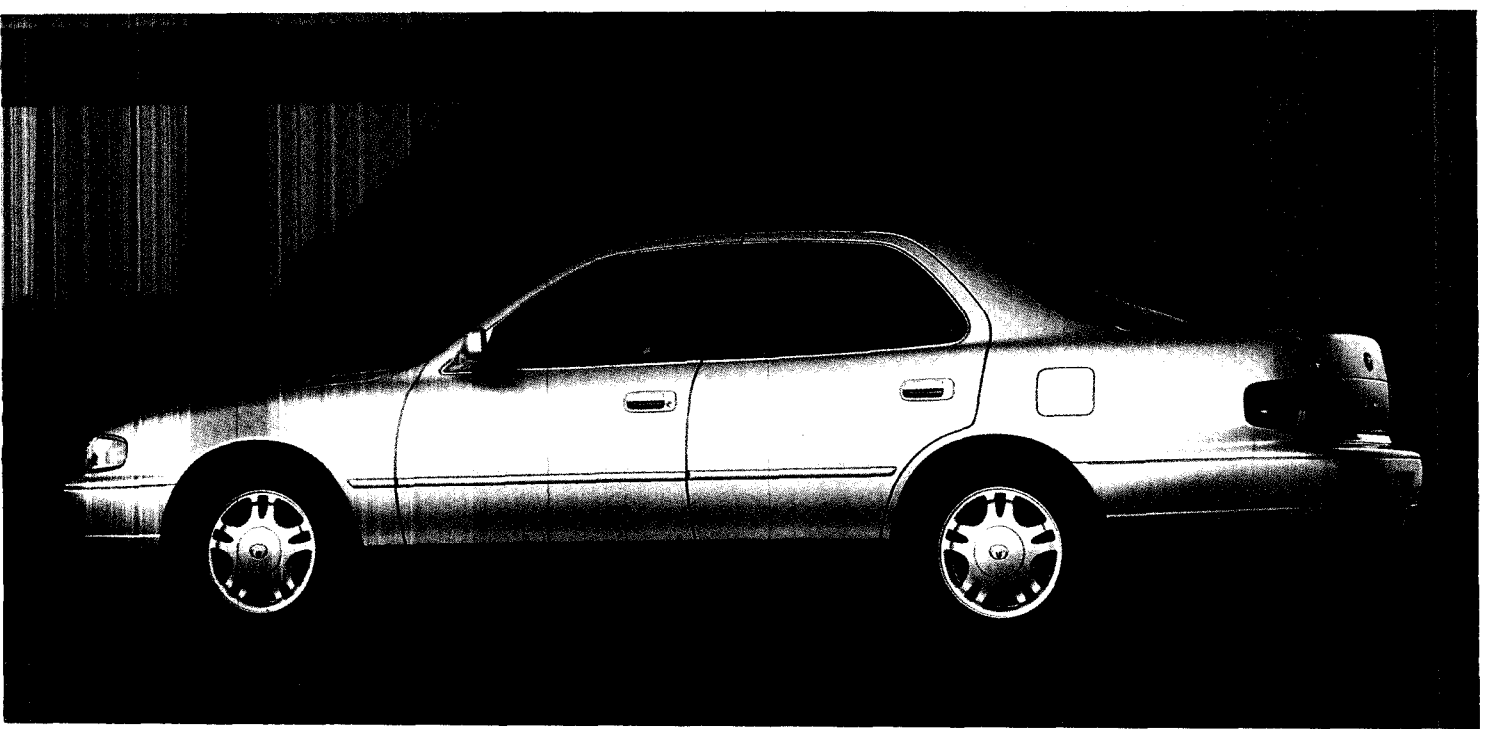
How, for instance, *mind your p’s & q’s*
has as much to do with pints & quarts
and the printer’s renown for drink
as it has to do with *descenders*.

But I don’t say anything about
how I discovered where *widows & orphans*
and *out of sorts* came from the day my father
unnoticed and unexpectedly set 30

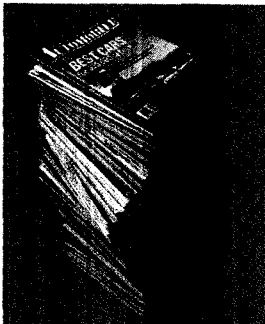
on the bottom of his compositor’s page
and left me mystified about the origins
of that end, how to measure a line gauge
and how since he was first to go whom I knew,

he slowly and without a word
turned from himself into everyone
as we turn into that last zero
before finally passing on to the stoneman.

—GREG DELANTY



A REPUTATION as good as GOLD.



Rave reviews put Camry at the top of the stack.

It's been called the BEST car built in AMERICA.*
It has won awards, DISTINCTIONS and the LOYALTY of
millions of owners. Along the way, it has earned a
glittering REPUTATION as the GOLD STANDARD of sedans.

With its SOPHISTICATED safety systems, including DUAL
AIR BAGS,** the POWER of an available V6 engine and starting
at around \$16,830,† Camry CONTINUES to make a NAME for itself.

The 1995 Toyota Camry. Newly RESTYLED.
Yet with a HERITAGE of QUALITY craftsmanship
that only the best REPUTATIONS are MADE OF.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a BROCHURE and
location of your nearest DEALER.



New styling makes the Camry as beautiful to look at as it is to drive.

 **TOYOTA CAMRY**
I Love What You Do For Me

©1995 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. *Camry XLE V6/Best car built in America. *Automobile Magazine*, March 1993. Most Camrys are built in the U.S.A. **To help avoid serious injury, always wear your seatbelt. Driver-side and passenger-side air bags are a supplemental restraint only. †'95 Camry DX 5-spd. based on MSRP including destination charge. Excludes taxes, license, title and optional equipment. Actual dealer price may vary. Camry XLE V6 shown with optional equipment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

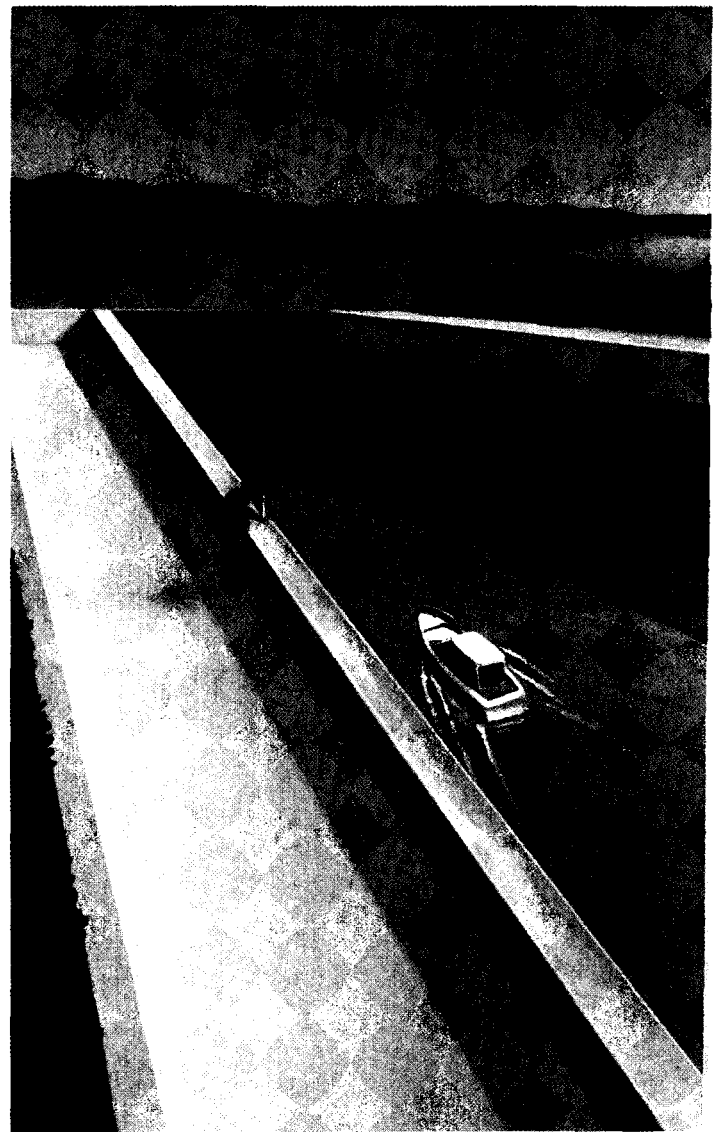
principle means that whoever first claimed a certain amount of water always gets his share ahead of junior claimants—except that claims from Native Americans, who got there long before the pioneers, are rarely sustained.

The second principle narrowly construes “Beneficial use” to mean consumption by agriculture, industry, or cities. In western-water-law doublespeak water thus used is “conserved,” and water that flows down the river to the sea is “wasted.” During the past couple of decades the water laws of most western states have reflected a growing understanding that water left in the stream for the welfare of the ecosystem is also beneficial. But the relatively recent legal recognition of the river ecosystem makes it a very junior claimant under the “First in time, first in right” doctrine, so rivers seldom are allowed to retain much water. Given that irrigators use 80–85 percent of the water available in the West, western water law clearly needs to be revised to provide more water to the environment and to the region’s booming cities. As Congressman George Miller, of California, has said, “It is not the dead hand from the grave that should dictate water policy today.”

Bob Faber, the new staff director for the House Water and Power Resources Subcommittee, says that in some cases dams can solve the problem of low flows. This idea was echoed by the person to whom Faber reports: Congressman John Doolittle, of California, the new chair of the subcommittee and an influential dam booster from a district with considerable irrigation interests. Faber points out that certain uses of dams (irrigation comes to mind) require the release of ample, consistent amounts of water during times when some river flows are naturally low. He says this release improves the environmental health of those rivers: “Having adequate and predictable water supplies to provide in-stream flows is made possible only by dams. In the pre-dam era a lot of tributaries at times had low flows or went dry, but if they have dams above them, they now can maintain water flows at rates that weren’t possible before.”

Faber misses the essential ecological point, however. Only low flows caused by dams or other human manipulation should be augmented. Natural low flows should be left low. Our industrial-society minds may associate constancy with productivity, but river animals and plants evolved to wild rhythms that include low flows, high flows, and everything in between. Native river organisms can survive such oscillations, and many can’t survive without them. If rivers are to recover, regulated flows must mimic natural flows.

Artificially regulated flows produce many specific problems. Without high flows, silt doesn’t get flushed from streambed gravel, and the many species of fish and insects that need clean, well-oxygenated gravel for their eggs and larvae are harmed. Relatively constant flows often lead to relatively constant water temperatures, which affect the many species that rely on natural fluctuations in temperature. For example, the adults of a vital species of stone fly in the Flathead River in Montana don’t emerge from their larval



stage unless cued by mean daily water temperatures of 65° Fahrenheit. Late-summer discharges from Hungry Horse Dam keep the water cooler than is natural, so whole generations of this insect never reach adulthood.

Dams can alter water temperatures in other deleterious ways. In most places irrigation water is stored until summer. This creates unnaturally shallow flows below dams at other times of the year, which in turn causes the water to become abnormally warm. As the water warms, it loses oxygen, and river organisms begin dying. By the same token, flows are unnaturally deep and therefore abnormally cold during the summer.

Another common problem occurs when dams release water that is significantly colder or warmer than the river water. For example, releases from Glen Canyon Dam render the Colorado River too cold—some 20° colder than is natural—for most native organisms for more than 250 miles downstream. “The river is essentially dead,” says Jack Stanford, a professor of ecology and the director of the University of Montana’s Flathead Lake Biological Station. Except for one



twelve-mile stretch, the river below the dam has lost its ability to support algae, which in turn has led to the collapse of the river's food web. "You can put a drift net in the river for fifteen minutes and catch one or two insects," Stanford says. In a pristine Colorado one would expect to net hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands. The cumulative impact of disrupted temperatures can be dramatic. A study of the Saskatchewan River found that insects from thirty families inhabited a pristine stretch, but insects from only one family survived in a section below a dam. Temperature problems can be mitigated by retrofitting dams with selective water-withdrawal systems. These give dam operators the option of releasing water from whichever stratum of the reservoir best matches the temperature of the water downriver. Hungry Horse Dam, for example, is undergoing this expensive process and by next year should be providing stone flies with the temperatures they need.

Dams not only disrupt the flow of water; they also virtually cut off the flow of sediment. When the current dissipates in the reservoir, its load of suspended particles sinks to the

bottom, trapped for the life of the dam. Very little slips by a large dam. Studies show that Glen Canyon Dam captures 99.5 percent of the sediment tumbling down the Colorado. The trapped sediment includes organic matter, which is vital to downriver food webs. Sandbars where plants have grown in and alongside a river—important wildlife habitat—constantly erode; without sediment with which to rebuild, they soon vanish. The same holds for riverbanks.

The loss of replacement sediment also leads to the lowering of the riverbed, which harms the riparian zone—the land along a river that derives its character from the river. As the channel deepens and the elevation of the river drops, the water table beneath the riparian areas drops correspondingly. This dries up those lush, elongated oases that are such important havens for wildlife—and for human beings.

Cottonwoods, for example, need high groundwater levels. The demise of these riverside staples robs the stream of shade, which can lead to lethally high water temperatures; causes excessive erosion, because the stabilizing influence of the trees' roots is gone; and deprives the fungi and bacte-

ria at the foundation of the aquatic food web of the nutrients provided by cottonwood leaves, a crucial food source.

Even lands far from dams are affected by a radical decline in transported sediment. Without replacement sediment from the Mississippi River, much of the Louisiana coast has sunk below sea level, allowing a disastrous intrusion of salt water. The Army Corps of Engineers estimates that during the next fifty years parts of the Gulf shoreline will advance as much as another thirty miles inland and an additional million acres of coastal wetlands will sink from sight. In addition to the many other benefits they bring, these wetlands are integral to almost half of the nation's shrimp harvest.

Though researchers have discovered numerous examples of environmental disruption caused by dams, they realize that they have barely scratched the surface. The cliché is apt, because little of what goes on below the surface of rivers has penetrated the landlocked biases of *Homo sapiens*. The studies that have been done indicate that dams have been disastrous for river ecosystems. Larry Master, the chief zoologist of The Nature Conservancy, says, "Dams have been the dominant factor in the decline of aquatic fauna in this country." He goes on to characterize the current health of America's aquatic fauna as "appalling." Master's judgment carries particular weight, because he has led the most comprehensive study to date on the status of the nation's freshwater animals.

So far Master and his colleagues have studied four broad groups of river fauna and have found that all are in trouble: about 20 percent of dragonfly species, 36 percent of fishes, 64 percent of crayfish, and 67 percent of freshwater mussels are either extinct, imperiled, or vulnerable. Embattled though they are, terrestrial fauna are faring comparatively well: 14 percent of birds and 16 percent of mammals are extinct, imperiled, or vulnerable by Master's standards. David Allan, an aquatic ecologist at the University of Michigan, observes that many species not yet officially endangered are in decline—some to the point at which the functioning of their river ecosystems is substantially altered. There is also evidence that the rate of decline is accelerating. Research by the American Fisheries Society suggests that the rate of extinction for North American fish species has doubled during the past century. From 1979 to 1989 the AFS added 139 species and subspecies of fish to its list of rare and vanishing fishes of North America and removed only twenty-six—sixteen owing to technical adjustments, ten because they had gone extinct, and none because they had recovered.

THE DEMOLITION OPTION

IS there such a thing as a good dam? That's a legitimate question, given the myriad environmental and fiscal problems that dams cause. I asked Larry Stephens, the executive director of the United States Committee on Large Dams, an industry group, to name some good dams, which

I broadly defined as dams whose benefits clearly outweigh their monetary and environmental costs. Quickly he cited Hoover Dam and Grand Coulee, and then he paused. Finally he said that of course there were others but they just didn't come to mind. Undoubtedly other good dams do exist, but it is revealing that of the 5,500 large dams in America, only two stood out immediately. Equally telling is the fact that Hoover and Grand Coulee were completed in 1936 and 1941 respectively, which supports the widespread belief that the best sites were used long ago. The U.S. Geological Survey has quantified one aspect of the decline in the quality of sites: the amount of reservoir capacity created by each cubic foot of dam plummeted from 10.4 acre feet for dams built prior to 1930 to 2.1 acre feet for those built in the 1930s and to 0.29 acre feet for those built in the 1960s.

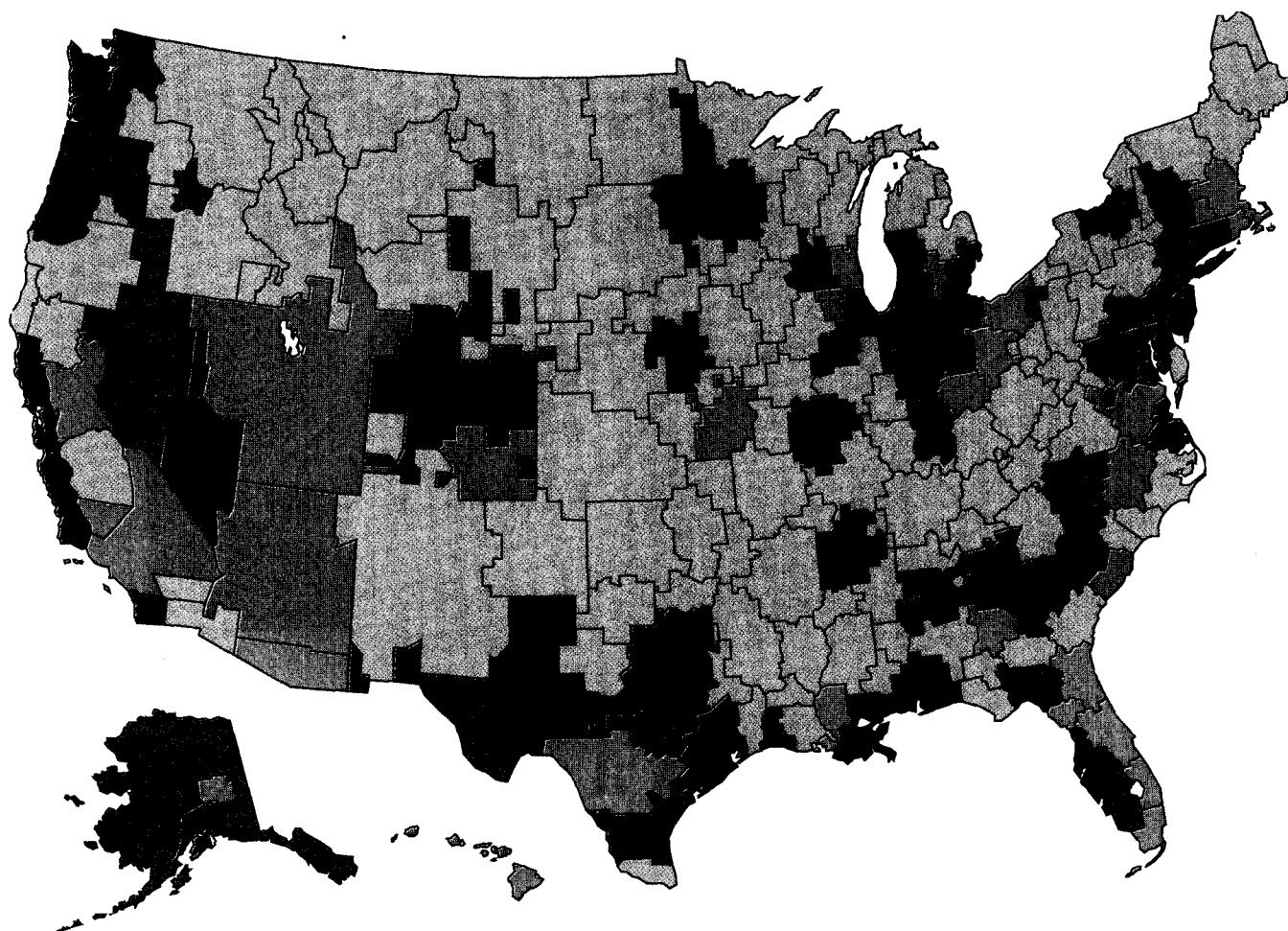
In retrospect, it seems that a number of dams should never have been built. But they were, and they aren't going away anytime soon—at least not many of them. Some egregiously harmful dams that lack influential constituencies may be demolished. Numerous government agencies, Native American tribes, and conservation groups hope to remove two dams from the Elwha River, in Washington, one inside Olympic National Park. But demolition isn't an option in most cases. For one thing, communities and industries are too closely tied to most dams. For another, removing just the two Elwha dams—one is 210 feet high and the other is 100 feet—will cost about \$70 million. Omitting the expense of removal from financial calculations constitutes yet another big subsidy. All those aging dams are a fiscal time bomb of many megatons.

Where the demolition of dams won't do the job, we'll have to settle for wise management. Most current practices and policies still hark back to the go-go era and even beyond—to pioneer days. But tremors of reform have been felt in recent years, and the time seems ripe for a major shake-up.

Ironically, if water policy gets dragged kicking and screaming into the age of limits, we'll probably find that we have more than enough water to go around. For one thing, we squander so much that following through on just the easiest conservation measures would save vast amounts of water. One study estimated that in the West a seven percent reduction in the share used by agriculture (halving irrigation waste would accomplish that goal) would allow a 100 percent rise in all other uses. For another thing, the more than 100,000 dams already out there provide an awful lot of available water.

Should we ever build another dam? Sure. Sometimes, in some places, some kinds of dams will make sense. But when you hear calls for more dams because of global warming, the depletion of oil reserves, a trend toward a drier climate, or the latest flood, think twice: once about your tax dollars and once about your environment. ☸

The Call-Waiting Connection



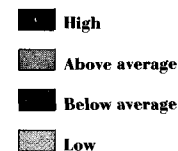
IN this age of advanced telecommunications, call waiting occupies an unusual place: it is a low-tech add-on that almost everyone can afford. As reflected in this map of the country's 212 media markets, call-waiting users represent two distinct pockets of consumers: upscale suburbanites and urban blacks and Hispanics. Thus the map shows users concentrated not only in major metropolitan areas, with their inner cities and vast suburban rings, but also in smaller cities, such as Tuscaloosa, Alabama; Norfolk, Virginia; and El Paso, Texas, that have disproportionately large black or Hispanic populations. In the mapping of U.S. consumer patterns a landscape with this bimodal portrait of users appears only once approximately every 500 times.

According to a spokesperson at Bell Atlantic, "The more people you have in a household, the greater the need for call waiting." That stands to reason. The greatest concentration of call-waiting users is found among households that contain members of three generations. Although this may in part explain

the prevalence of call waiting in inner cities (where many households consist of a grandmother, a mother, and the mother's children), telephone-company officials emphasize that the deep penetration of call waiting among blacks and Hispanics is primarily cultural, and reflects a greater than average reliance on the telephone for communication generally. Surveys show, for example, that Americans as a whole spend an average of thirty-eight minutes a day on the phone at home; African-Americans log nearly three times the norm, at 100 minutes a day.

Industry experts predict the continued growth of call waiting, for generational and cultural reasons. Young people will keep using the feature as they age, and the pace of American life in general will demand such real-time services. —Michael J. Weiss

Call-waiting users as compared with the U.S. average, 28.2 percent



Sources: Claritas Inc.,
Simmons Market Research Bureau



Salvage

by JOSHUA DAVIDSON

OPENING his eyes, Rudolph Niemann had a fleeting, terrifying sensation of not knowing where he was. So he did what he did every morning when this occurred. Without moving his head he looked about the chamber for the things that were familiar to him: the dusty web of beams supporting the roof, his uniform hanging crisply on the wall and his boots aligned below, dutifully awaiting his reoccupation. Then the warm-smelling steam of the shower would find his nose, and, reoriented, he would arise.

But the shower was not running this morning, and so he remained slightly unconvinced as he swung his feet to the floor. The planks were familiarly cold, and his feet landed precisely where they would avoid nailheads. For months he had fought against the nails that rose mysteriously out of the floor: with the heels of his boots, with small rocks, with a

hammer. Dents around the nails testified to the diligence of his efforts, but the nails still rose up. Some time ago he had simply learned where not to step.

Without reflection Niemann arose and went about his morning business in order to arrive for breakfast promptly at seven-thirty. In that half hour he would clean and shave himself, polish his boots, his insignia, and the beak of his cap, and don his uniform. Just before stepping out to cross the compound to the mess hall, he checked the straightness of his cap and tunic in his little mirror. As a final test he clicked his heels, feeling the snap run hollowly through his body like the ring of crystal. Everything, he knew, was *in Ordnung*; he did not like surprises.

Stepping out of his chamber, Niemann was astonished to see prisoners wandering around the compound. Somehow

The time had come to put pettiness aside, to behave like a physician

they seemed different. They lifted their heads and looked him straight in the eye. They did not approach him, but neither did they shrink away; instead they stood like pillars of rags before him. They were not afraid, and though none of them threatened or could threaten him, he felt a shiver run through him.

In a strange sense, then, he was relieved when he heard, in English, the words "Hold it" from behind. He did not turn around, because the words were said in the way that a man with a gun in hand would say them. But he saw, for the first time ever, several inmates smile. Bony cheeks rose to nearly swallow sunken eyes; difficult smiles exercised remnants of muscles that had not been used in years. Now Niemann began to be afraid.

BE as uncooperative as possible. Name and rank only. Volunteer nothing. Niemann reminded himself of his duties as a prisoner. So when the American major asked tonelessly, "Who are you?" Niemann answered "Lieutenant Rudolph Niemann," and only when he saw the major smile did he know he had been tricked into admitting that he spoke English. But he was determined to give away nothing more; he would not be the one to break silence among the *Gruppe* that ran the camp. No SS man would ever help the enemy; he knew that.

Niemann was confined to his quarters for the day, under guard. All his texts had been confiscated, and he found little to do. He did not like to let his mind wander, and he refused to speak with his guards, so he watched the compound through his window.

He saw the inmates wandering around, through the open gate and then back again. They wandered in and out of his fellow officers' chambers and the enlisted men's barracks. They wandered right up to his window and looked in at him, as at an animal in a zoo.

He saw the American soldiers and officers wandering too. They seemed not to be relieved by the absence of fighting here at Tottheim. All day long he watched them cry like babies, or recoil when approached by inmates who could barely walk. He saw them walk around looking at the ground, as if, unable to walk away, they were satisfied just to walk—they did not want to stand in any one place long enough to be a part of it. How could they be winning the war? he wondered. But as the day wore on, he felt a strange desire to be outside with them.

Niemann was surprised when, late in the evening, he was apparently the first German called to the *Kommandant's* office.

Niemann had prepared himself for the interrogation. He realized that the major must know that he was the camp doc-

tor, that he was not only a party member but also a member of the SS. He might know from the confiscated books, assuming he had translated their titles, that Niemann specialized in eugenics, although his formal training was as an internist. No cooperation. Name and rank. Volunteer nothing. Unity in separation.

"Good evening, Doctor," the major said as he settled into the *Kommandant's* burgundy-leather swivel chair behind the elaborately carved desk that an inmate and his brother had actually carried to the camp. "Won't you please sit down?"

"No, thank you. I prefer to stand." Niemann looked straight ahead, maintaining a rigid German posture. He was surprised at how much of the office he could observe without moving his eyes. He noted the precarious ash on the major's cigar, concerned that it might fall on the *Kommandant's* desk.

"Suit yourself," the major said. "Tell me, why are you here?"

Niemann was a bit perplexed by the question. A trick, he decided. "Because you sent for me."

The major smiled. "No, I mean, how come you're the only one here?"

"I don't understand. The only what?"

"The only German! How come you didn't scam with the rest of them?" the major asked.

Niemann looked at the major with genuine puzzlement. He caught himself. This must be a trick; this American was trying to bluff him, crudely. But he wondered, where was everyone else? And why had he heard no fighting?

"Well," the major said, lifting his brow, "they won't get far. Ain't no place to go." The major had Niemann's wallet on the desk in front of him, and was looking through the papers. He came up with Niemann's party card. "Well, well, look at this. 1936." He looked menacingly up at Niemann. "There's a special place in my heart for party members."

Just then Niemann realized that the major had no personnel file, nothing about Niemann except his wallet and personal-identification booklet. He recalled suddenly that none of the other quarters or barracks had been guarded as his had. He could not help searching for an answer, or a question. "You mean, I . . . ? *Der Kommandant, die Gruppe* . . . ?"

"Everyone! All your buddies! This place was a ghost town when we got here. Hell, we—"

"They all left? I—"

"We never would have known you were here if you hadn't walked out of your room this morning like a lost puppy!"

Niemann fell into the chair on his right. The feeling came again: not knowing where, or now who, or why—not knowing anything except that he was the prisoner of this chuckling American major. Devastating, but not really a surprise. He had never been more than something tacked on to the officer corps

o try saving the lives of people he had helped to put at great risk

of the camp; he was never gathered in at meals for the telling of a joke, never invited to play soccer or to go out carousing in town. He was never taken into confidence by anyone, never done favors. He had learned to ignore the slights, the lack of rapport, even the tasteless whispered rumors about him. He had decided that his honor lay in being a loyal party member, a hard worker, a necessary part of the camp structure, and, he had assumed, something worth saving.

The major allowed Niemann no time to recover from the scald of betrayal. "What were your duties here, Doctor?"

Niemann had no strength to question the question. He responded as if for the comfort of hearing himself speak. "I saw to the staff and prisoners."

The major swiveled around, unfurling his arm toward the large window looking upon the main compound. Niemann's eyes followed the gesture. "Well, I don't see any staff. And the inmates don't look too good." He swiveled back around and leaned on the desk in one motion, causing the ash finally to snap off his cigar and fall, shattering silently on the desk. Looking Niemann square in his wounded eyes, he said, "You're not a very good doctor, are you?"

THE major stood up and slowly walked to the book case on Niemann's left. "Doctor, I and my men have been fighting together since Sicily. We've seen things we never thought we would." He paused to gather his thoughts. "But we could never have imagined the things we've seen here. I . . . I'm not even sure what to do here. I'd like to pack up my men and send them on to Berlin—I bet they wish I would, just to get them the hell out of this place. But we're here, and we can't leave just because there aren't any Germans to shoot at." He paused for a long, hard look at Niemann.

"You know, you're lucky that you weren't shot dead when you walked out of your quarters, because a lot of my men might have done that . . . I might have, after seeing what you've done to these people. Maybe I should, I don't know." The major was getting visibly agitated, and Niemann felt compelled to defend himself while he could.

"Major, I am merely a doctor. I did what I was told to do—you know what that is like. In the name of justice, I—"

"Justice! Bullshit!" The major exploded, and then settled to a seething calm. "We have a saying back home, Doc: 'Be careful what you ask for, because you just might get it.' *Furshtayst*?"

"But, tell you what, Doctor: I'll make you a bargain. A lot of very sick people are out there, and you know exactly what's wrong with 'em. I know they're not all going to survive; a lot of 'em, from what I can tell, would rather just die. But the deal is this: you get those people healthy enough to be transported out of here to refugee camps—so that they can walk, and don't get sick when you give 'em something to eat—and I won't let them or my men kill you. It's as simple as that."

Niemann said nothing.

The major looked at him, took his silence for agreement, and continued. "One of the inmates is a doctor. He has agreed to work with you. Whatever you need, you tell Lieutenant McDonough, who's outside. The Red Cross is assembling refugee centers in France, and my job is to get these people there; I'm making it yours to see that they're able to survive the trip. Good night, Doctor."

NIEMANN did not wake up at seven o'clock the following morning. He had not gotten to sleep until three. The betrayal, his own stupidity, a Jewish doctor, the frightening prisoners, grown men crying, the tenuousness of his own life—all these things danced around in his mind, so that he tossed and turned, threw his covers sweatily off and then, shivering, drew them on again. When he woke up suddenly at 8:38 A.M., it was from a nightmare. All he could remember was being snatched up by an eagle whose talons dug into his flesh, and just when he felt he was about to die, when he could no longer feel the wounds, the talons were pulled out, causing the wounds to burn again as he plummeted.

He awoke compressed into his mattress, and shot up from his pillow. His eyes groped for his uniform, which hung askew, different somehow. After a moment he realized that all the insignia and identification patches had been removed, except for the twiny caducei on his collar.

He went about his business, trying to regiment himself as before, but his boots seemed a little duller, and his hat—well, without the insignia, Niemann thought, his hat would look ridiculous. So he left it.

Outside, the guard said that the major would like a word with Niemann, and he escorted the doctor across the compound. An inmate sat in the office, an older man. He was quite tall, which exaggerated his emaciation. He did not acknowledge Niemann's entrance, remaining immersed in what Niemann recognized as one of his own medical texts. A suit of clothes from somewhere hung on him as though on a hanger. The shirt collar drooped around his scant neck, and the cuffs ran down over his withered hands. After a moment he snapped the book shut, tossed it weakly on the desk, and looked up at the major and then at Niemann. His eyes were deep-set and dark brown, full and knowing. They aroused in Niemann a vague feeling of awe; these eyes seemed already to know Niemann. Niemann had seen the man before, certainly. The man had been in the camp for at least a year, which now struck Niemann as odd; so few survived even six months.

The men regarded each other icily as the major spoke. "Dr. Niemann, this is Dr. Berlinger. He'll be assisting you." The major directed a forceful glance at Niemann. "I suggest that you follow his advice. He knows most of your patients." The major rose from his chair and went to the door, opening it. "Why don't you take him to your office and get started. We haven't much time to waste. Good day, gentlemen."

The two men rose, and Berlinger, moving easily, was the first through the door. Niemann stood back for a moment in outrage, until the major gestured for him to hurry.

Despite his obviously poor health, Berlinger crossed the compound in large, graceful, but unhurried strides, forcing Niemann to walk briskly if he was to arrive, as he felt he should, before the Jew.

"I will enter first," Niemann said.

Berlinger looked down at Niemann for a moment, and in a deep voice that gave weight to whatever words it spoke, said in perfect *Hochdeutsch*, "Dr. Niemann, we have no time for pettiness anymore. Your uniform admits only that you are a physician. It is time to behave as one. We will have a difficult enough task trying to save the lives of these people whom you have worked to kill."

Niemann shrank back, deflated.

Berlinger entered the compact office, going immediately to the medicine cabinet behind the desk. He examined several of the bottles and shook his head. Then he sat down in the chair that had been Niemann's for four years, pulled from his pocket a dozen torn and odd-sized scraps of paper, and began to arrange them.

"What on earth are these?" Niemann asked.

Berlinger looked up. "A list of your patients by name and condition. I—"

"What? These ridiculous scraps?" Niemann picked one up with scorn.

"Then please be good enough to show me yours," Berlinger responded. Niemann tried to hide in his disdain.

"I know," Berlinger continued, unimpressed, "that the *Kommandant* felt it unnecessary to waste paper on Jews; I used what I could find." He tossed a pencil stub, whittled down to the metal eraser jacket, onto the desk. Picking out several of the scraps, he continued. "These are patients in need of immediate care: one hundred and thirty-seven cases of bacillary dysentery or colitis, approximately thirty-three of pneumonia. The warmer weather has obviously eased the latter, but will aggravate the former. In addition, all twelve hundred and thirteen inmates, including myself, are severely malnourished, and one hundred and ninety are effectively starved. Many have individual ailments, ranging from heart trouble to skin rashes. Nearly all are suffering from some level of psychological distress. How do you suggest we proceed?"

Niemann was dumbstruck. The numbers were astonishing: 137 cases of dysentery or colitis; pneumonia; nearly 200 at the point of starvation; over a thousand malnourished. He wanted to ask how such a thing could have occurred, but stopped himself.

He sat down in front of the desk he had sat behind for so long, the numbers rattling hugely in his head. He thought about prescribing ointment

for the *Kommandant's* warts and brandy for a junior officer's anxiety; the bustle of flu season among the guards. He had not diagnosed one case of pneumonia or checked a case of dysentery.

His chin fell to his chest, and he saw his legs, his hands. They seemed somehow not to belong to him; they were not, *could not be*, his. If he could have climbed out of his body right then, he would gladly have done so. The major was right: he was not a very good doctor.

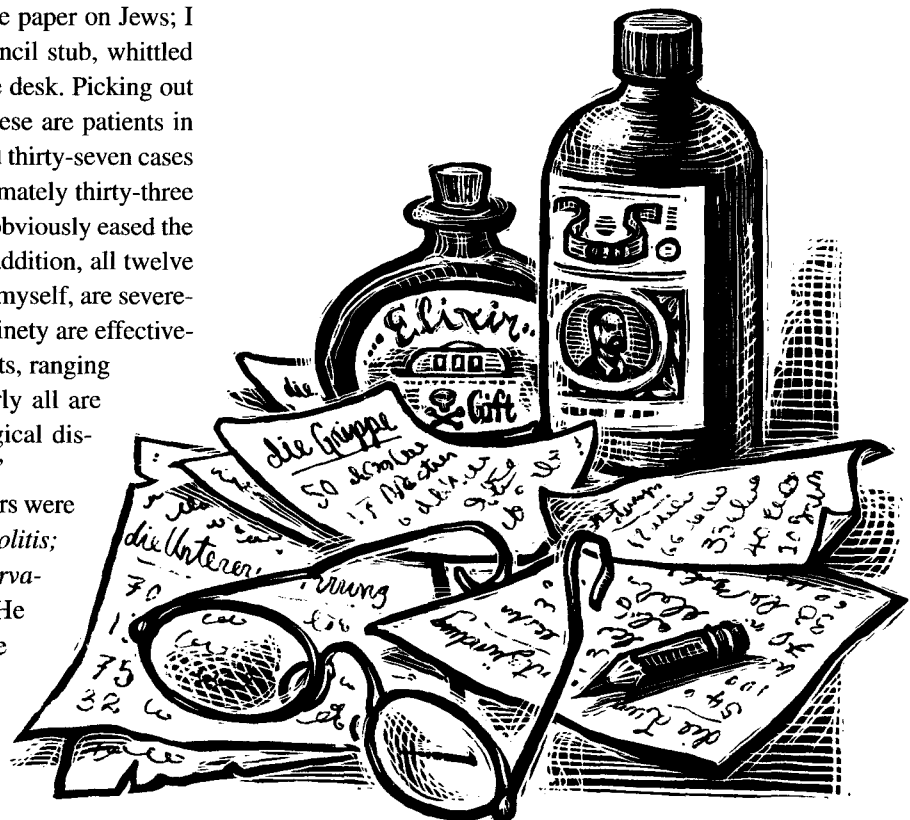
WHEN finally he raised his head, Niemann found Berlinger gazing at a framed photograph hanging on the wall over the desk. It was of a pair of identical-twin adolescent boys and, beside them, two men. One of the men was a younger Rudolph Niemann, grinning hugely and standing slightly behind and in the shadow of the other man, who, even in the photograph, seemed in total possession of himself and the others as well.

Niemann looked at it too—his proudest moment: selected by Josef Mengele, the other man in the photograph, to assist in that great doctor's genetic research. He looked at his young self; the grin had always struck him as strange, unnaturally large (he could not remember making it), and he always wondered if others noticed.

Berlinger studied the photo closely for some time, noticing the grin, but much more, perhaps.

"What happened to them?" Berlinger asked.

"To whom?"



"The boys. They are the Dimont twins, no?"

"Did you know of them?" Niemann asked, looking across the desk, longing for some common ground, even for this Jew's approval.

Berlinger nodded downward, finally placing his forehead in his big, bony hand. "I made the tragic mistake of introducing them to your friend there, and I expect they are dead now." Even closed, his eyes betrayed his anguish.

Niemann asked, with the unsure hope of revelation, "Jakob Berlinger?" Berlinger rocked his head affirmatively, eyes still closed. More than a decade of nurtured contempt melted away as Niemann stood, leaned over the desk, and with the first strength in his voice since before his capture, said, "Sir, I am deeply honored."

Berlinger did nothing to acknowledge him. After a pregnant moment Niemann continued, "Herr Doctor, I have read all of your texts, studied them. *Examination of Heredity in the Treatment of Blood Disorders* inspired me in my advanced studies!"

Berlinger slowly raised his head and looked sullenly at the wall. He gave a bitter, abridged laugh. "You cannot imagine . . . how deeply I wish I had never thought to write it." He traced his bony brow with a thumb and forefinger. "How foolish I was not to have imagined that science could be so misused, that theories—really nothing more than postula-

tions and questions—could be amputated from the facts that bore them and given a life of their own by politics and emotion. I am ashamed to say that it marked the death of medicine." Again his brow sank into his hands. His eyes clenched tightly to force back the tears that he was too dehydrated to produce. Silently his face turned red.

At last Berlinger raised his head. "The major is right. We don't have much time. We must . . . have a plan." The last words seemed to mark some sudden relief.

"Yes, a plan," Niemann said. "Inmates . . . people are sick, are . . . dying. Dysentery. Pneumonia. Malnourished. These, these must be checked, they will spread . . ." He suddenly realized upon how many tenuous lives his own depended, and on how few deaths. He examined himself in the photo on the wall. What had he to smile about?

THE plan was first to examine all the chronics individually, one at a time, and then to have a look at the others in small groups. Niemann noticed how thoroughly at ease patients were with Berlinger, how calmly they put themselves in his hands, and how those hands knew just where to touch, when to offer support, how much pressure to apply. No one choked when Berlinger depressed his tongue, or flinched when he probed the tender area above the genitals.

MOVING THE HIVE

The queen sleeps in my palm
through the forest.

Her workers are dark ribbons
that follow us

asking one thing.
Let her go let her go let her go.

They are black wool
covering my hands.

I wear them as a field
wears dust in the dry summer.

I wear them as the river
wears its speed.

Their wings—
I hear them as a house

closed for the season
hears its last voice.

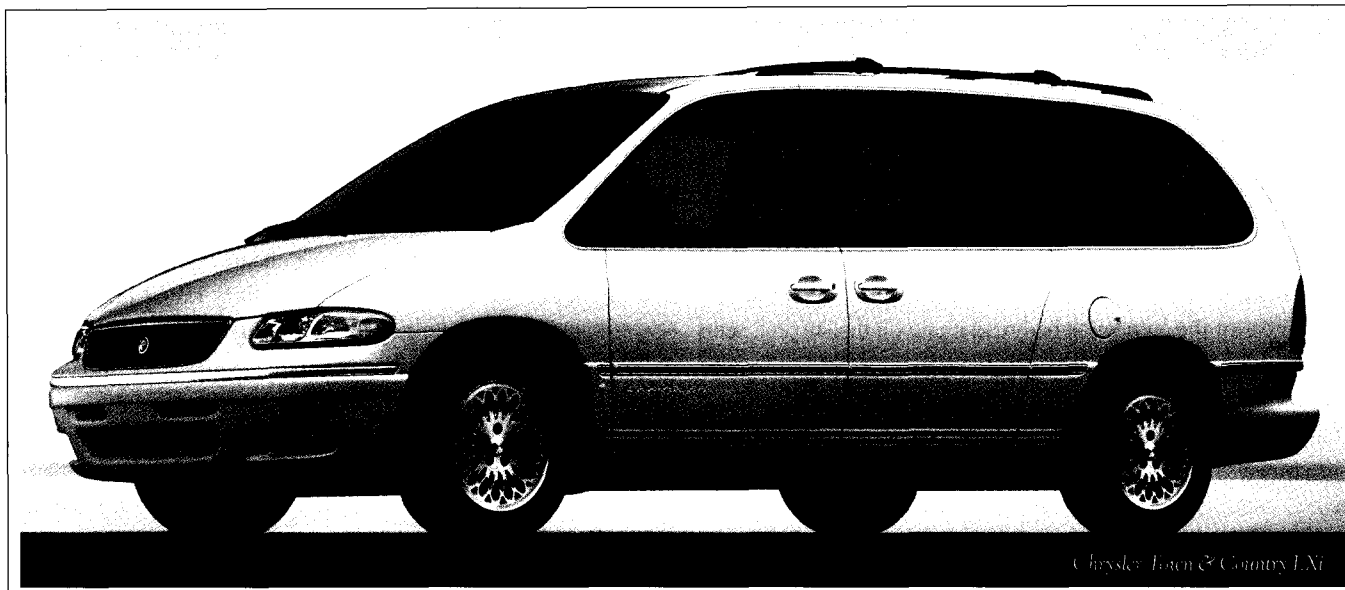
When I release her
and she stumbles

to the new cells
it is the future

I lock her in, another
meadow where again

bees fall like fire
on the exposed flowers.

—FRANK HUYLER



PERMIT US TO EXPAND UPON THE IDEA OF A LUXURY CAR.

The new Chrysler Town & Country LXi is proof that it truly is possible to make a luxury of necessity. The kind of vehicle you need has become the kind of vehicle you want.

Chrysler Town & Country LXi's interior pampers you and your passengers with fine leather-trimmed seating throughout. Dual zone temperature controls enable the driver and front passenger to establish personalized climate zones. Other seat positions have airflow outlets and, in the rear, there's a heater/air conditioning unit.



The interior design is finely finished with close attention to your serenity: We've put so much effort into noise reduction that you'll hear little more than your companions' conversation or the tones of the standard AM/FM/CD/cassette and ten-speaker Infinity Acoustic 10™ sound system. Dual front air bags†, ABS and a host of other safety measures will also help preserve your peace of mind.

Outside, Town & Country LXi is sculpted to please the

eye and slip the wind. It has a sleek .36 coefficient of drag. You'll also appreciate the convenience of a driver's side sliding door—the only such door on a minivan today.

Introducing The All-New Chrysler Town & Country

Of course, as a minivan, Chrysler Town & Country LXi boasts convenience and practicality beyond the aspirations of luxury

cars. Like storage space—pockets, drawers, bins, cup holders and cargo space—that sedans could only dream of. More passenger space than any luxury car short of a limousine. More cargo volume than any other minivan. Quad Command passenger bucket seats. And new removable Easy Out Roller Seats™ on wheels, with seatbacks that fold to form a flat surface.

Is Chrysler Town & Country LXi all things for all people? No, but with all the luxury and capability it offers, it could be all things for you. If you'll permit us to expand upon it a bit more, please call 1-800-4-A-CHRYSLER for more information.



CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY
The Ultimate

†Always wear your seat belt. Infinity Acoustic 10™ is a trademark of Infinity Sound Systems.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Niemann's patients were reluctant to have him touch them, and he recoiled at first, performing his examinations of the Jews distantly, as though poking at them with a stick. Niemann knew that the average weight for an inmate was some two-thirds that of a healthy person of the same proportions. And he knew that, on average, the fat and muscle content of inmates' bodies was less than half what it should be. He was well informed as to how the Jewish constitution faltered under the rigors of the camps; he had read much on the subject, seen it with his own eyes. But the first time he took a pulse, he was struck, even sickened, as he held the wrist—as broad as a mop handle, morbidly fluted with tendons, bones, and veins draped in colorless, tissue-paper-like skin—in his own pink, nourished hand. He was repeatedly mortified by the subtle details of emaciation: the pointiness of the bones, the shriveled gums, the thin, loose hair. His inmates had perfected an extreme economy of movement. If asked to lift an arm, they would allow him to do it for them and then let it fall, utterly limp. Niemann came to wonder what it was that kept these people alive at all; but alive they were, and people.

A woman he was examining seemed, at twenty-six kilograms, to be hardly alive. Berlinger had described to Niemann how many had for some time simply resigned themselves to death, and were confused, even angry, that they were now to live. He struggled to understand this as he carried the woman into the room. After placing her listless body on the examination table, he listened for her faint heartbeat. He had nearly gotten through the examination, without so much as a word or resistant motion from her, when he lifted her ragged shawl to inspect her genitals. Out of nowhere came a sharp blow to his temple. Niemann staggered back and saw the woman suddenly alive. Berlinger rushed to her side as she exclaimed in Yiddish, at the top of her brittle lungs, "The *Hund* has no respect for a lady!" Niemann watched as Berlinger completed the examination, saw how he spoke to the woman with a firm kindness, and asked her permission to examine her privates. When Berlinger helped her up, Niemann moved close to assist, and, having the patient turned back over to him, walked her out. Asking her forgiveness as he guided her toward the aide who would take her back, he tried to relax but not weaken his supportive embrace, to make his hands and arms firm but tender, shaping his strength and lending it to her weakness. As he carefully handed her over to the aide, she said, "*Danke.*" Niemann feigned a small cough to conceal an exuberant gasp, as a tingle rippled up through his body, moistening his eyes and forcing a smile.

DAYS and nights and weeks became a single blur to Niemann, who did what he was told—by Berlinger, by the major, by patients. Initially many refused his care, but Berlinger would soothe and humor them in Yiddish, and little by little they bared their bodies and answered Niemann's German questions. Their language was close to German,

Niemann thought—German with a melody. It was a sad language; or perhaps it was the circumstances. When, at around eleven o'clock one night, exhausted, Niemann asked, "Does this hurt?" in Yiddish, he was even more surprised than his patient. Berlinger and his patient looked up, and everyone—Niemann, too—shared a momentary smile.

The doctors worked hard to get ahead of the situation, and each day it seemed to deteriorate slightly less. Many people were actually relatively well, their bodies responding eagerly to nourishment, but only when that fact was authorized by a doctor did life seem to gain the upper hand. But each day people died, and Niemann constantly saw the pain of this fact in his colleague's face.

At Berlinger's suggestion, the major organized a sanitation squad among the inmates. Women laundered, repaired, and distributed clothes found stored in a barn. Men buried offal that had festered for months, dug new latrines, and turned over all the soil in the camp to sow the rampant bacteria back into the spring earth for forgiveness. No one complained, though some refused. From what Niemann had considered human detritus sprang candlemakers, fine cooks, divas, carpenters, card sharks; there was talk, gossip, banter—life as he had never known it in the camp before. Tentatively, some people called Niemann "Doctor."

By the end of two weeks or so, most of the inmates were healthier. Solids were staying down; color was returning to cheeks and strength to voices. Some of the chronic cases seemed to be in remission. People were restless, less exhausted. But Berlinger, conspicuously, didn't seem to improve. If anything, he seemed to have lost weight, and the look of pain still flashed over his face.

"Herr Doctor, you must rest," Niemann implored. "Things have improved, yes, but we still have much to do. You must eat and rest! We need for you to be well."

"Rudolph, you must do something for me tomorrow," Berlinger said late that night. "In town is a man, a German, a chemist. He makes for me a special formula. Before, one of the guards would take a bribe . . . But now, with the Americans . . . You must go and get it. It's a small vial, nothing."

Niemann was confused, and not at all sure that he wanted to do anything to anger the Americans. "How could I go, Herr Doctor? I am a prisoner. They—"

"You must, Rudolph," Berlinger said. "You—"

"They would not trust me," Niemann said. "Why should they? They think I will escape, and—"

"Are you going to escape, Rudolph? Do you think about escaping? Do you? Do you think you can?" The older man's eyes did not push for any answer beyond silence. "No, I didn't think so. Your place is here—more so than it has ever been. The major will let you go, and you will return."

Niemann looked at the older man. Yes, he decided, he would go if they would let him; he would do this. "Yes."

"You will need a small amount of money," Berlinger added. "I have none left from the sale of my wife's wedding ring."

"I have money! An account in town! Tell me how much, and—"

"Not much. Forty marks or so," Berlinger said. Just then his face tightened, and he clenched his bony fist.

"What, Herr Doctor? What is it?" Niemann pleaded.

"You must go to town in the morning, see Herr Schmidt," Berlinger said, and he got up and left.

THE major said, "You remember one thing, Doctor: I'm a man of my word, and I get very upset when people disappoint me. You'll be escorted by Corporal Simon here, who, aside from being good company, happens to be the battalion riflery champ. Don't give him a target. I'll see both of you back here at fourteen hundred hours."

The two men did not speak on the two-kilometer walk. The air smelled strangely sweet, reminding Niemann of something; he breathed deep, trying to inflate his memory, but it remained slippery, unreachable. When they arrived in town, Niemann felt as if he had been away much longer than two weeks, almost as if he had never really been there at all. Americans were everywhere. Niemann found the chemist.

"He is a great man, you know," the chemist said, after Niemann mentioned Berlinger's name, "but a Jew! Who would think that a Jew . . . ?"

"How much?"

"Forty marks," the chemist answered indignantly.

"I must go draw the money," Niemann said. "Go ahead and prepare the prescription."

As Niemann headed out the door, the chemist gave a little laugh and said, "I'll wait until I see the money."

Outside, Corporal Simon was nowhere to be found. After waiting for a couple of minutes, Niemann set off for the bank.

Walking the two blocks, in a town he had called his for four years now, he thought for an instant that he saw someone he recognized, but the man turned a corner without looking at Niemann.

He was not sure what to expect when he saw a pair of American soldiers in front of the bank.

"Where're you going, pal?" one of the soldiers asked as he moved to block Niemann.

"I'm . . . just going to do some business," the frightened Niemann replied.

"Uh-uh. Not here you're not," the other soldier said, pointing at a sign on the door that read CLOSED BY ORDER OF AMERICAN OCCUPATION FORCE COMMANDER, SECTOR H-16. Niemann stumbled back, his mind reeling in confusion and fear. His money? How would he get Berlinger's medicine?

NIEMANN shrank into the café seat, desperate for something familiar. Normally at midday the place was alive with the sounds of eating and drinking: clinking tableware, scraping chairs, the roar of just-concluded jokes, perhaps an accordion. The aroma of hearty German stew would stir the appetite as one entered. But now the café was somber. Townspeople ate meagerly and spoke in hushed, bitter tones. In one corner was a small crowd of American soldiers. Their brash American words and loud American laughter filled the room. Niemann found a small table, apart from either group.

"Just tea," Niemann said to the waiter, who seemed to have asked, though they both knew that coffee hadn't been available for months. Niemann didn't know what to do. With no money, he could buy no formula. With no formula for Berlinger, who knew what would happen? The doctor might denounce him to the major. Perhaps it was an American trick, or Jewish—or both. Yes, now that the inmates seemed to be getting better . . .

"Niemann. *Wie geht's?*?" said a familiar voice from behind Niemann's chair. He turned around to see who had spoken.

"Schlussel! What are you . . . ?" Niemann was shocked to see his former comrade, now dressed in a plain brown suit that was small on the burly guard.

"Shhh!" Schlussel warned, sitting down at the table. "Americans are all over the place."

"What are you doing here?" Niemann demanded. "What happened?"

"Most of the *Gruppe* is hiding in a little

house at the edge of town. We got out just in time, barely got all the files. As we were running, two of the dogs got out and attacked us. *Our own dogs!* Can you believe it?" Schlussel looked incredulously at Niemann, who watched him speak but had not heard a word.



"Why didn't . . .," Niemann began weakly.

"Most of us made it okay," Schlusel continued, "but the *Kommandant* . . . one of them nearly took his leg off. He's in terrible shape, Niemann. We have no medicine—maybe he has gangrene. The smell is terrible."

"What about me? Why didn't you wake me?"

"We tried, Niemann. But they were coming too fast! You must understand!" Schlusel's whisper became sharp-edged with duty. Then, placing his hand on Niemann's shoulder, he changed his tone. "But look, we've all made it, brother! You must help the *Kommandant*. He's been asking for you; he needs you. We are going to Switzerland. You, too!"

WALKING out with Schlusel, Niemann could not find the spring sweetness in the air. The odor of death—the thickness it caused, making everything about life heavier—became discernible as Niemann climbed to the cottage hayloft at the edge of town. He damned his pounding heart for causing him to inhale more than he wanted. And there he saw the men who had disappeared from his life. He remembered how hurt he had felt when he found them gone. Now this hurt more.

"Niemann! I don't believe it!" the *Kommandant* gushed.

"Ah, my boy, it's good to see you. We worried so that night. But I knew you would not let us down!" The stench was awful.

"You will come with us to Switzerland, yes!" the *Kommandant* said while Niemann probed the wound. "These Americans are barbarians. Some talk of the SS going on trial for war crimes. War crimes! Can you imagine such rubbish? They declare war on us, and *we* are accused of war crimes!"

"I'm going to have to cut," Niemann said, after examining the *Kommandant*. For the first time ever he looked the man straight in the eyes, feeling suddenly bold. "I'm going to have to get some things. In the meantime, someone here must boil some bandages. Find a very sharp knife, and a saw. Boil them, too, as well as you are able." He could almost taste the sweat forming on the *Kommandant*'s brow. "And get him good and drunk. I need some money for the chemist." Nobody moved, and so, looking him straight in the eyes again, Niemann took the *Kommandant*'s wallet out of his jacket pocket and removed forty marks.

JESUS, am I glad to see you!" Corporal Simon said upon seeing Niemann reapproach the chemist's. "I thought you had hightailed on me."

"When I stepped out of the shop, I didn't find you," Niemann said. "I went for a cup of tea."

"Yeah, well . . . next time, you just stay put till I find *you*," the relieved corporal said. "We'll just keep this mum, between you and me—*kapisch*?"

Niemann nodded and entered the chemist's. A few minutes later, with the small bottle in his pocket, he and the corporal started back to the camp.

They did not speak for most of the journey, and Niemann thought about how easily he could have escaped, could have simply melted into the town, hidden with the *Gruppe* in the barn. He could have performed some sort of crude operation on the *Kommandant* and been a hero, finally received the slaps on the back that he'd always hoped for. And then he could have escaped to Switzerland with his comrades.

"*Pfennig* for your thoughts," Simon interrupted, cheerfully bored.

"What?"

"It's an expression—you know, kind of a conversation starter."

"Oh, yes. Well, I was just sort of thinking, wondering, hypothetically." Niemann paused, and decided to continue. "What is more important to a man, loyalty or moral duty?"

Simon grunted amusedly. "Loyalty's for saps, Doc. You put your life on the line for a guy because you know when the time comes, he'll do it for you. That's your duty to you. Loyalty's just a ten-cent word for looking out for number one."

Niemann didn't respond. The two approached the gates of the camp.

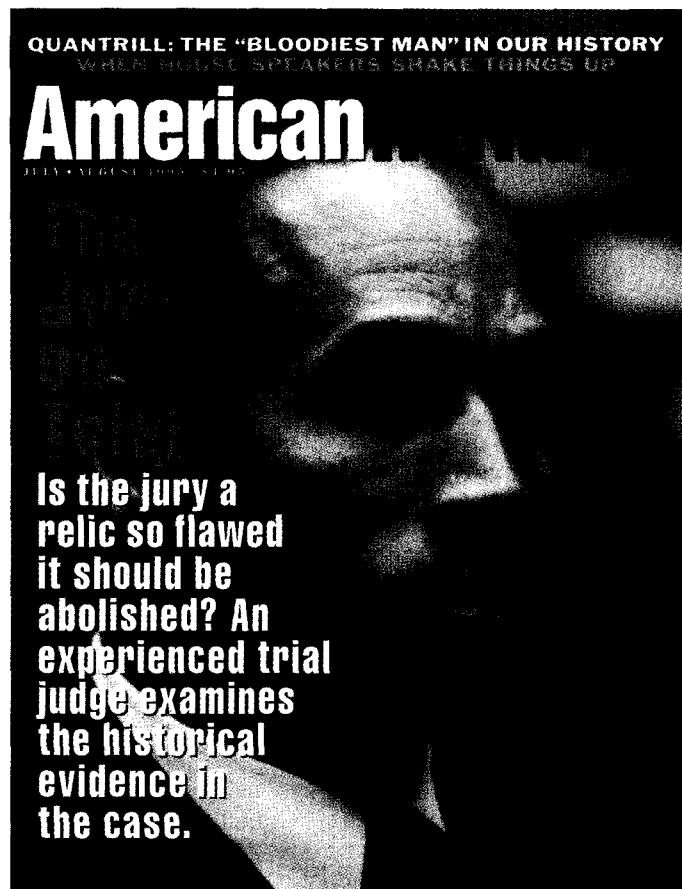
Before entering headquarters to check back in, Simon put his finger to his lips and winked at Niemann. "Remember, Doc, mum's the word."

"Yes! Yes, mum's the word," Niemann replied.

DID you get it?" Berlinger asked, as Niemann entered the office. Berlinger had been writing something, and now hastily stuffed it into his pocket. Niemann sat down but did not respond. He looked up at the photograph of the twins and Mengele and himself. He thought about what



They Call This Justice?



Is trial by jury the essential underpinning of justice or a relic so flawed it should be abolished? A new problem—hardly. As far back as 1771, John Adams said that a decision by jurors “would be not better than a Decision by Lott.” And while many people forget the lessons of the past, AMERICAN HERITAGE remembers. Eight times a year, we illuminate the past to shed new light on today’s issues. It’s called the Heritage Perspective, and over 300,000 of the nation’s most affluent and influential subscribers don’t find it anywhere else.

AmericanHeritage

Berlinger had said two weeks before: that the spry young boys in the picture were probably dead. Mengele, whom Niemann knew to be extraordinarily cunning, was undoubtedly alive; but the other man, grinning absurdly in the shadow—Niemann himself—where was he now?

"Rudolph. Did you get it?" Berlinger repeated anxiously. Niemann nodded, and felt for the vial in his pocket, not removing it.

"I want to know. . . I want to know why. . . As a physician, I demand to know what this is for," Niemann said, the relief of having spoken the words immediately drowned by his apprehension of the answer. But before Berlinger could answer, Niemann added gently, "I can help you."

Berlinger looked down at his hands. "It's not what you think. Please don't. . ."

"No, Doctor! I just risked my life for you! I know that may seem no more than ironic, after what you have been through. But I could easily have. . . I risked my life for you."

Berlinger brought his clasped hands to his lips and stared blankly at Niemann's chest, thinking. A wave of pain swept visibly over him, and when it appeared to recede, he raised his eyes—the eyes that seemed to understand so much about the world—and said, "I am in the terminal stages of stomach cancer."

Neither man spoke or moved. They just sat and stared at each other until Niemann became aware of his hand, sweating inside his pocket, clutching the small vial with all his strength. He pulled it out and went to the cabinet, where he chose the newest needle and assembled it in a syringe.

"How much?"

"Five cc," Berlinger replied. Niemann carefully drew the proper amount of liquid into the syringe, balanced it on the desk, and wet a small swab with alcohol.

"Where do you prefer, Herr Doctor?" he asked.

"The basilic vein should be fine, either arm."

Niemann unbuttoned Berlinger's cuff and rolled his shirt-

sleeve up the long, shriveled arm. He tied a length of bandage snugly around the upper arm, pressed tenderly around the hollow elbow pocket and found the vein, smoothly stroked the place with the alcohol swab, and injected the preparation. He had done this procedure thousands of times before, but for the first time he felt assured in his actions. The needle pierced the skin without the slight spring of resistance and subtle pop that indicated misapplication. He was doing it right; he had, for once, the touch that all the medical knowledge in the world could not teach.

"Thank you, Doctor," Berlinger said, as relief washed over his face.

As he cleaned the apparatus, Niemann spoke tentatively. "Surely we can do something. I can operate, excise the malignancy—at least give you some time."

"No, Rudolph, there is nothing to do."

Niemann sat for a moment, knowing what he wanted to say but not how to say it. He looked at the photograph on the wall.

"There were operations. . . I participated in some of them," Niemann said, at once repulsed by what he had done and hopeful. "We removed organs, replaced them. . ." He felt sick to his stomach but forced himself to continue. "Eventually the patients died, mostly from infection. But with the new drugs, penicillin, we may be able to make it work."

"No, Rudolph," Berlinger said, his eyes meeting Niemann's. "I am not interested in living any longer than I must. Nothing is left for me." For the first time Niemann understood that for all their vast knowledge, their deep understanding, these eyes contained no hope. "My work has been thoroughly perverted, my family destroyed."

"But you must teach us again, make us understand—"

"I cannot teach them to unlearn, Rudolph. I watched them relish killing my son, and I myself no longer understand."

Niemann wanted to say something to convince him. But he could not. He took the old doctor's trembling hands and held them in his own.

"We must get back to work," Berlinger said. "No time." Niemann did as he was told.

Berlinger betrayed none of his sadness to the patients, and out of respect and professionalism, neither did Niemann.

The rest of the day was spent examining small groups, individual chronics, a man who had, in his fervor, worked too hard that day and collapsed. Niemann was grateful that people no longer recoiled from him as they had in the first several days. Some began to ask him questions, as though they considered him their doctor. One woman told him what beautiful hair she had once had, and wondered if she would ever get it back. He nearly told her he did not know, but caught himself and assured her she would; her face lit up at the thought.

Throughout the afternoon he thought



of Schlüssel and the *Gruppe* and the *Kommandant*, waiting for Niemann to return. Looking out the window, he tried to picture the camp as it had been only a few weeks earlier, with captains and lieutenants strutting about pridefully. But he could not.

Niemann accepted that they had been forever cut away from him. He thought again about the *Kommandant* lying there, slowly but surely dying, and considered that perhaps higher justice was taking its turn. Then he thought about Berlinger's condition, and wondered at the justice in that. He had once been convinced that he had joined the party for justice; that in struggling to establish a practice after leaving medical school, he had been justified in denouncing the old Jewish doctor in his home town; and that justice had prevailed when the old doctor's patients had turned to Niemann. He puzzled over how easily he had dispensed a commodity of which he now realized he had no grasp.

Justice was no longer, indeed had never truly been, Niemann's to mete out. The best he could do was to nurture it in his way, as a physician. He could not condemn the *Kommandant* to death, or Berlinger to life.

THE major, not looking up, asked, "Yes, Doctor, what can I do for you?"

"May I sit down?" Niemann asked. Still without looking up, the major gestured at the chair.

"I saw a man in town yesterday," Niemann said, "who needs my help very badly. I would like—"

"Who is it? What does he want?"

"He has a medical ailment," Niemann answered vaguely.

"He is a shopkeeper from the town. I attended him once, and he feels I know his ailment, and so would like—"

"—you to go and have another look at him, hmm?" the major said, interested enough now to look at Niemann. "Where does he live?"

"In a small farmhouse at the edge of town," Niemann answered. "I could go with several of your men, though he may want them to wait outside. But you have my word—"

"—that you'll fix him up and come back here, right?"

"Well, yes, exactly. Two or three hours, at most," Niemann said.

"And after that will you have to attend to him again?" the major asked.

"No, he is planning to leave the area with his family. As soon as he is recovered." Niemann felt that the major was going to consent.

"His name wouldn't happen to be Colonel Pfluger, would it?"

Niemann stared.

The major stood up and walked around the desk, behind Niemann.

"See, I only look stupid, Doc—it works pretty well," the major said, in a jovial tone that terrified Niemann.



"Corporal Simon didn't lose you yesterday, but your friends found you . . ."

"They are not my friends! I was only . . ."

"I know, you were only going to operate on the colonel."

"But it's the truth! Look, I came back," Niemann pleaded, his heart pounding. The major came up close behind Niemann and put his hand on Niemann's shoulder. Niemann broke into a cold sweat. His throat tightened.

"You know, Doc," the major continued, in the tone that seemed to Niemann the American's ultimate sarcasm, "I believe you. Simon told me about your little conversation on the way back. I don't think you're stupid enough to cross me."

Niemann turned around, incredulous. "You believe me?"

"If a man has earned the benefit of the doubt, I give it to him," the major said. "Like I said, I only look stupid."

"What about the colonel's leg?"

"Chopped above the knee, at a field hospital."

"Do they know about me?" Niemann asked.

"Don't see why they would," the major replied matter-of-factly. "A pacification unit took them. Intelligence just told them where to go. Why, you want to visit them now? I can't allow—"

"No! No," Niemann replied. "Not at all."

NIEMANN stayed up late that night with Berlinger in their office. On Berlinger's insistence they had kept detailed records regarding each of the patients, and had scientifically tracked the primary infectious and nutritional ailments—records that Berlinger felt might be useful in the future. The two were up later than usual, collating and arranging the information in files. Niemann felt this night was different.

"Are we finished, Doctor?" he asked Berlinger.

"The major asked if he could start transporting tomorrow," Berlinger said, not looking up from his work. "I feel they can travel; the care will be better in France. Unless you have objections?"

"No. No objections," Niemann said nervously. "It is time for them to move on. To start anew." For the first time in weeks he fretted for himself. "I have tried as best I could."

"Yes, you have." Berlinger lifted his pencil and looked up at the younger man. "I am deeply grateful. So are they."

"Thank you. But what about the major? I am still his prisoner. Does he think that I . . . ?" Niemann asked, trying to evade the grip of fear.

"I don't see how he could not," Berlinger responded, with an assurance that soothed Niemann but could not convince him. He tried to think of something else.

"How old was your son?"

Berlinger sat back in his chair and drew a deep breath. "Josef was about your age. He would be thirty-four."

"Was he also a physician?"

"Yes. I was very proud of him," Berlinger said, staring at nothing. "I wanted to practice with him, but he wanted to try on his own, to get out of my shadow."

"A shadow to some is a beacon to others."

Berlinger looked up at Niemann, and a faint smile curled his lips. "Yes, I suppose it is." The two men sat looking at each other for a few more moments. Then Berlinger arose and said, "Good night, Doctor." As he passed by Niemann, he stopped and put his bony hand on Niemann's shoulder. "I will make sure he knows."

Niemann raised his hand across his chest, placing it tenderly atop the old man's. After a moment Berlinger withdrew his and left, leaving Niemann to sit by himself. As Niemann rose to leave, he came level with the photograph on the wall, and drew close to it. The boys were dead, and cunning Mengele just as certainly alive. He looked closely at the other man, screaming through clenched teeth, and decided to let that Rudolph Niemann disappear into the shadows. He removed the picture from its frame, tore it into pieces, and burned them in a dish.

Niemann was anxious but exhausted, and fell asleep quickly that night. He dreamed he was in a courtroom, bound by chains. Facing him were six gaunt pairs of identical twins. The clothes fell off each pair in turn to reveal identical gruesome scars coursing and stretching over their bodies; then each pair pointed in tandem at Niemann. Niemann saw Mengele in the back of the courtroom, free, in disguise. He struggled against his chains to point to Mengele, and some people looked where he was pointing, but Mengele had vanished.

Niemann awoke. Outside were dozens of trucks, and people swarming around them, hugging, laughing, crying, even dancing. Niemann stepped outside, looking for Berlinger. He was surprised not to see him with the others; he wondered where he was, if he felt all right. Niemann started toward his office. But halfway across the compound a soldier stopped him.

"The major would like a word with you."

"Where is Dr. Berlinger?"

"The major wants to see you now," the soldier replied.

In the office the major was standing beside the window, looking out at the activity in the compound. "It's really quite something, what you and the doctor have done here. I'd like to thank you."

"Have you seen Dr. Berlinger?" Niemann inquired anxiously. "Is he to leave with the others?"

The major paused before answering. "No, Dr. Berlinger has—already left."

"What do you mean? Without telling me?" Niemann was puzzled by the look on the major's face; he read the sadness, yet continued weakly, half hoping against what he half knew. "Without saying good-bye?" Niemann sat down.

"He injected himself with a fatal dose of morphine late last night." The major turned to Niemann. "Do you know why he would do that, Doctor?"

Niemann tried to choke back tears. "I wanted to save him," he said, sobbing. "But he couldn't be cured." And then he chose not to fight the tears, and let them come. The major was silent as the doctor cried tears of sorrow, of loneliness, and of shame.

From outside, the yelling, laughter, and crying reached in to Niemann, and lent him the strength to regain his composure. He lifted his head again to face the major.

"He left this for you." The major pulled an envelope out of his drawer, tossed it onto the desk in front of Niemann, and sat down expectantly.

Niemann opened it and carefully removed the contents: some documents and a passport belonging to Josef Berlinger.

He flipped through the passport and found that the picture had been removed but the identifying description—blue eyes, dark hair, six feet, age thirty-four—seemed roughly to fit Niemann himself. With it were several wartime identification papers, all for Josef Berlinger, stamped "*Jude*."

Niemann looked up at the major and placed the documents on his desk. The major slowly picked up each document, studied it, and then folded it. After examining them all, he took the passport, studied each page, and set it on the desk with the documents. The two men sat silently, focusing on Berlinger's legacy.

At last the major pulled Niemann's wallet and identification out of the desk, opening to the page with Niemann's photograph. Looking up at Niemann, he said, "It's a very good likeness." After regarding it for a moment, he carefully tore out the picture and inserted it into the younger Berlinger's passport. Then he gathered up the documents and slid them back into the envelope with the passport. Arising from behind the desk, he circled it and stood before Niemann. After a moment he tucked the envelope into Niemann's breast pocket. ☽





Cosmic Chants

*Roaring like some titanic flywheel,
Carmina Burana has drowned out the rest of
Carl Orff's creations*

O FORTUNA! "O Fortune! Like the moon! Ever changing!" Carl Orff's reeling two-and-a-half-minute apostrophe

is always with us:

in commercials, at rock and sports events, on the soundtracks of movies—not to mention at the start and finish of the sixty-plus currently available recordings and all the myriad

by **Matthew Gurewitsch**

annual concert performances of the gaudy, intoxicating, mock-medieval cantata *Carmina Burana*, first performed in 1937.

Thirteen years after Orff's death, in this, the centennial year of his birth, lawyers for his estate have their hands full dealing with the likes of Michael Jackson and sports figures, who use "O Fortuna"

as entrance music but without first asking permission. Like "Happy Birthday" and Beethoven's "Ode to Joy," "O Fortuna" seems to belong to everyone. Very much unlike the homespun "Happy Birthday," however, which we (erroneously) think of as humbly anonymous, and still more unlike the Beethoven, which bears the fiery stamp of its creator, Orff's chorus seems to transcend period, place, authorship, even meaning. Part paean, part lament, it purrs and roars like some titanic flywheel. This is chant the cosmos might sing to itself, as impersonal as a landslide or a tidal wave. The din it makes has all but obliterated its maker.

Nevertheless, the legacy of Carl Orff, a lifelong citizen of Munich, bears exploring. As the millennium approaches, he looks very much a prophet. Long before the early-music craze, Orff was investigating Monteverdi and dusting off ancient instruments. Long before Steve Reich or Terry Riley, Orff was pioneering minimalism. Long before the Monks of Silos topped the pop charts with chant, Orff was writing monodies that follow chant's shapes and cadences. Like such acknowledged giants as Stravinsky, Bartók, and Boulez, Orff unlocked new worlds of barbarous and exquisite sound with ever-expanding batteries of exotic percussion. (His use of an orchestra composed only of pianos and massed percussion pre-dates Stravinsky's *Les Noces*.) A mystical streak links him to the improbably fashionable Arvo Pärt and Henryk Górecki. His vision of ritual theater connects to the practice of Robert Wilson. What loomed large for Orff looms large for us.

O RFF was never a musician in any absolutist sense. His ideal was the Greeks' *mousikē technē*, the "art of the Muses," in which the individual disciplines we think of as music, dance, mime, and poetry are not so much integrated as consubstantial—arising from a single core of expression and striking the spectator in one thunderbolt.

A tale from Orff's childhood shows that these ideas were no abstract propositions. For the seventieth birthday of his beloved grandfather General Carl von Orff, Carl, age three, decided to write and recite an original poem. But at the party

he forgot every word. "I could have wept," Orff wrote much later,

but to cry in front of grandfather—that I did not want to do. So I grabbed his trouser legs and shook them with all my might, like a plum tree. Everybody laughed, but my grandfather did not laugh. He bent down to me and said, "Thank you. I understand very well what you wanted to say."

All Orff's major works (including *Carmina Burana*) were conceived for the theater. In theory, the sound component stood on no higher footing than such other elements as choreography and decor. Can Orff's music properly be judged on its own, then? We have no choice. As Orff knew, music that cannot be cut free from the stage does not last on the stage either; it is tossed out with the next change of fashion. In his lifetime, before the advent of video, all his scores were recorded for the phonograph—most, if not all, in his presence, to be released with his imprimatur.

From the first, Orff worked more with rhythm and timbre than with melody and harmony. Polyphony was not on his agenda, nor was the abstract drama that is inherent in such forms as fugue and sonata. As time went on, Orff's leanings grew more exclusive and pronounced. What hovers in memory after a performance of Orff will never be an aria. It may be a sonority, as delicate as those that accompany the heroine of his one-act opera *Die Kluge* (*The Clever Woman*), like frost-etched flowers on a moonlit window; or as tremendous as the clangor in the opening scene of his *Prometheus* (a setting of the ancient Greek tragedy), like the approach of a robot army. It may be a rhythm: for instance, the somber, doom-struck tango beat that underlies the heroine's last monologue in *Antigone* (after Sophocles). Or it may be a piercing cry, like those of Io, in *Prometheus*, tormented by the vengeful Hera's gadfly. The signature elements of Orff's vocabulary are, on the one hand, unadorned raw materials and, on the other, expressive devices pushed to extremes—"fundamental" and "pyramidal," one commentator has called them.

Two of Orff's favorite markings for his massed pianos and percussion are *martellato* ("hammered") and *martellatissimo* ("hammered as hard as possible")—a sure recipe for migraine. (As a child, he once fetched a mallet from the kitchen

and went straight to the keyboard.) A favorite marking for his sopranos is *dolcissimo* ("supremely sweet"), usually applied to long, stratospheric notes that the singer is hard pressed to deliver at all. The first page of his *Ædipus der Tyrann* consists of six lines in which the protagonist hovers for seventy-nine syllables on the single note C, executes an undulating melisma of twenty notes on the first syllable of his name, and concludes with four more syllables on C. The accompaniment for this passage is one lone touch of the cymbals, pianissimo.

Ear-splitting cataclysms lie ahead; the "instrumentarium" (Orff does not call it an orchestra) includes six pianos, four harps, mandolin, celesta, glass harp, nine double basses, six flutes (doubling piccolo and alto flute), six oboes, six trombones, one organ, five to six kettle drums, and a percussion section staffed by twelve to eighteen players on two dozen noisemakers from triangle and castanets to xylophones and tubular bells. In addition, Orff required a backstage band of eight trumpets and several gongs. As for the dialogue, it switches abruptly from monotone and rhythmic speech to speech without prescribed rhythm and jagged expressionistic outbursts that shoot across intervals an octave and a half apart, spanning as much as two full octaves in two little bars.

EXCLUDING the voluminous early work that Orff directed his publisher to pulp after the overnight success of *Carmina Burana*, the canon runs to more than a dozen major works. Two, *Catulli Carmina* (*Songs of Catullus*, 1943) and *Trionfo di Afrodite* (*The Triumph of Aphrodite*, 1953), form a full-evening triptych with *Carmina Burana*. *Trionfi* (*Triumphs*), as Orff called the composite work, alluding to allegorical spectacles of the Renaissance, strikes me as a failure. The sections differ in technicalities, but all are cut from the same ecstatic cloth. Unlike *Carmina Burana*, though, with what one writer has called its "musical woodcuts," the sequels have no good tunes.

Nor can I recommend the four-part Bavarian cycle *Bairisches Welttheater*, consisting of a nativity play (1960); a play on the Resurrection (1956); the anti-authoritarian farce *Astutuli* (1953), along the lines of "The Emperor's New Clothes"; and *Die Bernauerin* (*The Tragedy of Agnes Bernauer*, 1947), the bizarre histo-

Cool It!

The Raffia

The perfect solution for summer shade: a natural-hued raffia

straw with a braided straw hat band. The absorbent, elasticized sweatband ensures cool, comfortable fit. One size fits most.

\$29.95

Return to Romance

A summery favorite in natural-hued raffia straw. The wide brim provides

\$29.95



GET THE NECKWEAR OF THE WEST.

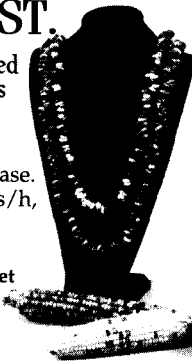
Authentic Multicolored Indian Corn Necklaces from Cochiti, NM.

Single colors available; catalog FREE w/purchase. \$14.50 each plus \$2.50 s/h, or two for \$25.

Check or money order to:

Georgina's Indian Market
P.O. Box 25205,
Phoenix, AZ 85002

(in AZ, add 6.7% sales tax.)
Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



Original prints by Goeneutte, Müller, Rivière, Tissot, Villon, Toulouse-Lautrec & many others.

WATERMARKS
19TH & 20TH CENTURY
ORIGINAL WORKS ON PAPER

Catalogue, Watermarks Gallery, 2000 Fearington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312.
Telephone 919-542-0000 or Facsimile 919-542-4202.

HIMALAYA

EVEREST · TIBET · LADAKH · K2 · MUSTANG · BHUTAN
DOLPO · SPITI · MANASLU · KAILAS · AND MORE

Walk in small groups to unspoiled places hidden in the world's highest mountains. Live in pure culture. Walk back. CALL 1-800-525-TREK FOR A FREE CATALOG.

SNOWLION

ry of a virtuous bath attendant who is brutally put to death for marrying the local duke and presuming to become a duchess. These are uneasy hybrids: stilted spoken plays—the texts are Orff's own—periodically interrupted by a lick of music or a choral interlude. *Die Bernauerin* returns every summer for open-air performances in Augsburg, where the action begins. No doubt it makes a good show, building to a ne plus ultra of mass hysteria as a speaking chorus of male witches narrates the murder (a recording is available on CD on the Orfeo label). But Orff passed judgment, however unwittingly, on the music of the entire *Bairisches Welttheater* when he gave readings and recorded all the pieces solo, without a single music cue.

Of great appeal, though, are two one-act operas, again to Orff's own scripts: *Die Kluge* (1943) and its predecessor *Der Mond* (*The Moon*, 1939), both based on folktales. (They are packaged together in recent CD reissues from EMI and Berlin Classics.) This is music theater any child can understand, yet it may leave parents pleasingly puzzled. Both works have the quality of a dream, at once enigmatic and crystal clear. *Die Kluge* tells the tale of a farmer's clever daughter who solves a tyrant's riddles and wins his heart. *Der Mond* concerns four rascals who steal the moon, with tumultuous consequences on earth and beyond the grave. In a detailed synopsis the stories seem thrown off course by a subplot here, a red herring there. But the lyrics have the swift, sure clarity of Brecht's parables, and the scores boast Orff's last flowering of catchy songs, with hints of Weill at his bounciest.

Sensitive antennae may also pick up snatches of Brahms, glee-club tunes, Johann Strauss, Paganini—even a wisp of Mahler. Another influence is at work too: Shakespeare's. From 1917 to 1962 Orff reworked a musical arrangement of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* no fewer than six times; the bumpkins of Shakespeare's comedy are patently the models for Orff's wily, naive, and rambunctious rascals. Yet nothing in any of these works feels secondhand. All is refracted through Orff's musical and theatrical prism of extremes and fundamentals.

ORFF responded vividly to the new (Mussorgsky, Debussy, and Richard Strauss, though not Schoenberg), but never considered himself a modern. He thirst-

ed for the pure waters of the wellsprings. In song, that meant going back to the seventeenth-century master Claudio Monteverdi. A daring attempt to revive the opera *Orfeo* in Mannheim in 1925, with an orchestra partly composed of original instruments, met with contempt, but Orff's devotion to Monteverdi's flexible, purely expressive style never wavered. After his first Monteverdi experiment—he called it *Orpheus*—Orff also produced the arrangements *Klage der Ariadne* (*Ariadne's Lament*, from Monteverdi's *Lamento d'Arianna*) and *Tanz der Spröden* (*Dance of the Merciless Beauties*, from *Il Ballo delle Ingrate*), grouping them with *Orpheus* into the triple bill *Lamenti* (1958, lately available on Acanta).

The adaptations are notably free. For one thing, they are in German, and the conversational yet excited tone of the Italian gives way in translation to an air far more meditative and abstract. For another, they are abbreviated, quite radically, often to great dramatic advantage. The instrumentation of *Lamenti* may sound too heavy to our "historically informed" ears: we expect Monteverdi's lines to sound like recitation, but Orff's treatment gives them a symphonic flow. Truth to tell, *Lamenti* is no longer Monteverdi; it is art composed of art. Orff has taken possession.

Apart from Shakespeare and Monteverdi, Orff's great font of inspiration was antiquity. In his most ambitious and quixotic project of all, Orff produced unabridged settings of Sophocles' *Antigonæ* (1949) and *Ædipus Tyrannos* (1959) and the *Prometheus* doubtfully ascribed to Aeschylus (1968). As a coda, in a summation of all the musical, dramatic, philosophical, and spiritual concerns that had shaped his life, he devised *De temporum fine comædia* (*Play of the End of Time*, 1973), which begins in dire incantation, builds to the rehabilitation of the fallen Lucifer, and ends in one of Orff's exceedingly rare passages for instruments alone: a four-part canon for violas. Like everything else Orff wrote, the canon builds on a foundation of thought couched in words. Its musical material derives from Bach's cantata to the text "*Vor deinen Thron tret ich hiermit*" ("Now I step before thy throne"). It is somehow moving to know that this austere and lovely closing was written not at the end of Orff's career but at the very beginning: Orff had worked it out by the mid-1930s, well before *Carmina Burana*.

FOR Orff, language was a sacred thing. He believed that words must have the authority of direct utterance, and so his usual practice was to set texts in the original. But for the Sophocles he turned to translations into German by the great Romantic poet Friedrich Hölderlin, who mimicked the original Greek with breathtaking disdain for accepted German usage, creating in effect a language within a language.

This is text a reader or a listener (or a performer) is meant to crack his skull against. Later Orff sought out idioms still more arcane: for *Prometheus*, the original Greek, which neither cast, conductor, nor audience would be expected to know; for *De temporum fine* a patchwork of Sybilline prophecies, Orphic hymns, and medieval rites of exorcism in ancient Greek and Latin, relieved toward the end by passages in modern German.

How much of these craggy, monstrous masterpieces does a spectator need to understand? Tolerance for opaque incantation is high these days. Philip Glass's audiences think nothing of sitting through operas in Sanskrit. With the bit of textual help provided in the liner notes for the CD reissue of Herbert von Karajan's recording of *De temporum fine* on Deutsche Grammophon, Orff's soundscapes will stun a listener who cannot follow the words into the right state of mind to receive the mystic message.

The tragedies are another affair. When heard on a recording, the vocal lines and instrumental fabric, bereft of theatrical trappings, convey the urgent rage and terror of primal confrontation. But without a translated text to follow, one misses the moral and spiritual conflicts that give the tragedies an undying claim on mankind's attention: *Ædipus'* self-destructive quest for self-knowledge, *Antigonæ's* selfless piety to the dead. Without line-by-line understanding of the dialogue, an enactment on the stage is also insufficient. The actions whose import would be manifest to the eye take place offstage or belong to the remote past. The stage, like a court of law, is a place of argument. Absent an ability to follow the ideas, there is nothing to keep listening for.

Reissues on CD of generally enthralling studio recordings of both *Antigonæ* and *Ædipus der Tyrann* (Deutsche Grammophon) offer far clearer instrumental detail but some unfortunate inconsisten-

cies in casting—and no libretti. The white-hot live recording on the Stradivarius label of *Antigone*'s world premiere does supply the text, but in German only and without indicating the heavy cuts.

The lack of proper supporting literature for material this difficult is a scandal, though in the case of the Deutsche Grammophon recordings, which are uncut, one can make do with any reasonably faithful translation of the plays from the original Greek. This is how listeners without Greek will need to follow *Prometheus* also, though few will want to. Revolving around bewildering prophecies and clashes of immortals, it is the least accessible of the tragedies. (The recording on Acanta provides translations into German and English.)

If the barriers to appreciation of any of Orff's tragedies are high, in my view the rewards repay the effort. The sense of high seriousness, the passion, the archaic clarity, the hallucinatory focus of intention, the absence of intrusive, merely personal affect—all these combine to create what feels not like some arbitrary take on Greek tragedy but like Greek tragedy unmediated.

REPUTATIONS rise and fall, of course ("O Fortuna!"). Still, it is strange that Orff is not better remembered. In life he was a figure of consequence. After establishing his fame at age forty-two with *Carmina Burana*, Orff associated with artists of the top echelon. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Fritz Wunderlich, and Christa Ludwig sang his music. Herbert von Karajan conducted two of his world premieres. The visionary director Wieland Wagner staged *Antigone* and contemplated presenting it at the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth, that holy of holies reserved for the works of Wieland's grandfather Richard. *Die Kluge* was translated into thirteen languages, including Japanese; in San Francisco the young Leontyne Price took the title role.

If such associations could not save Orff's works from posthumous oblivion, his lasting influence as a teacher might have been expected to. The Schulwerk, an inventive program of elementary aesthetic education that Orff developed with the dance teacher and gymnast Dorothee Günther in the school they co-founded in Munich, has won legions of disciples around the globe. Today there are more

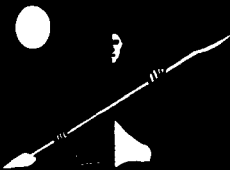
than 5,000 certified teachers in the United States alone. The Schulwerk materials have been translated into eighteen languages, integrating the traditional music and folklore of each country where the program is used. In the original German (available on six CDs from BMG/RCA Victor Gold Seal) the Schulwerk begins with nursery rhymes and ends with lines of Goethe. It is the students' voices and movement that must give the verse life.

The educational materials were integral to Orff's creativity; Orff frequently mined the "building blocks" for his compositions from his Schulwerk "quarry." All the same, the thousands upon thousands of Orffians around the world—potentially a ready-made mass audience—pay the master's theater no more mind than does anyone else. In German-speaking lands *Die Kluge* and *Der Mond* hang on at the outermost fringe of the active repertoire. Other than these and *Die Bernauerin*, with its annual Augsburg performance, the Orff repertoire has effectively disappeared.

True, the centennial year is witnessing a handful of widely scattered revivals: in provincial Weilheim, for instance, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; in Munich, the tremendous *Prometheus*, mounted this time, rather incongruously, as a puppet show. The principal order of the day remains that clutch of lusty, rowdy, and amorous lyrics in medieval Latin, German, and French between the rocking bookends of "O Fortuna." But everyone everywhere is performing *Carmina Burana* all the time. Would it be possible to "celebrate" Bizet with *Carmen*?

ICLOSE in the consciousness of a large omission. Say "Carl Orff," and certain members of the thought police shout "Nazi!" I have not studied Orff's biography in depth, but bits and pieces I have come across are suggestive. Orff came from a family of military men and academics both prosperous and prominent; his own military experience was limited to a brief, traumatic tour of duty in the First World War. *Astutuli*, conceived as an attack on Hitler, was completed in 1945 but not performed until 1953, the fall of the Reich having rendered it, for the interim, painfully redundant. The most haunting clue may be a photograph of Carl, age three, holding a tin drum. ☼

SEA KAYAK ADVENTURES



Experience the magic of Maine's Island Wilderness!

H₂OUTFITTERS

PO Box 72 • Orr's Island, ME • 04066
(800) • 20KAYAK



Out of Africa

Years ago, these mystical safari bracelets were woven from the tail hair of elephants. Now, we make them by hand with great care from gold and silver. The 4 knots slide to adjust. Please specify Regular or X-Large.

14K Gold.....\$695. ⁰⁰	Send check or money order
Sterling Silver with 14K Gold Knots.....\$219. ⁰⁰	to: Pendragon's
Sterling Silver.....\$129. ⁰⁰	P.O. Box 411
Copper.....\$79. ⁰⁰	Whitehouse, NJ 08888

Visa, MC—call: 1-800-473-3011
Immediate refund if not completely satisfied. NJ residents add 6% sales tax.

BOOKS ON TAPE

World's Largest Selection Unabridged Audio Books



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

LONDON FLATS

Finest Standard

THE LONDON CONNECTION

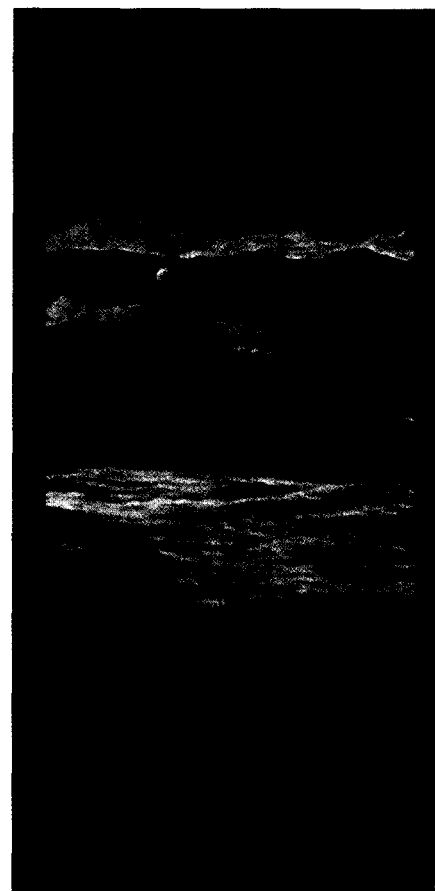
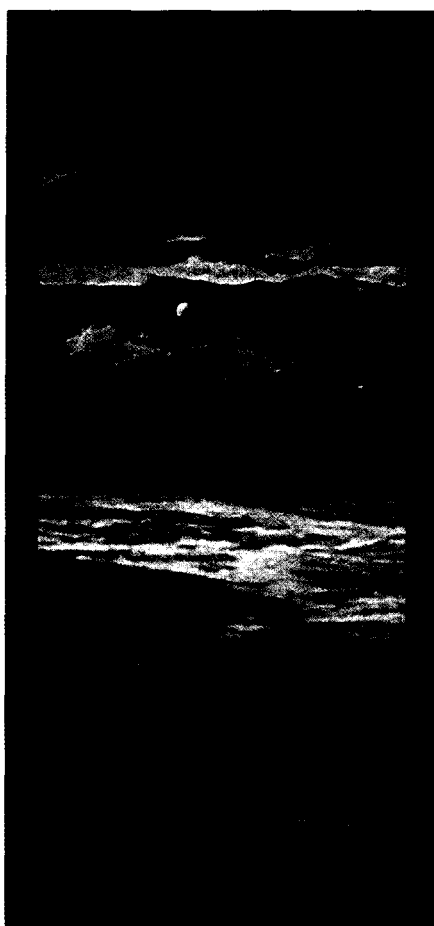
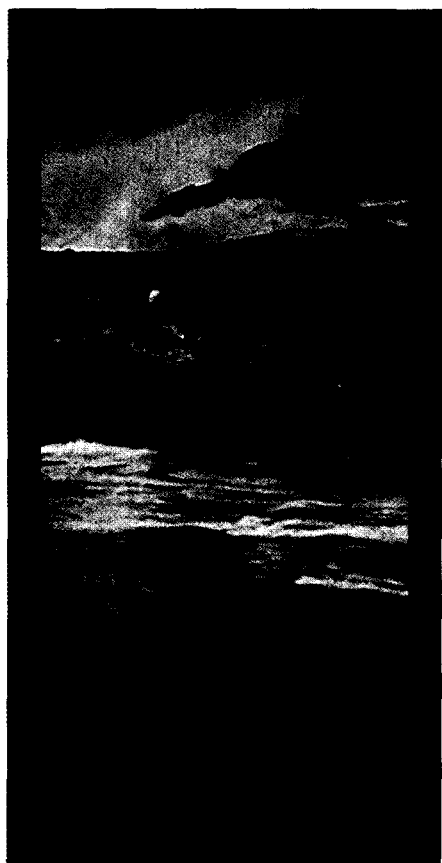
Phone: 801-393-9120 Fax: 801-393-3024

Earn up to \$30,000 a year as an assistant to court reporters. Work at home or in a legal office!



No previous experience needed. Court reporters need assistants. So if you type, or can learn, we can train you at home in just four months. Be ready to work typing court testimony from notes of court reporters. Get free facts! Call 1-800-593-0100...or write At-Home Professions, 2001 Lowe St., Dept. GTL85, Fort Collins, CO 80525.

L092



Gale-Force Kayaking

Into the "vast acreage" with a storm-sea skier

THE northwest wind, steady at sixty miles an hour, lashes the seaward windowpanes of Elk, California, with freezing rain. It is three hours before dusk on a day in the middle of January. Steve Sinclair appears at the end of a dirt lane, looks carefully for traffic, and wheels his surf-ski—a high-performance cousin to the kayak—across the two lanes of Route One. He wears a black wet suit and an orange kayaking helmet with a yellow visor duct-taped to its brim.

White-hulled, blue-decked, as sleek as a torpedo, the nineteen-foot vessel is

strapped to a plywood rickshaw. Originally designed in Australia for surf rescues, the surf-ski handles nimbly in a gale. In his model, called the Odyssey Ski, Sinclair once pursued and overtook a seventy-three-foot schooner five miles from shore. The schooner was under full sail in a forty-mile-an-hour wind.

Sinclair directs the craft from the stern like a cannon, trundling down the rutted path to the sand beach of Greenwood Cove. He leaves the rickshaw high amid the driftwood. With the fifty-eight-pound boat under his arm, he studies the surf

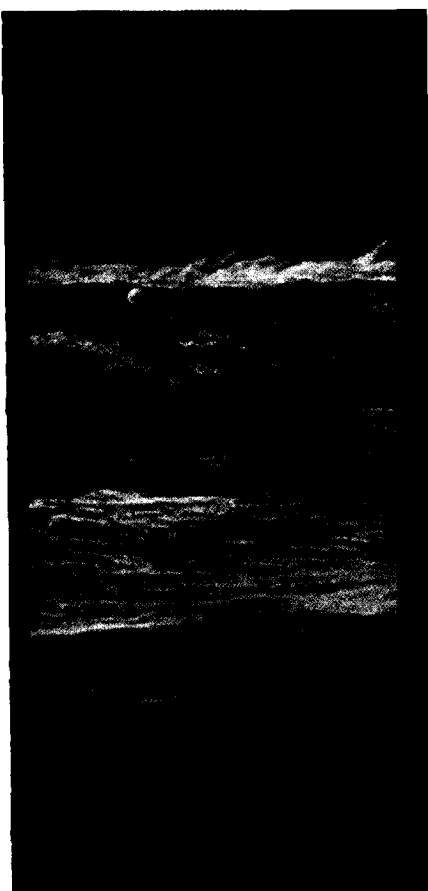
line through the rain. Fifteen-foot waves break upon the shore.

Timing his entry precisely, Sinclair raises the Odyssey Ski above his head and charges into the surf. The next wave breaks at his feet and explodes into foam. Sinclair throws his craft upon the broken back of the wave and vaults aboard. He is six foot three and weighs 230 pounds. With long, powerful strokes of his paddle he drives into the next wave. He sweeps up the face and punches through the wave's roof just before it closes above him.

Sinclair breaks seven lines of fifteen- to twenty-foot surf before passing Gundersen Rock, a 120-foot pyramid of battered graywacke, or "dirty sandstone," a quarter mile offshore. The swells beyond Gundersen are mountainous. Manes of spray trail from their crests.

The wind makes the sound of sheet metal being torn into strips. It lifts so much water into the air that the division between sea and atmosphere is often lost. To breathe, Sinclair must purse his lips

by **Andrew Todhunter**



and filter the air from the froth. Near and in the distance loom massive logs, some disgorged from Greenwood Creek, behind him, others drifting with the storm from estuaries to the north. This flotsam rolls through the waves, waterlogged and bobbing vertically, or set like pikes in the breaking faces.

THE sanity of Steve Sinclair, the founder of a sport known as storm-sea skiing, has been called into question by some. That is perhaps an understandable reaction to someone who willingly ventures into the Pacific in a sliver of fiberglass during a winter storm, when gale-force winds hurl mountainsides of ocean at the rocky cliffs of Elk with enough velocity and mass to break up a destroyer.

Sinclair, naturally, sees things somewhat differently. Paddling in a hurricane is fun—and also an excellent workout. Storm-sea skiing has also resulted in an adaptation of techniques and equipment which, if they are properly applied, could greatly increase the safety of ordinary sea kayaking.

Sinclair argues that the vast majority of sea-kayaking schools fail to prepare students for the conditions they may face if

they enter the ocean. This is no small point. Although the number of sea kayakers in North America is hard to determine, the sport is growing fast. Every month Neil Wiesner-Hanks, the executive director of the Trade Association of Sea Kayaking (TASK), hears from five to ten new companies in the United States and Canada that are offering sea-kayaking instruction, equipment, or tours. One recent estimate puts the number of North American participants in all paddle water sports—including canoeing and white-water rafting along with river and sea kayaking—at 14 million. The new sea kayakers among them, Sinclair says, are often trained on flat or nearly flat water, and are sold kayaks not suited to an open coast.

This might be justifiable if inexperienced paddlers never left the confines of a sheltered sound or bay. But neophytes are often left with the belief that they are sea kayakers in the literal sense of the term. This is bad for the industry and worse for the kayakers who go out off a windless beach only to find themselves caught in a sudden storm—with the wrong craft, inadequate experience, and poor skills.

A surfer, lifeguard, and water-polo player in his southern-California youth, Sinclair, who is forty-three, moved to northern California in 1976. He lives in the redwood forest east of Elk with his wife, Connie, a former competitive swimmer, and their three children. Sinclair runs a paddling school and guide service in Elk called Force Ten, which offers intensive two-day seminars in ocean kayaking at all levels, equipment included, for \$195.

On calmer days, generally in spring, summer, and fall, even raw beginners can hire the guides of Force Ten to pilot two-man kayaks along the remote coastline for \$35 an hour. While exploring sea caves like Dragon House and Saint Anthony's Elbow, parties beach their kayaks for lunch in cliff-protected lagoons accessible only from the sea.

I recently spent some time with Sinclair acquiring the fundamentals of ocean kayaking in three-foot swells and winds of no more than twenty miles an hour. During his opening lecture Sinclair em-

phasized that ocean kayaking is an in-water sport, and that the kayaker must be prepared for complete immersion in surf or building seas. He considers even the warmest outdoor clothing—a common choice of sea kayakers—to be inappropriate, even unsafe: it becomes waterlogged, loses its insulating qualities, and hinders swimming. In his view, only a wet suit is appropriate. Sinclair prefers a “wash-deck” kayak: one is strapped to the top of it rather than inside. Such a vessel—unlike one with a cockpit—is in no danger of flooding, and is as easy to right and remount as a surfboard. Sinclair insists on a helmet regardless of conditions, citing the high ratio of deaths to injuries in all water sports, in which drownings frequently result from unconsciousness following a blow to the head.

While navigating an open coast, as Sinclair explained and demonstrated in the water, one should always work to maximize “down time.” This is the time it would take, from any given point along one's course, to drift from the site of an accident, such as a capsizing or the loss of a paddle, into a potential hazard. With this in mind, one should try to pass rocks and other obstacles from the leeward (or downwind) side. To increase the kayak's stability, Sinclair said, avoid paddling a course that runs parallel to the waves. If necessary, zigzag, like a tacking sailboat, to keep the bow or stern perpendicular to the swells. And never take your eyes off the sea.

Fundamentally, Sinclair's approach to handling open coastlines demands a much greater degree of in-water skill than most sea kayakers are led to believe they need. Those who have any doubt at all about their water skills, he cautions, should start swimming laps. Unless they are undertaking a long open-water crossing—which is a specialized endeavor—sea kayakers should never paddle farther from the shore than they can swim. Body surfing or Boogie boarding in the shore break can help novices learn the action of the waves. Sinclair argues convincingly that the advantages of being well prepared apply no less to the beginner in tame seas than to the storm-sea skier in a gale.

You deserve a factual look at...

The Golan Heights

To Whom Do They Belong? Can Israel Survive Without Them?

Now that Gaza and part of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") have been turned over to the Palestinians, the clamor for peace with Syria becomes ever more strident. It is understood that in order to attain such peace, it will be necessary for Israel to return the Golan Heights to Syria.

What are the facts?

Historical Background—The Golan was always part of the Jewish homeland. The Syrian claim to the Golan is tenuous. Syria, as a political entity, did not exist at all until after the first World War.

Even before the establishment of Israel in 1948, the Syrians subjected the villages in northern Israel to almost daily shelling, making normal life impossible. In the 1967 Six-Day War, Syria attacked Israel and was defeated. Israel occupied the Golan Heights and in 1981, for all practical purposes annexed the area.

Syria and its President—Syria is the most destabilizing influence in the Middle East. It is classified by the U.S. State Department as a narcotic-dealing

and terrorist state. Its main fury is directed at Israel, which is perceived as a bulwark of Western influence and civilization, both

"With the Golan in Israeli hands, attacking Arabs could be confident of defeat and peace would be preserved. To hand the Golan to Syria is a prescription for war and for Israel's destruction."

of which Syria totally rejects.

Syria's President, Hafez Assad, is a tyrant, every bit as cunning as his Iraqi counterpart, Saddam Hussein. Under Assad, Syria is a world center for terrorism. It still harbors Nazi bigwigs who found welcome there after the World War. Few doubt that Assad was the mastermind in the suicide attack on the Marine barracks in Beirut in which 241 Americans died, and in the explosion of PanAm flight #103 in which 270 people lost their lives. He oversees one of the

largest narcotics operations in the world.

Military Security—The Golan is about 10 miles wide, with a plateau on either side of a crest. If it were part of Syria it would be less than 1% of its territory. But it is of a supreme strategic importance to Israel. Its high ground provides early-warning capability, without which Israel would be subject to surprise attack by the Syrians. Its loss would obligate Israel to maintain a state of readiness and mobilization that would be economically and socially untenable. On the Golan itself, there are only two natural terrain bottlenecks through which tanks can advance. Those choke points are defensible and made possible the repulse of the 1400 Syrian tanks that attacked Israel in the 1973 war. But with the Golan in Syri-

an hands, and without the radar installations that would give Israel warning of any military movements, thousands of tanks—backed up by missiles and airplanes—could overrun Israel in a matter of hours. The Golan does not make for perfect defense, but it gives Israel a small breathing space for mobilization.

The Golan is the source of over one-third of Israel's fresh water. In 1964, with the Golan in Syrian hands, Syria attempted to divert these headwaters and to cripple Israel's water supply. It is more than likely that, given another opportunity, Syria would once again attempt to destroy Israel's water supply.

The current Israeli government, in its keen desire to bring peace to its people, after almost fifty years of war and bloodshed, would seem prepared to give up the limited strategic security it now enjoys by virtue of its possession of the high ground—the ridges of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and of the Golan Heights. But Israel should not return to the "death trap" borders of 1967 or anything close to it. In order to survive within such borders, Israel would have to rely on the goodwill of the Arab states, all of which—except for the cold peace with Egypt—are still in a declared state of war with Israel. An aggressor will attack only if confident of victory. With the Golan in Israeli hands, attacking Arabs could be confident of defeat, and peace would be preserved. To hand the Golan to Syria is a prescription for war and for Israel's destruction.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of \$ _____ A/49

☐ My contribution is in the amount of \$50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing 24 of the ads that you have published in national media over the last few years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to FLAME P.O. Box 590359 San Francisco, CA 94159

To get a better sense of the sea-kayaking business, I spoke with Mark Rauscher, the manager of Western Mountaineering, a prominent outdoor retail store in San Jose, California. A river- and sea-kayaking instructor who is certified by the American Canoe Association, he has been paddling since 1985. Rauscher agreed that the popularity of kayaking is "exploding" nationwide—especially sea kayaking, which, he maintained, requires much less expertise than river kayaking. "The learning curve in sea kayaking is gentler," Rauscher explained, "and this allows the market to grow faster."

One popular sea kayak—a craft "selling so fast I can't keep it in stock," Rauscher said—is the Sealution, a classic design available with a Kevlar, plastic, or fiberglass hull and cockpit. In its catalogue the boat is characterized as being equally "at home on quiet lakes or open seas." I asked Rauscher the reason for its runaway success. "First of all," he said, "it's an incredibly sexy boat." He went on to describe its solid handling and sound workmanship, and I'm sure that it is in many ways an admirable craft. But I was struck by the citation of the Sealution's primary attribute. The last thing I'd want from my vessel in an angry sea, I thought, is sex appeal.

I turned to George Gronseth, the owner of The Kayak Academy, in Seattle, and the safety columnist for *Sea Kayaker* magazine. Gronseth agreed with Sinclair on the importance of wet suits and water skills. In the fatalities over the past decade of which Gronseth is aware, none of the victims was wearing a wet suit. He knows of seven reported sea-kayaking deaths in North America last year—a number that is sure to rise as participation in the sport grows. Six of last year's victims were paddling alone. One paddler was found still seated in his overturned kayak.

Gronseth agreed, too, that at present sea-kayaking instruction in the United States is woefully inadequate. He described one standard four-hour introductory class—available nationwide and following guidelines provided by TASK—in which rescues and the handling of a capsized vessel are discussed but not practiced. Such superficial instruction, Gronseth says, may be more dangerous than no instruction at all, because it provides new paddlers with false confidence in

skills they simply do not have. The American Canoe Association offers slightly more advanced sixteen-hour courses. But not enough time, Gronseth believes, is spent practicing physical skills. Many new paddlers cannot even swim. If sea kayaking instruction is nationally standardized, a step the ACA and others are actively pursuing, Sinclair and Gronseth, in order to remain in business, may be required to affiliate themselves with an agency whose dangerously low standards they deplore. Affiliation, of course, means more than a sticker in the window. For reasons of liability, instructors operating under the auspices of a given organization will in all likelihood be obliged to teach according to the organization's written standards.

Sinclair cited an exchange he had had recently at a San Francisco Bay Area kayak regatta with a prominent sea-kayaking instructor. Sinclair had been talking with a gathering of newcomers, and was pointing out the importance of wet suits and sound water skills. The instructor drew him aside. "What are you trying to do?" he demanded. "Raise the entry level?"

SINCLAIR sets a bearing west from Gunderson to Mile Rock. He has been paddling since he left the beach, and has not yet buckled his seat belt. From his position in the trough he cannot estimate the heights of the waves he faces. These are the long, rolling giants of the ground swell. Such waves, in his view, can be measured only by the acre. "Vast acreage," he will say later, when pressed for an estimate.

Sinclair paddles skyward. A log sweeps past. From the top of the swell, smaller waves break off and roar down the face in all directions. As he climbs the main face, Sinclair carves left and right to attack these crossing breakers with his bow. He toils to the top of the swell, paddles through its apex, and disappears be-

yond it, submerged completely in a sea of foam.

Paddle held high above his head for balance, Sinclair emerges from the foam and surfs down the back of the broken swell into the following trough. The next wave is forming. He streaks up the swell, gathering speed. With his last, long stroke, his torso slamming backward flat against the hull, the craft breaks through the ragged hem of the wave and launches into the air.

Held upon the wind, Sinclair rises from his seat until he stands in his footwells like a Nordic skier. He sweeps his paddle in line with the craft's hull to prevent the twin blades from catching the wind and flipping him over. He leans forward, driving himself down. The wave passes beneath him as he falls. The Odyssey Ski finally lands, stern first, in the bot-

tom of the following trough. Sinclair has lost time in the air and knows that the top of the next wave will break upon him before he can attain its peak. He buckles his seat belt.

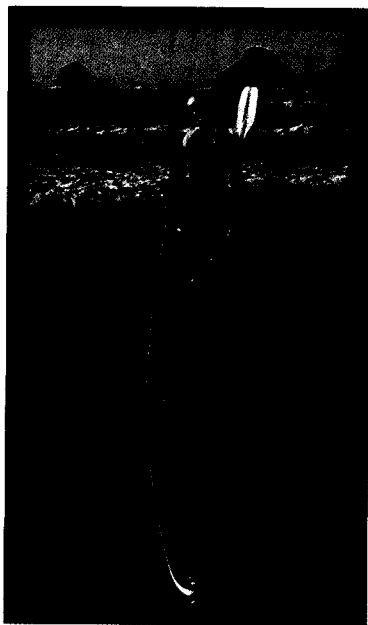
The top of the wave snaps off like a cornice and roars down the face, erasing the breakers in its path. Man and boat are buried and blown backward. End over end in the explosion, Sinclair spirals through the mass of broken sea. He surfaces for an instant, takes a tight-lipped breath, and vanishes once again into the foam.

The violence gradually ebbs. The broken wave passes on. Sinclair, belted to his kayak, bobs to the surface, back into the freezing rain.

He regains lost ground, passes Mile Rock to starboard, and continues northwest into the storm.

It takes him three hours to reach his farthest mark—a point some three miles from shore. After resting briefly, with his head on his knees, Sinclair turns around and begins the run home to Greenwood Cove.

He catches three waves. It takes him twelve minutes to get back. ☼



Steve Sinclair's Odyssey Ski

THE PALMER METHOD
STORIES BY E.S. GOLDMAN

Twenty stories by one of the finest writers of this or any other time. "This collection of his stories is as striking a testament to the possibilities of the form as will likely be published in America for many a year."
- C. Michael Curtis, Senior Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*

320 PAGES. \$22.95 CLOTH. \$14.95 PFBK
AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR FROM
JOHN DANIEL & CO. (800) 662-8351

Recorded Books™
"Unabridged on Audiocassette"

New! **The Hot Zone**
by Richard Preston

Not a word is missing!
Over 1,200 titles to choose from—histories, mysteries, classics, sci-fi and more! Ask about our easy rentals by mail. Call now for a free brochure:

1-(800)-638-1304

270 Skipjack Road • Prince Frederick, MD 20678-3410

DOG DUTY BELLS

Our favorite dog wreath is hand-crafted of recycled oil drums and iron. The dogs, each with their own bell, greet all who enter your home making it an inviting and special place to be. 17" diameter. \$28 Ppd. Visa, MC. 1-800-DOG DUTY (364-3889). Or just call us for a free DOG DUTY catalog of unique dog motif items.

DOG DUTY, INC., ONE KENDALL STREET, FRAMINGHAM MA 01701-8316

Three Million Pieces
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles
Obsolete, Inactive & Active.
Buy Or Sell.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 - Dept. TA

1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)

Family Memories on TV

Home Movies
Slides • Photos
Transferred to Video
Free Demo Tape & Planning Kit
Toll Free **(800) 872-0986**

Play it Again Video Productions, Inc.
90 Park Ave., Natick, MA 01760

The Vienna Coffeehouse Wits, 1890-1938
translated and edited by Harold B. Segel

"... A must for anyone interested in European culture." — *Choice*
At fine bookstores or call (800) 933-9637

PURDUE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Camus the African

"For me honor in the world is found among the oppressed, not those who hold power"—ALBERT CAMUS

by Steven G. Kellman

THE FIRST MAN

by Albert Camus,
translated by David Hapgood.
Knopf, 336 pages, \$23.00.

THE first African author to win the Nobel Prize for Literature was not Wole Soyinka, of Nigeria, who won in 1986, or Naguib Mahfouz, of Egypt, who won in 1988. It was Albert Camus, who, though he fashioned himself into the very pattern of a Parisian intellectual, café mate to Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, was born and reared in Algeria. Most of his novels, stories, and plays are set in the landscape of North Africa, which became in his work the capital of cosmic modern loneliness. In 1957 the Swedish Academy honored "his important literary production that with clear-sighted earnestness illuminated the problems of the human conscience in our times." Are those times still ours?

James Joyce became an artist by abandoning his mother and Ireland, "the old sow that eats her farrow," for the European continent. Camus's exile in France took him, too, away from both his mother and his birthplace. Camus made his spectacular entrance onto the stage of world literature with a kind of psychic matricide. "Mother died today," begins *The Stranger* (1942), the book that made him famous at twenty-eight. "Or, maybe, yesterday, I can't be sure." Except, perhaps, for Franz Kafka's announcement, in the initial sentence of his short story "The Metamorphosis," that Gregor Samsa has been transformed into a giant insect, it is the most memorable opening in modern fiction.

Albert Camus died on January 4, 1960,



at the age of forty-six, when his publisher, Michel Gallimard, lost control of his car while speeding toward Paris with Camus and two other passengers, and smashed into a tree near the village of Villeblevin. It took two hours to extricate Camus's lifeless body from the wreck-

age. Authorities also recovered a black-leather briefcase from the damp turf near the car. In addition to a passport, a journal, photographs, letters, Nietzsche's *Le Gai Savoir*, and a French translation of *Othello*, the bloated briefcase contained 144 manuscript pages. It was the ambi-

tious work in progress that Camus had mentioned in his journal as early as 1947, and that he referred to as "the novel of my maturity" to interviewers in Stockholm. The story restores Camus to Algeria and his mother. "His mother is Christ," proclaims a disconnected note found among the fragments.

The author's widow refused to permit publication of the unfinished project. But after Francine Camus died, in 1979, Camus's daughter Catherine, a lawyer, began to transcribe the 80,000 often unpunctuated words from her father's mud-stained scrawl. When the novel, called *Le Premier Homme*, was finally published, by Gallimard's firm, last year in France, it surged to the top of best-seller lists, selling more than 100,000 copies in its first month and remaining on one list for forty-one weeks. Knopf is now offering *The First Man*, an English translation by David Hapgood, to an American culture quite different from the one that embraced the living Camus as its own.

LIKE Umberto Eco, Gabriel García Márquez, Hermann Hesse, and Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Camus is one of very few foreign-language novelists to have conquered the modern American marketplace. Literary exports are hostage to the quirky laws of cultural commerce, which induce Russians to favor Jack London over Henry James, and Americans to choose Dostoevsky over Pushkin. The French, who notoriously admire Jerry Lewis, are more likely to read the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe than the poetry of Emily Dickinson.

There are at least three dozen French authors more important than Camus, but none is so cherished on this side of the Atlantic. *The Stranger* (published in English in 1946), *The Plague* (1948), and *The Fall* (1957) sold—and continue to sell—as well as if they had been written by someone born in Alabama rather than Algeria. Camus's spare "American" style—for which he was admittedly indebted to Hemingway, who, in turn, learned much from Flaubert—made his work comparatively easy to assimilate in this country. His simple, lucid prose translates gracefully and, unlike that of Proust or Stendhal, is already accessible to students in their third year of high school French.

American politicians are not known for their literary interests, yet in a memoir

about his friend Robert Kennedy, the journalist Jack Newfield recalled that the senator revered Camus's writings and quoted from them frequently.

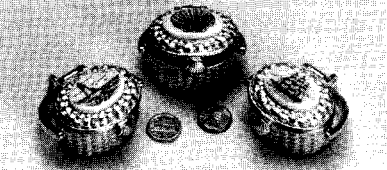
He discovered Camus when he was thirty-eight, in the months of solitude and grief after his brother's death. By 1968 he had read, and reread, all of Camus's essays, dramas, and novels. But he more than just read Camus. He memorized him, meditated about him, quoted him, and was changed by him.

William Styron paid tribute to Camus for his tonic recognition of a bleak cosmos: "Camus was a great cleanser of my intellect, ridding me of countless sluggish ideas, and through some of the most unsettling pessimism I had ever encountered causing me to be aroused anew by life's enigmatic promise."

At a time when books mattered more than they do today, the postwar generation of American readers devoured the works of Camus, along with *The Catcher in the Rye*, *Lord of the Flies*, and *Catch-22*, not because they were assigned in school—often they were not—but because they seemed to address the most urgent issues of personal and social identity. Heir to the *philosophe* tradition of Montaigne, Voltaire, Hugo, and Zola, Camus was exactly the kind of author whom aspiring literary adolescents might admire: neither a hack nor a harlequin but an activist for whom writing was an extension of thinking and for whom thinking was an honest confrontation with fundamental questions about self, society, and cosmos.

In 1957 the award of the Nobel to Camus, whose stock had fallen sharply among the fickle French, was a national embarrassment. Three years later, at his death in early middle age, Camus seemed to the French a man who had already outlived his modest accomplishments. But Susan Sontag's affectionate eulogy expressed the personal loss felt by many Americans: "Kafka arouses pity and terror, Joyce admiration, Proust and Gide respect, but no modern writer that I can think of, except Camus, has aroused love."

FILIAL love is the driving force behind *The First Man*, which, dedicated to Camus's mother, returns to Algeria to examine its author's roots. Except for a

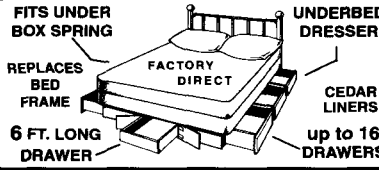


NANTUCKET LIGHTSHIP BASKET PENDANT

Gleaming 24 kt gold plate pendant, 1" across, in matte or polished finish, on a 30" chain. Choose from 3 scrimshaw designs. Includes gift box, miniature penny inside each basket, and *The Story of The Lightship Basket*. **\$34.95** plus \$3.00 for shipping & handling. Satisfaction guaranteed. (Mass. residents add 5% sales tax)

Gary Arthur ACCESSORIES, INC.
Write for catalog: P.O. Box 1655, Attleboro, MA 02703-0028
800-675-9762 (orders only)
Visa/MasterCard/American Express

**Anderson™
BEDROOM ORGANIZER**



FITS UNDER BOX SPRING
UNDERBED DRESSER
REPLACES BED FRAME
FACTORY DIRECT
CEDAR LINERS
6 FT. LONG DRAWER
up to 16 DRAWERS

PUT A DRESSER UNDER ANY BED

Increase drawer storage with this beautiful, top quality, solid wood, dust proof, underbed dresser. Replaces bed frame. Fits under any size box spring

FREE CAT. 53 1-800-782-4825

**SAVE UP TO 70%
ON ALL
CONTACT LENSES**

- All soft, hard, gas permeable, toric and disposable lenses.
- Dispensed under supervision of an ophthalmologist.
- Guaranteed your exact brand and prescription.
- Immediate delivery to your door.

1-800-432-LENS

Cash For Your Gold Tooth!

Send us your old caps and dental pieces that look like they contain gold. Highest price paid. Check sent in 72 hrs. Guaranteed satisfaction. Up to \$20.00 each tooth.

Send to: Lippincott Inc. 1001 City Ave.
DENTAL DEPT. PO Box 578
Wynnewood, PA 19096-0578

FREE RECORDED DETAILS: 1-800-355-6236



Polar Bear Tours

Join the Polar Bear Express to Churchill, Man. to experience close-up the Great White Polar Bear, Northern Lights & the Canadian Arctic. Oct. departures from \$1395 Cdn. Book now as accommodations are limited.

1-800-273-8707 for a brochure. Whale watching in July. **PRAIRIE LILY ADVENTURE TOURS INC.**

few details, including the fact that the protagonist's family is called Cormery (the name of the author's paternal grandmother) rather than Camus, this is virtually an autobiography. Because the project of self-definition allows no conclusion, Camus observed, "the book *must be* unfinished." It is indeed, though enough exists on paper, in a rough draft unrevised by the author, to offer glimpses of a new, more introspective Camus, emerging after thirty-five years in literary cryopreservation.

The First Man, which Camus also considered calling *Adam*, derives its title from his somewhat condescending view of Algeria as a frontier counterpoint to European culture: "the land of oblivion where each one is the first man." Camus described his alter ego, Jacques Cormery, as "born in a land without forefathers or memory, where the annihilation of those who preceded him was still more final and where old age finds none of the solace in melancholy that it does in the lands of civilization." Into the remote interior of this ostensibly virgin land Henri Cormery, along with his pregnant wife and four-year-old son, travels one autumn night in 1913, to take up the duties of managing a vineyard.

The luxuriant prose of the novel's opening pages, describing the Cormerys' arduous wagon journey, is a departure from the minimalist signature style that Roland Barthes identified in Camus as the standard for "zero degree writing." After evoking the momentous arrival in Solférino, the text jumps ahead forty years, to a visit Jacques Cormery makes to northwestern France, to the cemetery of Saint-Brieuc, where his father, killed in the first battle of the Marne at age twenty-nine (as was Camus's own father), is buried.

Henri's was a meager life, summed up in a blunt, pathetic paradox: "When my father was called to the colors, he had never seen France. He saw it and was killed." Eager to understand this French-Algerian who lived in oblivion and died in Europe, Camus asked, "What remains of that obscure life? Nothing, an impalpable memory—the light ash of a butterfly wing incinerated in a forest fire."

The first section of the novel concentrates on the futile quest to study the ash, to understand a life that was

entirely involuntary, except his will to be and to keep on. Orphanage. Farm laborer obliged to marry his wife. Thus his life evolves despite him—and then the war kills him.

One of the few anecdotes that the son preserves is of his father's awakening at three o'clock in the morning in order to attend a public execution and later returning home feeling sickened by the entire event. Similar anecdotes that are recounted in *The Stranger* and *The Plague* must have had their source in Camus's childhood, as they had their consequences in his vocal opposition to capital punishment during the 1940s and 1950s.

The first section also evokes Jacques's painfully impoverished childhood in Algiers, as does the second section, which focuses on the boy's schooling. "For me honor in the world is found among the oppressed, not those who hold power," Camus proclaimed, in a statement that is a credo for his entire career as an author and an activist.

After Henri's absurd death at the Marne, the Cormery household is headed by Jacques's deaf, long-suffering mother, a charwoman, and dominated by his stern grandmother. The old woman outfits Jacques in raincoats that are a few sizes too big, to ensure extended use, and forbids him to play soccer, lest his shoes wear out too quickly. In the practice of taking his grandmother to the (silent) movies and, because she is illiterate, reading the titles on the screen out loud, Jacques/Camus prepares himself for a verbal vocation.

Decades later the renowned author returns to visit a laconic mother who is incapable of comprehending his literary achievements. Outlining his design for this novel, Camus wrote, "Ideally, if the book were written to the mother from beginning to end—and if one learned only at the end that she cannot read—yes, that would be it."

Schoolroom sessions, in which Jacques is enthralled by exotic tales, offer a contrast to the poverty and ignorance of life at home. An exceptional student, Jacques becomes the teacher's pet of Monsieur Bernard, an extraordinarily dedicated man reminiscent of both Louis Germain and Jean Grenier, the beloved and brilliant teachers to whom Camus dedicated mature works. "With Monsieur

Bernard, this class was always interesting for the simple reason that he loved his work with a passion." When Jacques's grandmother insists that he is too poor to accept a lycée scholarship, Monsieur Bernard shows up on her doorstep to persuade her otherwise. Detecting promise in his uncouth young charge, he inspires Jacques to transcend the banality of his background.

What stands out most from descriptions of Jacques's childhood, however, is the boy's passion not only to excel but also to live more fully than his humble circumstances might admit. "Poverty is a fortress without drawbridges," observed Camus, who nevertheless managed to cross the moat. Like a North African hybrid of Jack London's Martin Eden and Jack Kerouac's Sal Paradise, he burned with "that famished ardor, that passion for living."

In the decade before his death Camus—whose great-grandparents had come to Algeria from Europe to cast their fate alongside that of indigenous North Africans—was much distressed by the violence that was convulsing his native land. Its status as an integral part of France was being challenged by a brutal independence movement and defended by equally brutal right-wing vigilantes. When Jacques returns to visit, a bomb explodes outside his mother's apartment, as explosions were shattering the land that Camus, a Frenchman in Algiers and an Algerian in Paris, loved and left.

The First Man became available to French readers at a time when Algeria, independent since 1962, was again beset by insurrection, this time from Islamic militants at war with the secular culture. And the concentration of Algerians within France is an explosive political issue. It is unlikely that readers in the United States will respond as strongly as the French have responded to this souvenir of the most traumatic episode in France since the execution of the Vichy leader Pierre Laval.

To an existentialist like Camus, potentiality is an otiose concept: we are defined not by our ambitions but strictly by our acts. An incomplete exercise in autobiographical fiction, *The First Man* is not what it might have been but simply what it is: the final, plangent act in a brief and lucid life. ☞

The Road to a Third Party

by Jack Beatty

GOLDEN RULE

by Thomas Ferguson.
University of Chicago, 432 pages,
\$55.00/\$17.95.

AMERICAN politics stinks. Such has been the message of book after book about the money-driven politics of the 1980s and 1990s. Elizabeth Drew's *Politics and Money*, Larry Sabato's *PAC Power*, Thomas Edsall's *The New Politics of Inequality* and *Chain Reaction*, Brooks Jackson's *Honest Graft*, William Greider's *Who Will Tell the People*, E. J. Dionne's *Why Americans Hate Politics*, Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele's *America: What Went Wrong?* and *America: Who Really Pays the Taxes?*, James K. Coyne and John H. Fund's *Cleaning House*, Jeffrey H. Birnbaum's *The Lobbyists: How Influence Peddlers Get Their Way in Washington*, and Kevin Phillips's *Arrogant Capital*—this random harvest from my bookshelves documents the discouraging truth about American politics (it stinks) in overwhelming detail. Add to this multivolume chronicle of sellout, corruption, and civic dereliction the daily reporting of *The Wall Street Journal*'s Washington bureau on who is buying which lawmakers on which issue and for how much. Add the scalding reports published regularly by Common Cause and the wistfully named Center for Public Integrity. Add magazine pieces beyond counting, including a classic on the new money politics, Gregg Easterbrook's October, 1986, *Atlantic* article "The Business of Politics." Easterbrook, citing a *Wall Street Journal* interview, quoted Tony Coelho, then the chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, as summing up the politics of an era with a single desolating line: "The process buys you out."

Add up all this evidence and you begin to see why individual income taxes, which contributed 44 percent of government revenues fifty years ago, contribute

73 percent today, while the share of total federal taxes paid by corporations has fallen from 33 to 15 percent. As Barlett and Steele pointed out, if corporations today paid taxes at the same rate as they did in the 1950s, the Treasury would collect an extra \$250 billion annually—enough almost to erase the deficit, or to cut individual income taxes by 60 percent for those with incomes below \$200,000.

Like single-issue lobbies from trial lawyers to gun owners (the National Rifle Association gave \$4 million to congressional candidates last year; 225 representatives now have its A rating), the corporations have been getting what they pay for. The system is working deliriously well—for them. So long as we accept money politics as a given (\$83 million in "soft money" went to both parties in 1991–1992), the middle class cannot wrest control of the state from the organized interests for whom it is largely run. Absent a sustained exercise of governmental power to modernize infrastructure and develop human capital, the erosion of real wages and the American standard of living will continue unabated, and in time the paradox will wear off observations like this one, from a "Market Watch" column in *The New York Times*: "America is not doing very well, but its corporations are doing just fine."

Golden Rule elevates the discussion of money politics from journalism to political science, from anecdote to axiom. Subtitled "The Investment Theory of Party Competition and the Logic of Money-Driven Political Systems," *Golden Rule* is no day at the beach. The author, Thomas Ferguson, a political scientist at the University of Massachusetts at Boston, displays a churlish arrogance toward "the armies of people who live by words [journalists like the ones listed above] who . . . had virtually nothing of substance to say before, during, or after the 1992 election." He is no more genial toward his fellow academics. "For most scholars," he writes, "Rockefeller is a foundation; Lamont, Seth Low, and Widener are libraries, and Brookings is an institute, to which they aspire to be duly grateful." Nor are the essays collected here written with the general reader in mind. *Golden Rule* is viscous with Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance sentences like "As the proliferating literature on managers, owners, and corporate control suggests, identifying the locus of working

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY • AUGUST • 1995

CLASSIFIED

BED & BREAKFAST

GREATER BOSTON HOSPITALITY, P.O.B. 1142, Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 277-5430. Hundreds of historic homes, condos, inns. Free brochure.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

FREE BOOKLETS: Life, Death, Soul, Resurrection, Pollution Crisis, Hell, Judgment Day, Restitution. Bible Standard (AT), P.O. Box 67, Chester Springs, PA 19425-0067.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, ALL TYPES. Company with 70-year tradition. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Publishing." (800) 695-9599.

PUBLISH WITH RUTLEDGE BOOKS. Become a published writer by joining our quality publishing plan. We will create, advertise, and market your book. Personalized service. Send for a free brochure today. Rutledge Books, Dept. AT8, Box 315, Bethel, CT 06801.

FREE BOOK SEARCH WORLDWIDE. Used, rare, out-of-print. (800) 914-6225.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

NEWSPAPERS: Rare, historic, 1600s through the 1880s. Extensive catalog \$1.00. (717) 326-1045. Hughes, Box 3636, Williamsport, PA 17701.

GENERAL INTEREST

HOME TYPISTS, PC users needed. \$45,000 income potential. Details. Call: (805) 962-8000, Extension B-20061.

UNUSUAL, NATURAL, FACETED GEMSTONES. Each at least one carat. Real stones, not synthetics. Gemstones you've probably never heard of. With newsletters. \$20 – \$80 each. Gem of the Month Club. (800) 891-1939.

EXPERT IN YOUR FIELD OR HOBBY? Good storyteller? Consider becoming a columnist. Send SASE to: Expert Ink, Box 41202, Baltimore, MD 21203.

RETIREMENT LIVING

CARIBBEAN: Virgin Gorda, seven room home overlooking Sir Francis Drake Channel. Grobman, 855 Live Oak Lane, Vero Beach, FL 32963. (407) 234-1010; FAX (407) 234-8268.

SERVICES

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, a national group, has been getting unattached people together since 1970. Write: P.O. Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (610) 358-5049.

TRAVEL

SAVE ON UNUSUAL CRUISES: Freighters, expeditions, yachts, etc. TravLtips, Box 580218-A2, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584.

VACATION RENTALS

JAMAICA: Staffed beachfront villa, unspoiled south coast fishing village. 50-foot pool, tennis, snorkeling, birding. Phone, fax. Photographs: (800) 526-2432.

For complete advertising information, please call or write:

The Atlantic Monthly

Classified Department

P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 34617-1510
(800) 237-9851 ♦ (813) 443-7666

control in certain organizations can be difficult and time-consuming (Herman, 1981; Burch, 1972; Zeitlin and Norwich, 1979)."

Ferguson may know his Zeitlin and Norwich, but his economics, to this mere journalist's eye, is dubious in the way that defines left-wing economics: it assumes away the real choices Presidents have to make about taxes and spending and interest rates, positing an economy pliant to political will but unresponsive to the tides of the bond market, that irritating old pooh. One example of this dubious economics: Ferguson speaks of the "austerity policies the United States has pursued since the late seventies." Deficits of \$200 billion and a \$4 trillion national debt amount to "austerity"?

Yet for all its stylistic thorniness and wishful economics, *Golden Rule* is an important book. For one thing, it shows the reader how history is created. "The past retains its vitality," the critic Philip Rahv once said, "in so far as it impersonates the present." In his first chapter Ferguson projects our rueful nineties awareness of the role of money in politics back onto American history, finding a new past that imitates some of the worst features of the present. From this perspective Ferguson sees small facts that might have escaped notice if they were not ballast for a big theory. "In a subtle touch insufficiently appreciated by later analysts," he writes with his customary gallantry, "members of Congress received no regular salaries until 1856."

For another, Ferguson's investment theory of politics is argued with such sweep and rigor that future serious writing about money and politics cannot fail to acknowledge it—whether in order to praise or to criticize. Ferguson states his theory variously. Here is one formulation:

The fundamental market for political parties usually is not voters. As a number of recent analysts have documented . . . most of these possess desperately limited resources and—especially in the United States—exiguous information and interest in politics. The real market for political parties is defined by major investors, who generally have good and clear reasons for investing to control the state.

Here is a demotic version: The golden rule of political analysis is that in order "to discover who rules" you must "follow the gold (i.e., trace the origins and financing of

the campaign. . .)." Though half the people may vote in presidential elections, and perhaps because only half vote, the investors rule. "The private sector's Gross Influence-Peddling Product," Kevin Phillips, no left-winger, wrote in *Arrogant Capital*, "is probably \$20 billion a year or so."

Grasp that and you understand why President after President can ignore what voters want when it conflicts with what campaign investors want. You understand why after President Clinton's election on an economic platform of "Putting People First," which called for a law requiring all employers with fifty or more employees not already investing in worker retraining to pay a 1.5 percent payroll tax to be earmarked for the continual retraining of American workers, the President-elect decided to put corporations first and abandoned the one pledge that showed he meant to address the crisis of falling wages. You understand why Clinton's only two substantial domestic achievements are not a multibillion-dollar worker-retraining program and "health care that's always there" but NAFTA and GATT. "What Clinton has done," Phillips wrote,

is to shift his party from so-called interest group liberalism to "interest group centrism"—away from the propending liberal-type lobbies that represented *people* (labor, seniors, minorities, and urban) to a more upscale centrist (or center-right) group that represents *money* (multinational business, banks, investment firms, trial lawyers, trade interests, superlobbyists, investors, the bond market, and so on).

According to Ferguson, the large sums reported officially in every campaign he has studied back to Teddy Roosevelt's time are only a small fraction of the total that investors "lend" or otherwise direct to campaigns. Investors not only fund extortionately priced TV campaigns, which drive the money politics of this era to its wretched excess, but also confer legitimacy and an aura of soundness. Felix Rohatyn's solemn approbation, delivered in a *New York Times* op-ed column, is worth millions of votes. But to get it and like benedictions from the totems of the financial economy, Democratic candidates must forfeit populist appeals to millions of potential voters—the lower-income, less-well-educated Americans who belong to our abiding third party, the party of nonvoters.

IF the "fundamental market" in which the two parties compete is not the electorate but the upscale world of investors, then how to account for dramatic episodes of political change, such as the 1994 Republican capture of the House and Senate, in which the voters seemingly throw the bums out and reclaim democracy for themselves? "Most election analysts in the United States," Ferguson writes, "habitually confuse the sound of money talking with the voice of the people." The charm of that utterance should not blind one to its truth. Ferguson explains political realignments like 1994 by ascribing them to splits within hitherto monolithic ranks of investors. Such splits often occur between capital-intensive and labor-intensive industries; the former want free trade, the latter protection. He applies this theory to the New Deal, in an extensively footnoted chapter based on research for a new book. I leave Ferguson's New Deal to the experts, though I'd say a theory explaining the Wagner Act, which guaranteed the right to collective bargaining, and Social Security, which lifted the curse of penury from old age, by referring to splits between investor blocs is breathing mighty heavily.

Ferguson is more persuasive on the 1994 election. Using data from the Federal Election Commission and reports from the Associated Press, he documents a "shift within the business community" from lopsided giving to Democratic candidates to lopsided giving to Republicans. This shift came late in the campaign, as PACs and soft-money contributors reacted to Newt Gingrich's threat to remember who gave and who didn't when his party took power, and it made the difference in enough races to break the forty-year Democratic grip on the House. The Republicans have since taken money politics to brazen heights—by, for example, inviting business lobbyists into their committee rooms to help draw up sweeping anti-environment legislation. After decades of buying access to Democratic congressmen, corporate America at last has a Congress it can finance out of ideological affinity.

Writing in *The Atlantic* four years ago, Thomas and Mary Edsall prophesied that one of the few hopes for the Democrats to break free of money politics might be if they lost Congress, cast off the crutch of their hocked incumbency, and appealed to the electorate anew as the "party of the

BY YOUR CHILD'S FIRST YEAR, SHE CAN

SQUEEZE YOUR FINGER WITH SEVEN POUNDS OF

PRESSURE. APPROXIMATELY THE SAME AMOUNT

NEEDED TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER OF A GUN.

Every year, hundreds of children accidentally shoot themselves or someone else. So if you get a gun to protect your child, what's going to protect your child from the gun?



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PESTS ARE GONE!

Bentley's, a pioneer in ultrasonic pest control since 1982, announces its #1 RATED MACHINE that

REPELS

MICE, RATS, SQUIRRELS,



Thousands report:

Fleas, bats, ants, spiders, roaches, flies, and crickets GONE! OR YOUR MONEY BACK! Bentley's PEST REPELLER blasts out ultrasonic sound that is unbearable to pests and they will do everything to avoid it. Completely harmless to humans and pets. Use them everywhere: homes, restaurants, offices, farms, etc. No traps, no dead things, no poisons.

Attractive and compact. Walnut and beige finish. Only 5" Length, 2-3/4" Width, and 2-1/4" Depth. Just plug it in. **THAT'S ALL! Costs less than a penny a day to operate.**

Look at what satisfied customers have to say.

"Have 12 cats, 1 dog and NO fleas!" Binghamton, NJ
"I haven't seen one ant or spider since I plugged it in the wall!" Paramus, NJ
"I love your PEST REPELLERS, all my mice are gone." Riverside, CA

BEWARE OF CHEAP IMITATIONS!

Bentley's is the best! 50 to 100 times more powerful than competitive units. Registered by the Canadian Dept. of Agriculture to repel mice and rats. (PCP Act Reg #21465). Our transducer blasts out ultrasonic sound at 148db and 32 to 62 KHZ (32,000 to 62,000 cycles a second). UL listed 42J9. EPA est. # 47260-NV01. Over 3 million sold. 90 day money back guarantee. 3 year limited warranty.

! FREE OFFER !

WHY PAY MORE? \$39.95 plus \$4.95 shipping. 2 for \$74.95 (\$5.95 shipping). Buy 3 get one FREE! \$119.85 (\$6.95 shipping) CA res. add 8% sales tax. Canadian add addl \$3.00 shipping. All orders U.S. funds. Foreign add 25% shipping. Info/foreign: 415-647-7904. **CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-348-6868.** Checks and M.O.s to Bentley's for Better Living™, 735 Burnett Ave. Ste. S, Dept. HH65, PO Box 31652, San Francisco, CA 94131.

OVERNIGHT DELIVERY CALL!

©1995 Bentley's

AUDIO BOOKS

- Rentals by mail
- All Unabridged
- Huge Selection
- 100% Guarantee

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. A • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL

Since 1989

UPTON TEA IMPORTS

Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 120 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea

P.O. BOX 159-C • UPTON, MA 01568

TAN AT HOME!

SunQuest
WOLFF
TANNING BEDS
Buy Direct and Save Up To 50%
New and Used Units
Call for a FREE Color Catalog!
1-800-462-9197

•Home and Commercial•

people" that Democratic orators have been invoking through decades of \$1,000-a-plate dinners. Will this happen? Will the Democrats in opposition dare to call for campaign-finance reform? When they were in power, in the first two years of the Clinton Administration, they did nothing. They had sent President George Bush a campaign-finance-reform bill, because they knew he would veto it, but did not send the same bill to President Clinton, because they knew he would sign it. In the manner of Saint Augustine in the brothel, they said, "Save us, Lord—but not yet." They wanted one more election under their belts. It has come, and they're gone.

Ferguson has some advice for the Democrats. "Apply the 'Golden Rule' for the benefit of the public as a whole," he writes. "Provide sufficient public financing to allow ordinary people to run for office with a reasonable chance of getting their message out and getting elected." He suggests a number of sensible funding mechanisms, including allowing tax credits for political contributions, which would "give candidates an incentive to appeal to

the poor." Alas, this is all too familiar. The first bill for public funding of congressional campaigns was introduced in 1904, around the time that investigations revealed that large insurance companies had secretly funded the Republican presidential campaigns of 1896, 1900, and 1904. Subsequent reforms have either been vitiated by unintended consequences (post-Watergate) or have failed to catch fire with the public. Public tolerance for the intolerable is a puzzle; instead of demanding that the stables be swept clean, more and more Americans, it seems, reject politics as an irretrievably dirty business by not voting. Thus there is scant incentive for either party to change. Private financing of public campaigns is so paradigmatically Republican an idea that reform is unlikely to come from that party. My guess is that the Democrats will not rise to the challenge either, and that the new century will bring further decay in the size of the electorate—making politics even more of an elite taste than it is today—or else it will see the rise of a new party and a new reform politics. ☛

BRIEF REVIEWS



Chronicles of the Frigate *Macedonian* 1809–1922

by James Tertius de Kay.
Norton, 336 pages, \$25.00.

"Ships," Mr. de Kay observes, "are rarely very interesting in themselves." He has concentrated on the people who sailed in the *Macedonian*, the things they did, and the sometimes un-naval reasons for their actions, to make an unusual variation on nineteenth-century history. The *Macedonian* was launched in 1810, to fight Napoleon. Her first captain was Lord William FitzRoy, who was soon cashiered for swindling the treasury—although, being the son of a duke, he was later quietly reinstated, and died an admiral. Money

played a considerable part in the ship's history. A subsequent American captain made a neat profit from his command and got away with it, because although his activities were illegal, they did not cost the government a penny. In the interim the *Macedonian*, after an embarrassing British-organized financial fiasco in the United States, was assigned to hunt French and American prizes around Madeira. Prize money was important to underpaid captains. The *Macedonian* found an American ship, thought to be the *Essex* and no great problem. She was in fact the *United States*, Stephen Decatur, captain. Outgunned, dismasted, blood-sodden, and as helpless as a log in the water, the *Macedonian* could only strike. Her colors were presented to a surprised Dolley

Madison in the midst of a Washington ball, for our Navy had panache in those days. It was also practical, and a captured Royal Navy frigate was too useful as a showpiece of diplomacy, gunboat or otherwise, to be risked in actual battle. The *Macedonian* became a Kilroy: whatever went on, usually for civilian commercial reasons, from intimidating the Bey of Tunis to opening Japan, she was there. Her least likely adventure was the transport of relief supplies to famine-stricken Ireland, a humanitarian action organized by the author's great-grandfather, George Colman De Kay. One would like to have a bit more detail about Commodore De Kay. He stands up well alongside Decatur, Matthew Perry, and the unjustly forgotten Uriah Levy. The *Macedonian* eventually came to scrap and land-based indignity, but her remains did get what may be considered a Viking funeral. Mr. de Kay has written a thoroughly delightful and informative book from an unexpected point of view.

The Chimera

by Sebastiano Vassalli,
translated by Patrick Creagh.
Scribner, 320 pages,
\$23.50.

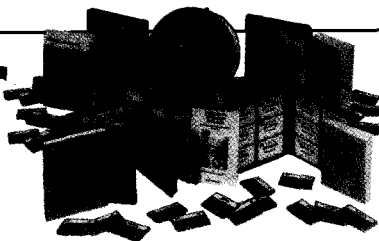
Mr. Vassalli's acrid historical novel describes the events leading to a witch-burning at a northern Italian village in the year 1610. It may be late in the day to denounce the Inquisition, but the elements of bigotry, xenophobia, personal ambition, and stupid fear that sent an innocent young woman to the stake still exist, and the author's ability to evoke shadowy parallels between the seventeenth century and our own gives his work an unnervingly powerful bite.

Rebel Private: Front and Rear

by William A. Fletcher.
Dutton, 224 pages, \$20.95.

These "Memoirs of a Confederate Soldier" were privately published in 1908, but because most of the edition was lost in a fire, Fletcher has remained little known except to scholars. There is, therefore, sound reason to make his work available, for he was a remarkably level-headed, unsentimental reporter of the practicalities of an enlisted man's life: dirt, rain, mud, cold, and danger. Fletcher was an unpre-

Learn Another Language on Your Own!



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Many were developed by the Foreign Service Institute of the U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook.

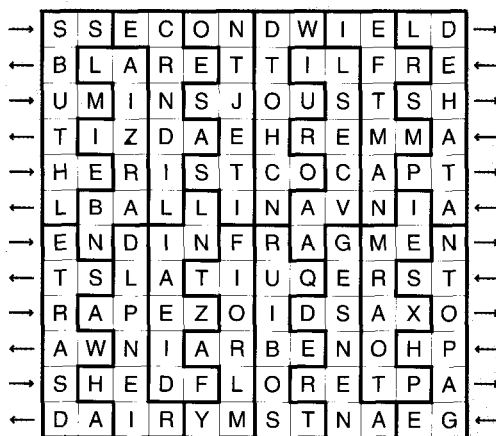
☐ Arabic (Saudi)	\$185	☐ Japanese	\$185	☐ Serbo-Croatian	\$195
☐ Cantonese	\$185	☐ Korean	\$195	☐ Slovak	\$185
☐ French	\$185	☐ Lakota	\$185	☐ Spanish	\$185
☐ French Level II	\$215	☐ Latvian	\$185	☐ Spanish Level II	\$165
☐ German	\$185	☐ Lithuanian	\$135	☐ Swahili	\$225
☐ German Level II	\$155	☐ Mandarin	\$185	☐ Swedish	\$185
☐ Greek	\$185	☐ Persian	\$185	☐ Tagalog	\$295
☐ Hebrew	\$255	☐ Polish	\$185	☐ Thai	\$195
☐ Hindi (Intermed)	\$185	☐ Portuguese	\$215	☐ Turkish	\$195
☐ Hungarian	\$195	(Brazilian)		☐ Ukrainian	\$195
☐ Italian	\$185	☐ Russian	\$255	☐ Vietnamese	\$225

You can order now with a full 3-week money-back guarantee, by calling toll-free 1-800-243-1234 or by fax (203) 453-9774, or by mail by clipping this ad and sending with your name and address and a check or money order — or charge to any major credit card, by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature. Our 60-page *Whole World Language Catalog* offers courses in 91 languages. Call or write for your free copy. Our 23rd year.

AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Audio-Forum, Room E814,
96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

ANSWERS TO THE JULY PUZZLER



"Patchwork"

Threads. a. REQUITALS (anag.) b. TRAPE(ZO + I)D (rev.) c. S(A + X + OP)HONE d. BRA(IN + WAS) + HE'D e. FLORET (anag.) f. PAGE + ANTS g. M(YRIA)DS (airy rev.) h. SECOND (double def.) i. WI(E)LDER j. F + LITTER k. AL(BUM)INS (nails anag.) l. JO(US)TS m. HAMME(RHEA)D n. Z + ITHERRIST (thirties anag.) o. COC(APT)AIN(e) p. V(AN)ILLA q. BL + EN(D)IN (rev.) r. FRA(G-MEN)TS *Patches.* 1. TOUCHDOWN (Spoonerism of Dutch town) 2. FIR + MAME(N)T 3. JET + TI(SO)NS 4. T + HUMBLE + S 5. AS + P + HALTED 6. I + CELANDER (homophone of slander) 7. CAV(ALI)ERS 8. BR(AZIL)IAN (Liza rev.) 9. EASTWARDS (a steward's with e moved to front) 10. FOR(MAL)ITY 11. END + ANGER'S 12. PHI + LANDER (hip anag.) 13. P(AT + HOG)ENS 14. FIN + A + LIZ + ED 15. PR(OX)IMATE 16. SO + BRIQUET

Senior Citizens with Money in the Bank should Read This

If you have worked hard all your life and managed to put away a nest egg, you might end up losing most of your life savings because of a defect in Medicare.

If you or your spouse suddenly become ill and require extended nursing home care...NO ONE will help you with the nursing home bills. Medicare won't and neither will your health insurance. By law you are responsible for the nursing home bills yourself. Only after you have used up virtually all of your money, will Medicaid step in. That's because Medicaid, like Welfare, only aids the poor. By some estimates, the average couple's life savings can be wiped out after only 13 weeks of nursing home care.

Rich people don't have to worry because they can afford super-expensive special nursing home insurance, while the poor are taken care of by Medicaid.

Now that just doesn't seem fair to working people with a lifetime of hard-earned savings. The system they have supported with tax dollars, seems to have forgotten them. Savings intended to provide security in retirement, or help for children, can quickly go up in smoke.

The fact is, if you don't know how to protect your assets, here's what can happen to you. By law, before Medicaid will pay nursing home bills, you have to spend all your countable assets except \$2000 (or as low as \$1500 in some states.) Countable assets mean not only money in checking and savings accounts...but also any funds in CD's, IRA's, Savings Bonds, Mutual Funds, stocks, whole life insurance, annuities and other types of investments, as well as most trust assets.

They can also take a vacation home or a second car. In addition, your entire Social Security or pension check can be taken to cover nursing home expenses. What's more, if you are single or widowed, you can even lose your house.

According to the federal law called the Spousal Impoverishment Act of 1988, if one spouse requires extended nursing home care, the healthy spouse can be forced to surrender HALF of their combined countable assets. And if you have a sizable estate, they can legally take MORE THAN HALF.

Is there anything you can do to stop this nightmare from happening to you? Yes. You are protected by law and can use several legal techniques to place your countable (or vulnerable) assets into the uncountable (or protected) category. The problem is, most people are not aware of their legal rights. Unfortunately, most people think Medicare will take care of them, so they unknowingly leave their assets vulnerable and in jeopardy.

Your legal rights and the many methods of protecting your money are now revealed in "How to Protect Your Financial Security." This financial self-defense manual tells you simple legal procedures for preserving your money and warns of pitfalls to avoid. Here is some of the valuable material you learn:

- Three legal ways to turn countable (or vulnerable) assets into uncountable (or protected) assets
- How to protect your house from being sold to pay nursing home bills
- How to protect a second car or vacation home
- If you give your money to your children without following these precise guidelines, a nursing home could get your money anyhow
- This common legal mistake can prevent you or your spouse from receiving emergency medical care
- What you need to know about Living Trusts, especially since Congress changed the rules as of October 1, 1993
- How to prevent your bank account from being frozen if you enter a nursing home
- What lawyers never tell you about protecting your will

Although "How to Protect Your Financial Security" can easily save you thousands of dollars, the price is very reasonable. Right now, you can receive a special press run for only \$8.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling. It is not available in any bookstore. It is only available through this special offer on a 90 day Money Back Guarantee.

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER: just print your name and address and the words "Financial Security" on a piece of paper and mail it along with a check or money order for only \$9.95 to: THE LEADER CO., INC., Publishing Division, Dept. FB279, P.O. Box 8347, Canton, OH 44711. (Make checks payable to The Leader Co., Inc.) VISA or MasterCard, send card number and expiration date. Act now.

tentious writer, but he knew how to tell a good story. His escape from a Federal prison train and the cross-country return to his unit is a neat tale of suspense, and the book as a whole is an admirable piece of Americana.

Christina Rossetti

by Jan Marsh.

Viking, 640 pages, \$29.95.

Christina Rossetti's maternal ancestors included Grandpapa Polidori, a scholarly type who had witnessed the storming of the Bastille, and Uncle John, physician to Lord Byron, author of *The Vampyre*, and a suicide. Her father was a political reformist and poet who had settled in London as a teacher of Italian after fleeing the kingdom of Naples with a price on his head. There were four Rossetti children, raised in the ambiance of their father's frustrated hopes for Italy and their mother's intense devotion to the Church of England. Maria became an Anglican nun. Dante Gabriel became a painter, a poet, and the most spectacularly bohemian of the Pre-Raphaelites. William became a sensible minor bureaucrat and an unbeliever. Christina, a lively, gregarious, tantrum-prone child, abruptly became a shy, morose adolescent who required treatment for what was presumably a nervous collapse. She also became a poet, compared in her day to Elizabeth Browning and Matthew Arnold. Her poetry leaned heavily toward death, prayer, unexplained guilt, and demon lovers, although that last item may have resulted from early exposure to the gothic school. Ms. Marsh would not agree. She makes a brave effort to account for all of Christina's preoccupations, but her subject remains enigmatic, except as an intensely devout and literal-minded Anglican spinster who refused to be published in a magazine that included the work of, in her opinion, heretics. She lost, possibly on purpose, at least two suitors. She worked—irregularly, because her health was always poor—for an enterprise devoted to "saving" young prostitutes by converting them into dutiful domestic servants. Her antiquated clothing provoked a cartoon by Max Beerbohm. She took fond care of her mother in Mrs. Rossetti's old age. She learned—very slowly—to deal with publishers. To attribute all this to nineteenth-century notions of proper female behavior, as her biographer does, is

not a satisfying explanation, even with the added fashionable suggestion of sexual abuse, for which Ms. Marsh concedes there is not an atom of evidence. George Eliot and George Sand were near contemporaries of Christina Rossetti's, and unhampered by prissy rules. Of course, they were novelists. Rossetti was a poet—at her best, a fine one. In the end the reader must settle for that.

Where Bigfoot Walks

by Robert Michael Pyle.

Houghton Mifflin, 288 pages, \$21.95.

Mr. Pyle, an ecologist and a naturalist with a particular penchant for butterflies, undertook to hike alone through the Northwest area where most reports of Bigfoot originate. He did not expect to find the animal—merely to determine whether the territory could provide food, shelter, and concealment for a very large ape. He heard some unidentifiable noises, ate a lot of huckleberries, observed small wildlife, suffered painful disappointment from custom-made boots, and concluded that the wilderness could support such a creature. As he tersely puts it, "If bears, why not Bigfoot?" (But does Bigfoot hibernate?) When not hiking, Mr. Pyle conferred with established Bigfoot hunters, an amusingly argumentative, mutually suspicious crew of loners and eccentrics whose aversion to organization and cooperation makes it likely that Bigfoot will long remain where Mr. Pyle would prefer to keep him—in the realm of intriguing possibility.

Merriam-Webster's Encyclopedia of Literature

edited by Kathleen Kuiper.

Merriam-Webster, 1,248 pages, \$39.95.

This splendidly comprehensive reference book runs from Aakjaer to Zweig and from Gilgamesh to the present. It includes literary terms, old gods, titles, characters, and the kind of authors who cannot be found in a standard encyclopedia except by reading the entire entry on the literature and history of Atlantis or Shangri-La. The text does not include references for further research. One cannot expect everything in 1,248 pages.

—by Phoebe-Lou Adams

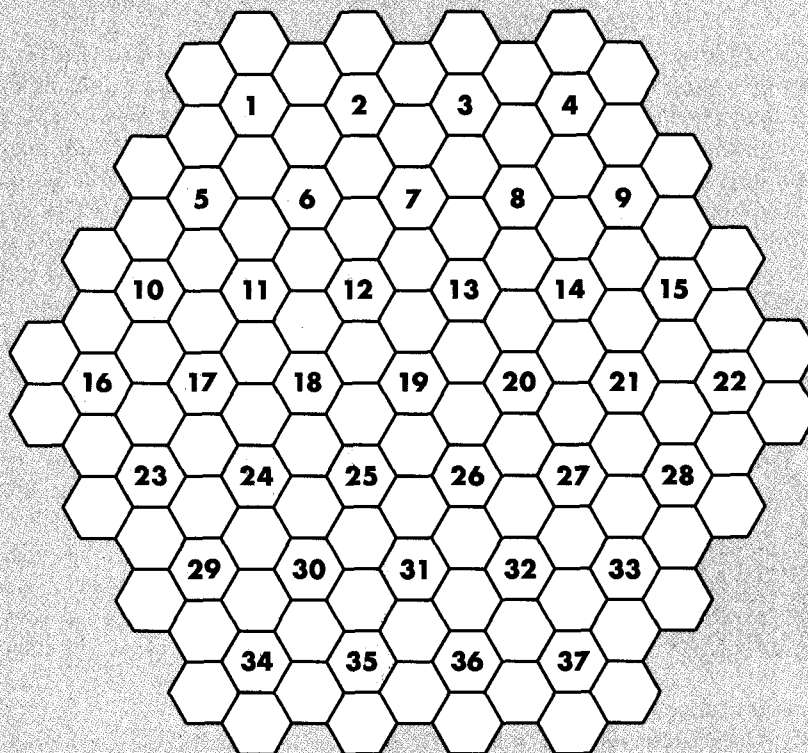


THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Honeycomb

Evidently this comb of 37 hexagons was made by a spelling bee, for each cell contains a letter, and around each numbered cell a six-letter word is spelled out clockwise or counter-clockwise. The 24 unchecked border cells, reading clockwise from a cell to be determined by the solver, will spell out a complete cryptic clue to hexagon No. 37. Answers include two proper nouns and a prefix; 1 is an alternate spelling; 9 has a common root but is not in frequent use (at least not in our neck of the woods).



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 105.

Clues

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 1. Coins that have Abraham Lincoln engraved right on their faces | 14. Baseball stats editor deleted | 26. Confesses about the termination of George Burns? |
| 2. Praise cook while eating bit of lunch | 15. Refined the ore with a different start? | 27. Smart person collects one large amount of grain |
| 3. Pure heroin copped by group of Indians | 16. Article carried by little backtracking pack animals | 28. In wizard's place, sorcerer made a picture |
| 4. Westerner cut a hand getting a trim | 17. Surrounded by a fog outside of Denver's capital | 29. Smoother, but coarser-sounding |
| 5. Father heartlessly nabs vamps | 18. Refrained from using short cut | 30. Columbian ship carrying a Spanish bundle of toys |
| 6. Flower raised in row | 19. Green forest area that's cultivated | 31. Blemish right in Superman's first cape |
| 7. Daze brought about by bender, from the sound of it | 20. Liane's sick of sodium chloride | 32. Wearing green, a pet |
| 8. Andre's broken shop tool | 21. Cupid: a lady lacking ethical standards | 33. Governor, e.g., swallowed by fissure |
| 9. Squirrely TN duet went acorn-gathering | 22. In Greek poet's embrace, I will be more comfortable | 34. One who schedules Christian in films |
| 10. Wise guys used strokes by ones? | 23. A tree's marred with a girl's name | 35. Provide oxygen to alien region the wrong way |
| 11. "Private I" turned snide | 24. Peg interrupts series of songs performed with piano | 36. Gait of someone with a negative attitude? |
| 12. Make dock less sharp | 25. Spot a General Electric system of ducts | |
| 13. Love packaging of the Spanish eats | | |

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD COURT

by Barbara Wallraff

A friendship of more than fifty years hinges on your expertise. One of us claims that something is different from something else. The other claims that something is different than something else. We have found sources that support both views. Please solve this dilemma so that we can find something else, equally ridiculous, to argue about.



Ethel C. Hayes
Dennisport,
Mass.

Janet E. Lea
South Yarmouth,
Mass.

Sticklers tend to insist that *than* is

to be used with comparatives ("smarter than I," "more careful than she"). Nonetheless, they allow the exceptions of *else* and *other* ("what else than that?," "what other than this?"). Tradition, which at least in language is not to be taken lightly (what else is there to teach us how to speak and write?), is the only reason why *different than* should be different from *other than*—that is, why *different than* should be frowned on.

All the same, it is frowned on by many. Sometimes observing the proprieties brings about a tortuous result, however, and then reputable writers have been known to overlook them. Consider "The word has a meaning *different from* that which I thought it had." Some people will have no objection to that sentence; others will want to avoid the issue altogether with something like "The word doesn't mean what I thought"; and still others will cut straight to "The word has a different meaning *than* I thought."



We gave my father-in-law a set of napkins, and said they might be appropriate if he was throwing a small dinner party. He said, "I only throw small parties anymore." Putting aside the trump-all grammar rule that says that your father-in-law is always right, I wonder if anymore is correct when used in a positive statement.

Bob Ward
Louisville, Colo.

The *Dictionary of American Regional English* convincingly demonstrates that *anymore* has been used in colloquial affirmative contexts at least since the 1930s. It isn't standard English, but the usage can now be found all over the country (most rarely in New England), in casual speech and writing by people of all educational levels.

I am on a statewide committee working on the development of a computer system. The committee is titled *Statewide Computer Users Group*, known as *SCUG*, and pronounced "skug," presumably (I thought) because the word computer has a hard c or k sound. The new system is called the *Court Information Processing System*, or *CIPS*, which from its inception was pronounced "sips" by the techies. I want to pronounce it "kips," because it seems logical that the sound of the letters in the acronym would follow the sound of the original words.

But then, we always think that logic is on our side, don't we?

Carole Frost
Anchorage, Alaska

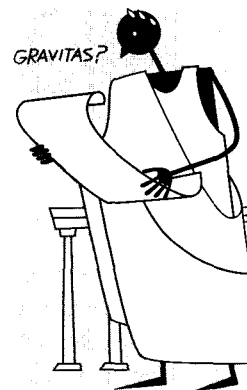
Perhaps logic is, but that's not quite the point. You may find history instructive: during the Second World War the Navy designated a "Commander in Chief of the U.S. Fleet" in the Pacific, but soon discovered that everyone was pro-

nouncing "CincUS," the pertinent acronym, "sink us"—and so they changed the name. Today CERN (for the Conseil Européen Pour la Recherche Nucléaire) is not pronounced "kern," nor UNICEF (for the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund) "unichef." Acronyms, once coined, go off and lead lives separate from those of the words that gave rise to them. They are almost invariably pronounced as they would be if they were wholly independent words.

"Gravitas" is a word that pundits such as William Safire and William F. Buckley Jr. love to use. It's good to drive the reader to a dictionary from time to time—but shouldn't the word used be in the dictionary? What does the danged word mean?

Marco Gilliam
San Antonio,
Texas

A direct borrowing from Latin, *gravitas* means "gravity" in the sense of solemnity or seriousness. By now it has begun to appear in a few English-language dictionaries, notably the *Oxford English* and the *Shorter Oxford*. You're quite right that it is unkind of authors to use unfamiliar words that leave their readers guessing. But isn't it nice to know that it's not only people with rings in their bellybuttons and skateboards under their toes who are giving us words for the dictionary makers to include in their next editions?

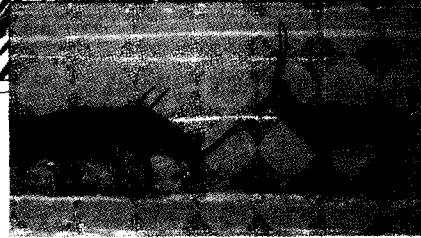


Have you recently had a dispute about language which you would like this column to resolve? Write to Word Court in care of *The Atlantic Monthly*, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116, or send E-mail to MsGrammar@aol.com.



George Schaller on the Tibetan plateau at 17,000 feet.

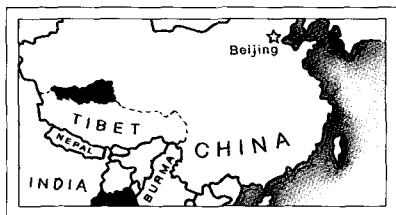
Right: Tibetan antelopes.



Chang Tang—the name means northern plain in Tibetan—is high, austere, and largely unexplored. Rolling away to the horizon, its immensity is broken only by snowcapped ranges. Vegetation is scant, with neither shrubs nor trees to break the expanse. Just a few nomadic herdsmen inhabit the fringes.

Wolves still prowl the plains and snow leopards stalk their prey among the crags; wild yaks forage on the hillsides and herds of Tibetan antelopes migrate over unknown paths. This is a landscape untouched by civilization, virtually the same today as it was over a hundred years ago.

George Schaller, science director



Site of the Chang Tang Reserve in the Tibet Autonomous Region.

of International Programs for the Wildlife Conservation Society, has spent four decades in wild and

“We have the chance to save one of the last unspoiled ecosystems on our planet.”

George Schaller

rugged places, studying wildlife, and fighting for its survival. And now Schaller and his Chinese and Tibetan colleagues have helped establish a huge reserve the size of Arizona in the Chang Tang. There, Tibet's last great herds can roam free and the nomads can maintain their traditional culture.

Schaller explains, “If we don't protect the Chang Tang now, the magnificent species found here could soon vanish forever.”

Under such harsh and remote conditions, the right equipment is not only important, it's imperative. Which is why George Schaller wears a rugged Rolex Oyster Perpetual timepiece.



ROLEX

Rolex Oyster Perpetual Explorer in stainless steel with matching Oyster bracelet.
Write for brochure: Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 706, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-5383.
Rolex, , Oyster Perpetual, Explorer and Oyster are trademarks.



Peel

off

your

inhibitions.



find your own road.®

The Saab 900 Convertible. Turbocharged or V6 engines available. Fold-down rear seat. Power everything. The four-season, four-passenger convertible rated #1 by *Car and Driver*,* ahead of BMW and Audi Convertibles. Call 1-800-582-SAAB.

*Car and Driver, 11/94. © 1995 SAAB CARS USA, INC.



SAAB